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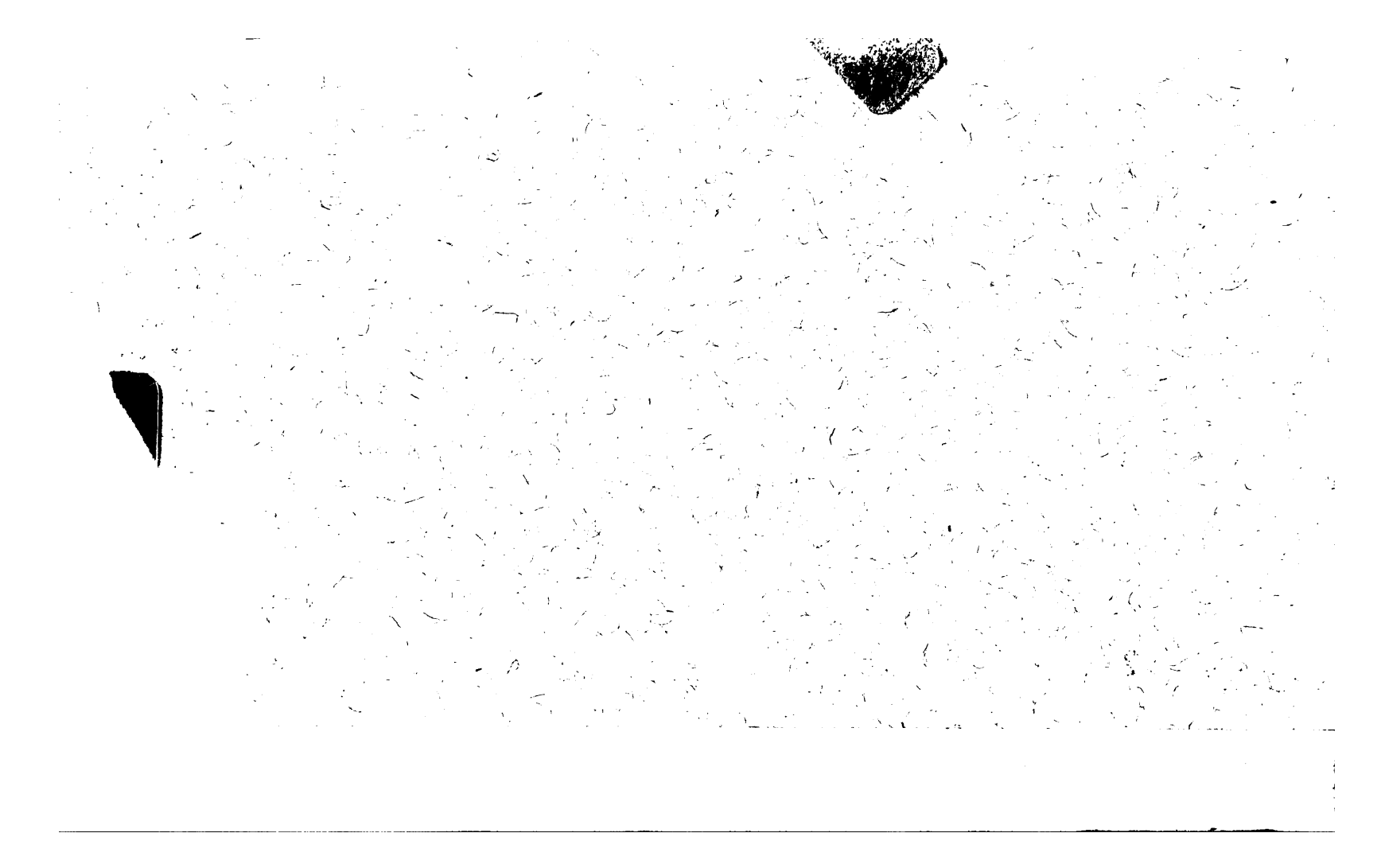

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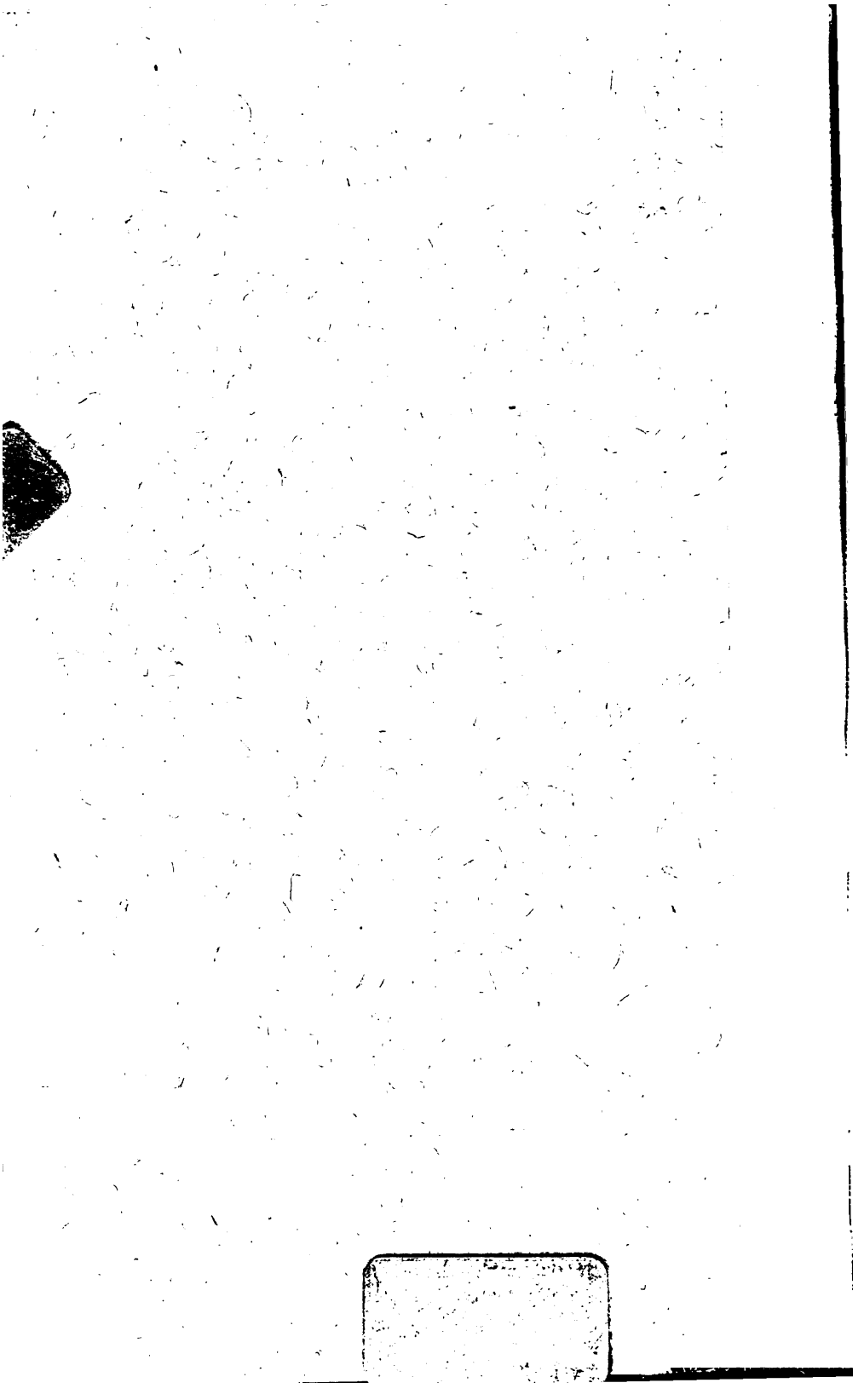

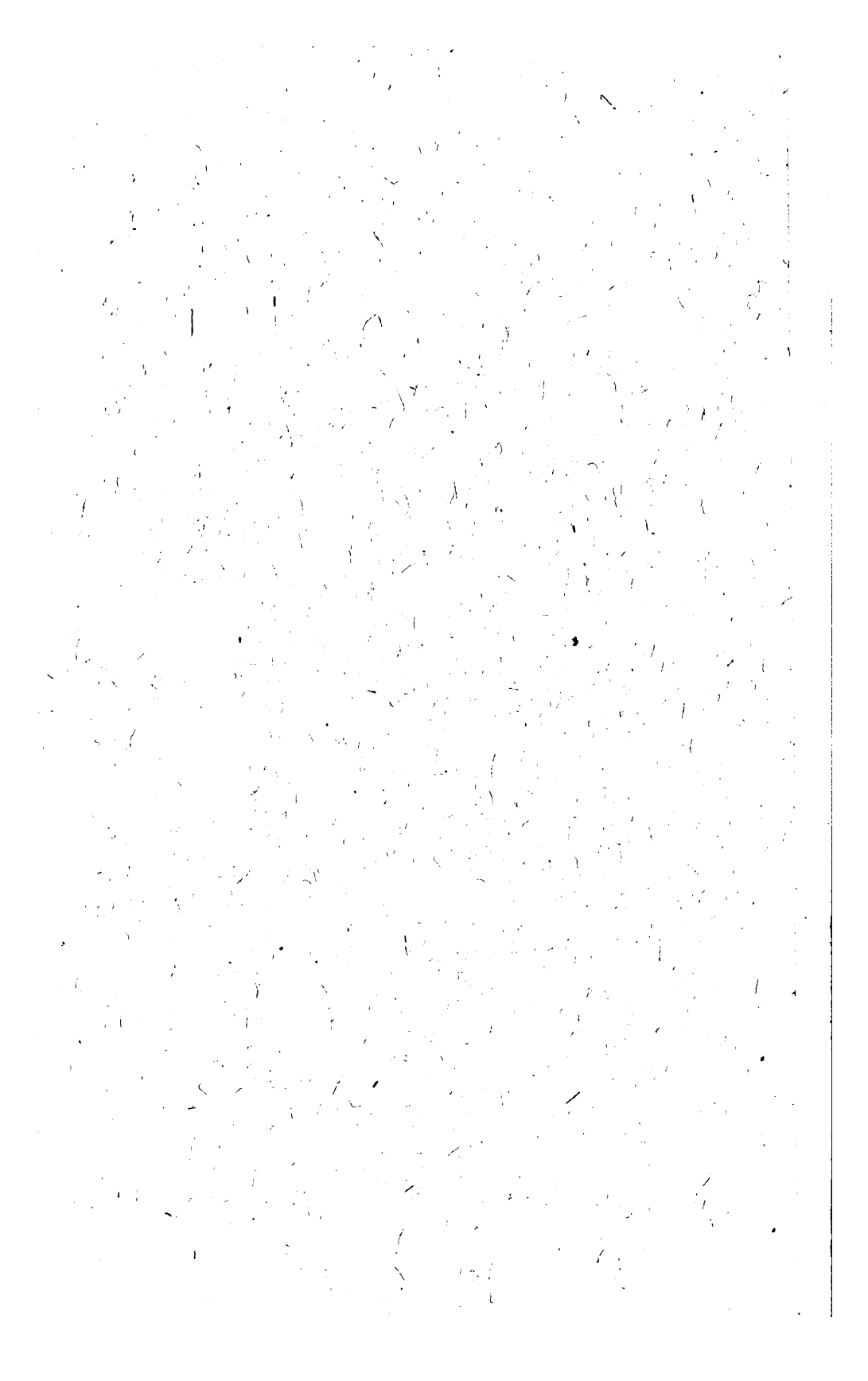

wise nor so good as they, can see, that, in not refusing to build upon any corner-stone save liberty, they erred. They left for us, their children, a most fearful problem; and we are solving it in tears and blood.

They did not err in wickedness or wilfulness. God forbid! They were more faithful in their day than we have been in ours. They felt — as in very trying circumstances men always do feel — that they could do no other. They did not foresee to what the evil with which they bargained would grow. No man could have had such foresight. They did much for the cause of liberty. What the slaveholders of that day called chattels, they pointedly and emphatically called persons. Instead of making positive provision for the return of bondmen into bondage, — pointing out definitely ways and means, — they only declared in a general and almost negative way, that fugitives from service or labor shall not be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be given up. North and South, there were large-minded and large-hearted men in that day, sensitive and prophetic souls also, that had not come to look upon slavery as a blessing, or reached the conclusion, that, since it must last for ever, it must somehow be justified by reason and Holy Writ, or even be upheld by those who hate it. Jefferson could say, "Nothing is more clearly written in the book of destiny than the emancipation of the blacks;" and no one called him a fanatic for so speaking. As we all know, our Constitution is so framed, that not a letter of it will need to be changed when liberty shall have been established throughout the land. Nevertheless, it is, unhappily, human to err; and so our fathers, in their eagerness to ward off anarchy and to make out of the people of the various States a strong nation, refused what should have been the corner-stone of the building: they gave national rights to the slaveholder; they committed a whole people to the support of a form of society which is radically antagonistic to that democratic principle which is the life of the nation. They did it to avert war, to promote outward prosperity, to make the country respected abroad. How much better, if the strife

must come, that it had come earlier! and what a fearful price are we now paying for our gains and our greatness! Even the refusal to nationalize slavery; even persistency in the purpose to form no Union in which freedom should not be visibly and emphatically in the ascendant, and the opposite thereto strictly confined within its original domain, — might have saved us from our present calamity, and could only have deferred the nation's birth.

But the offence came, not without misgivings of many wise and good, as is shown in the debates of the Convention for framing our Constitution. It was a matter which had long weighed upon honest and good hearts, especially amongst the people called Quakers, through the faithful testimony of the saintly John Woolman, as appears abundantly in his autobiography. These are his prophetic words, uttered some time about the year 1758: "Should we now be sensible of what he requires of us in this matter of slavery, and, through a respect to the private interest of some persons, neglect to do our duty in firmness and constancy, looking for some extraordinary deliverance, God may by terrible things in righteousness answer us." There were, I am sure, anxieties and forebodings even in the first days of promise; and they have been sadly realized. Years of dishonorable compromise have been multiplied, and all to no purpose.* We have been found fighting against God. Outward prosperity, with leanness of the soul, was his answer to our prayer for peace. We tried to reconcile ourselves to a system, which, in the language of De Tocqueville, "employs its despotism and its violence against the human mind," seeking "to deprive the slave even of the desire of freedom; forbidding him, under severe penalties, to be taught to read or write, and sinking him as nearly as possible to the level of the brutes." Dreading war, loving peace, or, alas! the ease and the abundance of peace, we were ready to go to the very limits of the true man's domain to keep things as they were; hoping that, in the end, democracy would triumph, and the

* See Address of Hon. Edward Everett at Gettysburg.

will of the people be done, and a true civilization secured for the whole land. But our way was not God's way. It was not his pleasure to wait centuries for the deliverance of an oppressed people; and, in their blindness and selfish ambition, the fomenters of this wicked Rebellion are even now working at once his most righteous will and their own ruin. The stone which was refused shall soon, soon, though it should be years first, become the head-stone of the corner. The end of the war shall bring with it the establishment of a true democracy, with its free men, free churches, free schools, free lips. We shall have a nation without one bondman or bondwoman or bondchild within its borders; and not only so, — for, after all, great as this result is, it is but the accident and accompaniment of what is far greater, — we shall have a nation in which the will of the majority, as expressed through constitutional and legal forms, shall be the supreme law of the land, not to be violated with impunity by any privileged class. It is a very old conflict, this, between the few and the many; and here in America we are set in the very front of the battle; and when Europe shall be convulsed with the terrible struggle, and bathed in bloody seas, we, if we are faithful, shall already have conquered our peace, and have occupied the States now insurgent with free and well-taught and thrifty colonists. It is the Lord's doing: it is indeed marvellous in our eyes. These things will not come about so very gradually, unless what is done in some seven years, more or less, be gradual. We say, *seven*. A Southern gentleman, whose opportunities for information are the best, in the course of a conversation upon the subject which we were so fortunate as to hold with him, fixed upon that term of years as the utmost limit for the life of slavery throughout the South. During a short residence this autumn in that slave State which may claim the honor in these days of leading the way in the work of emancipation, the writer found, amongst conservatives and radicals, but one opinion as to the future of their Commonwealth; and, almost with one mind, the more thoughtful of both parties declared the necessity of giving freedom to the slaves at once. They

said, "When the year 1870 — the year of freedom — shall have come, there will be no slaves for the ordinance to take effect upon;" whilst a large majority would be glad, if, laying aside those wretched party jealousies which the President so well rebuked in his Missouri Letter, the work of emancipation, which has been so well begun, might be finished without so much as a year's delay." They see that this is the only way by which they can retain any laborers at all; that a nominal slavery is simply irritating and disappointing to all parties; and that, just so soon as their noble State is thoroughly and avowedly and for all time a free State, the capital and the men that alone are needed to develop their magnificent mineral resources must at once flow into it, and make their leading city the emporium of the West. During a month's residence in St. Louis, we felt that we were in a free city, and fewer things fitted to wound patriotic sensibilities fell upon the ear there than in our own dear Boston; and that was the city, where, so short a time before, a Union man was scarcely safe! The only disloyal word that came to us during our stay was from a wretched creature confined for drunkenness in the lock-up of a police-station. That voice cried out for the Confederacy, and for him who stands at the head and front thereof, — that bad eminence. The State-prisons were occupied with traitors, suspected or proven, — not with Union men; and the writer had an opportunity to preach a sermon to some eight hundred of them, confined in what had been a medical college until the owner abandoned at once his loyalty and his possessions.

It is delightful to find how the leaven of New England had wrought in that community in churches and schools, and, as it would seem, had saved that great State from going the wrong way. Who can tell how sadly different from what they now are had been our prospects if Missouri had failed us? It was clearly providential, not of men, but of God, — the Lord's doing, as the old psalm saith; and yet the true spirit of our civilization had been at work, and the roots of noble plants had found the right food in soil which

looked far from promising. In reply to the question, "Are you a native of this town?" addressed to the principal of a noble free school secured to the city by the earnest efforts of a New-Englander, he said, "You need not put that question to any teacher: we are all immigrants from the East." The normal-school teachers are from this city. There are influences at work there, and not least amongst those of our liberal faith, which place the freedom of Missouri entirely beyond question. It ought to be added, in justice to the German population, that our nation has no truer friends than they, and that we are largely indebted to them for the action which placed the State of Missouri on our side.

Of course, the end is not yet attained; but we are approaching our ideal as never before. A struggle second to none which is recorded in history, whether we regard the matter at issue, or the instrumentalities employed, or the sufferings endured, — a struggle which is to plant a pure Christian democracy throughout the land of the United States of America, to possess it for the arts and sciences, for a noble culture, for schools and colleges and churches; to substitute men and women for the creatures human in little save form, — the poor whites of the South, the most wretched specimens of humanity that our country affords, — the struggle that is to expel from our borders, or reduce to harmless insignificance, the wicked men, who, by their rebellion, have plunged tens of thousands into the deepest misery, and substitute law for arbitrary power, is not so soon finished. It doesn't finish itself without men. It demands the strong hand. It will come to an end through those who go armed to find and feed starving prisoners, and realize that the sternest and swiftest justice is the greatest mercy. It is a struggle which may cost the present generation of Southern people their all; but they should have thought of that before they shotted their guns from the nation's arsenal. "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." It may, it does, bear very hardly upon the poor negroes; and we ought, for very humanity, to relieve, so far as we can, their terrible sufferings, and to heed the cry in their behalf which comes to us

now from the department of the South-west. But it was their masters, so called, not we, who submitted their cause to the dread arbitrament of battle, and made the way into freedom a way of sorrow and death; and against the outward wretchedness of, alas! so many, we must set the great, deep joy of not a few who rejoice in their deliverance with joy unspeakable. Could some who read the Bible, if at all, only as a task, witness the light which breaks over so many a dark face as one sentence after another of what has been a sealed book is painfully spelled out! "His name shall be called Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins." "Isn't that *nice?*" said one of these poor fellows. "Slavery," wrote De Tocqueville, "now confined to a single tract of the civilized earth, attacked by Christianity as unjust and by political economy as prejudicial, and now contrasted with democratic liberty and the intelligence of our age, cannot survive. By the act of the master, or by the will of the slave, it will cease; and, in either case, great calamities will ensue." It is ceasing, as we see, by the *act of the master*, blindly doing he knew not what. Let us do our utmost to make the new freedom a blessing. It will not be so hard a task as to reclaim for decency, to aim no higher, the miserable white refugees from the South-west, who turn their faces northward, not because they love freedom, but because they would eat of the loaves, and be filled.

In our upward national path, much hath been grievous to flesh and blood, and shall be; but what then?

"Who is the angel that cometh? —
Pain!
Let us arise, and go forth to greet him:
Not in vain
Is the summons come for us to meet him.
He will stay,
And darken our sun;
He will stay
A desolate night, a weary day;
Since in that shadow our work is done,
And in that shadow our crowns are won.

Let us say still, whilst his bitter chalice
Slowly into our hearts is poured,
'Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord!'

Who is the angel that cometh? —
Death!
But do not shudder, and do not fear:
Hold your breath;
For a kingly presence is drawing near.
Cold and bright is his flashing steel;
Cold and bright
The smile that comes, like a starry light,
To calm the terror and grief we feel.
He comes to help and to save and heal:
Then let us, baring our hearts and kneeling,
Sing while we wait this angel's sword,
'Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord!'"

So have our martyrs died in our noble and mighty struggle. Their bodies rest in honored graves. Their souls and their memories live for evermore. May those who sit in desolate homes share abundantly in the peace of God, the Lord of life and of death! E.

"No hypocritical flattery or outward comforting one's self availeth at all; as when men will cover sin and iniquity in the flesh with the satisfaction of Christ, and remain in self still. Christ saith, 'Except ye turn, and become as children, ye shall not see the kingdom of God.' The mind must become as wholly new as in a child that knoweth nothing of sin. Christ saith also, 'Ye must be born anew, or else ye shall not see the kingdom of God.' There must arise a will wholly new: in the death of Christ, it must be brought forth out of Christ's entering into the humanity, and rise in Christ's resurrection."

"As there be some that are too strait in their judgment concerning the being and nature of the visible Church; so, certainly, the greatest part of churches are too loose in their practice."

RABBONI. — JOHN XX. 16.

BLESSED Christ, oh! come to me;
Thou alone canst quench my thirst:
Bound and blind, I wait for thee;
Thou alone my bonds canst burst.
Touch mine eyes, and give them sight,
Thou, mine infinite delight!

Thou that hast my burdens borne;
Thou that hadst the scoffer's scorn;
Thou that unto God didst cry,
"Why hast thou forsaken me?" —
Even to such a worm as I,
Come, O Christ! and set me free.

Set me free from taint of sin;
Make me white and clean within;
Feed me with celestial food;
Give me of thy life divine,
Thy dear body and thy blood;
So thy life shall nourish mine.

Ah! the dear communion sweet!
When with thee my soul doth meet,
God no longer dwells afar:
Through me his afflatus flows;
Doubt and tumult banished are;
Love is infinite repose.

Blessed Christ! with Mary, I
Unto thee "Rabboni" cry:
Thou my Master art and Lord;
Unto thee my soul doth bow.
Thou art the embodied Word;
Way and Truth and Life art thou.

HOME LIFE.*

Not often do we find so much wisdom compressed within so small a compass as in this delightful volume of Mr. Ware. It is a golden book. It touches upon themes with which every one's happiness is vitally concerned; and it handles them with so much faithfulness, freshness, and moral beauty, that the book must be a manual in our households for a long time to come. Everybody expecting to be married, and everybody that has been married, will need, if not the book, certainly the maxims and principles of home-life, which we do not remember to have seen illustrated with so much force and clearness.

We do not sit down for a review of the book; but we are tempted into the field which it opens to us so opportunely. Every one is a member, or has been, of that prime institution of God, — the family. But how much of unhappiness and corrosion that wear slowly upon the strings of life, and wear them in two, are concealed under the fair semblances of this institution, none but God can know. In the nature of things, there is a great deal. And it is not all owing to the sheer depravity of the human heart: much of it is owing to false views of family relations, ignorance of those divine laws which govern the most sacred of human intercourse, carelessness of the simple conditions on which this institution yields its manifold blessings and enjoyments.

In the introductory chapter, Mr. Ware touches with delicate wisdom upon the fundamental family relation, — that of husband and wife. The distinction which he makes between being wedded and being married is admirably put; and if wisely pondered, and acted from, would save a vast deal of disappointment. The notion that certain persons are divinely fitted to each other, and have only to be drawn together by a sovereign magnetic attraction, there to be rapt in everlasting bliss, is a dream which lovers indulge in, knowing as yet

* "Home Life; what it is, and what it needs." By John F. W. Ware. Boston: William V. Spencer.

only the surface of each other's character; and so they have only to "float on," they think, like "two gentle currents," and "mingle into one." But, lo! when the mingling takes place, it very likely turns out to be, not that of two gentle currents, but the mingling of an acid and an alkali: not a bad mingling, by any means, if one is only prepared for it; for it sometimes makes a third compound altogether less flat and stale than either of the first, albeit with considerable sparkling and ebullition. But, not expecting any such new development of hidden properties, marriage turns out with many a grievous disappointment, from the sudden development of points of character which the parties have concealed from each other, and very likely from themselves. The husband is not the perfection of all gallantry and chivalry, and the wife is not yet an angel "that needs not the changing of her sphere." Both are imperfect human beings, needing perhaps a change of heart, more than a change of sphere, before they become angels; and having faults of character brought more painfully into self-consciousness by being placed in more intimate relations, and requiring, therefore, a more unselfish will. This "broad and intermediate ground," as Mr. Ware calls it, between wedding and marriage, covers the period of those mutual adaptations, self-denials, and the pruning-away of those offensive peculiarities of temper, disposition, and habit, which prevent the perfect mingling of life with life. In this fearful passage, how many hopes have been wrecked for ever! And yet, faithfully passed through, and with the clear knowledge of the mutual sacrifice which it requires, how may it lead on into that realm of unclouded sunshine, and solid and lasting peace, compared with which the courtship of lovers is but a fevered dream; prefiguring the "sweet societies" of those purely spiritual relations which subsist when the grosser and more external ties have dissolved for ever at the touch of death!

It needs very little reflection to perceive that the religious life, if there be any, is inmost; and, if there is no interblending here, there can be no such thing as real marriage. This by no means implies that theological views and speculations

must be the same: it does imply that those who cannot worship together cannot live together in a relation which can be called conjugal, except by a palpable solecism of language. *The church in the house* precedes in the divine order that larger church which we call the general body of Christ. It is the glory of Christianity, that it respects and hallows the ties of nature, and spiritualizes them all. It blesses the marriage-bond, and seals it; as if saying, "The love between man and woman is not the lust of the beasts of the field: it is the union of soul with soul, and mind with mind, so sweet and so pure, that it typifies the union between the Church and the heavenly Bridegroom." It receives infancy from the mother's arms, and imprints it with the seal of baptism, saying thereby, "Human birth is unlike all other. It is not the date of mere animal existence: it involves the germs of an endless life." We have no tendencies towards religious formalism: but we do deplore the neglect, in our churches, of infant-baptism, — a rite which ever proclaims to the young of the congregations their own immortal nature, and to old and young alike the sacredness of human birth, and the sanctity and spiritual meaning of marriage ties; helping to save the family from sinking into that hideous secularism which merges the human in the animal.

Where there is indeed the church in the house, union in worship between the husband and wife, and so harmony of effort in all religious influence and training, we never should see the family invaded with the spirit of sect, — the husband here, the wife there, the children anywhere or nowhere; but the church in the house would come together into the larger Church, importing into the church relation all the sweetness and fondness of home affections and domestic ties. The Church of Christ then becomes a larger family made up of smaller ones, drawing into itself the feelings of home, and the fervency of conjugal and filial loves. So it ought to be: so it will be, when Christ shall have come into all our homes, and hallowed them; when sect shall no longer profane the family altar, and we shall have done with the distractions of our Protestant Babel.

Where there is indeed the church in the house, the impressions made on the mind and character of childhood are never effaced. Nothing is so abiding as our early religious lessons, made before the incrustations of habit have gathered around the heart. The voices of the early religious home are more potent than all others to warn us in after-years, if we are tempted; to call us back, if we go astray. The child grows up, and plunges into affairs; the scene changes, and new duties engage him a thousand miles away. But over all space and all time come up ever brightly on the memory the prayers at the family-altar, the father's counsel and the mother's benediction, and "the old blessed Bible that lay on the stand." We knew a young man in college, who passed through all its temptations without a tarnish upon his purity, who said that the morning he left home, as he was sitting by himself and thinking of his prospects, he felt a hand laid softly upon his head. Not a word was spoken; but he knew that a mother's last prayer and blessing was in that laying-on of hands. "They always seemed to be there," he said, "especially if I was tempted at any time to swerve from the ways of virtue." So plastic is the influence of the church in the house; for all other handwriting on the soul will sooner be effaced than the impressions from a religious home.

Touching the courtesies which are due to the intercourse of home, Mr. Ware has some words which are fitly spoken. Why a man should be polite to everybody except his wife and children, no good reason can be given, except that his politeness is the veneering of selfishness. Why a woman should study the becoming, either in dress or manners, only to be exhibited abroad, provokes the same reply. Courtesies that begin at home, always exercised to smooth out domestic troubles, keeping the machinery of the household oiled, and free from all possible rubs and irritations, having an eye to all the varieties of temperament, with kindly adaptations to them, — these courtesies become very soon a second nature, filled with the spontaneities of the heart; and we shall need to put on no bland hypocrisies when we leave the house: otherwise we shall always be on our good behavior,

except when we get home, and relapse into our despicable glooms and sullens. No man can apply a surer test to himself, to determine what he shall be when all artificial coverings have been peeled off, and he stands at the judgment-seat, than whether he fills his own home with heart-sunshine, or chills it with a selfish spirit; for there, generally, he is apt to subside into what he is, rather than what he seems.

It is not enough for parents to set a good example before their children. What are children given us for, except to keep us young, and draw us into their childish ways? A staid and stiff morality in the house, keeping others at a distance, does not answer to the needs of home. Washington used to lament that the fun of children subsided in his presence, and that he could not break through the reserve that kept the little ones from communion with him; but Washington was never a parent. Games and sports, playfulness and drollery, comedy and laughter, should have a large share in the economy of the house; and children should never get the notion, that they must run away in order to have a good time or a pleasant evening. This sportive or comic element is not only good for the children, but good for the parent, especially in New England, which inherits a Puritanic horror of amusements, and where religious people so often get run into iron moulds.

It is important, too, in order to that unreserved confidence which ought ever to subsist between the child and the parent, and especially between the boy and his father. Girls get ready access to a mother's sympathies and counsels in the crosses and troubles of girlhood. It is too apt to be otherwise in the intercourse between the father and the boy; and yet this is lamentably wrong. There are dangers which beset boys, fearful beyond all conception, because they are subtle and covert, and against which the father is the only person in the world who can be the proper and efficient guardian. Thousands go down by a secret way towards the pit of ruin, possibly while all the external seemings are fair and specious, just because there is no such confidence and intercommunion between the father and the boy, that the

former understands the boy's nature, temptations, and dangers, so as to guide him, and put his feet on safe and solid ground. A parent who was alive to the importance of this subject tells us how early he sought the perfect confidence of his children; "but early as it was," said he, "I often found that the Devil had been there before me."

Mr. Ware's counsels in regard to "home the residence" are exceedingly good, but not wholly available with such as have not their residence to choose. Those who build or buy houses to live in are unpardonable if they choose one with dismal surroundings, or one looking towards the north, instead of east or south. Children, no more than corn and pease, can grow up well without plenty of sunshine. Dr. Lewis says he cured a man of paralysis, brought on by seclusion in a shaded room, by putting him on a sofa before southern windows, and saturating his limbs day after day with the blessed sunshine, of which he had been defrauded so long.

And how much can one do by tact and taste to make the atmosphere of the house within and without, however bad its site and architecture, not only cheerful, but bracing to the whole moral nature! A few cents saved in the purchase of mean and dingy paper, even for the kitchen and the back-chambers, are so much sacrificed in the cheerful tone of body and mind. Surroundings have a constant, imperceptible influence upon spiritual moods, and the culture of moral tastes and sentiments. You know, as soon as you approach some houses, that the children within them are growing up in an atmosphere of coarseness and vulgarity; and, if these do not ingrain their whole character, it is only from that power implanted by the Lord in human nature of resisting bad atmospheres, as an India-rubber coat sheds rain. Very few are so endowed as to resist them entirely. If your daughter has been crowded into a back-chamber, with only a single window, through which the sun never deigns to show his face, one of the best things you could do for her education would be to change forthwith, and give her the best chamber in the house. It is of less consequence to the guests who are only transient, than to her who imbibes the unconscious influence

every day. Take the chamber that opens towards the sunrising, before whose windows the birds sing their earliest songs. Tear off the ninepenny-paper, and cover the walls with bright colors. Take down those daubs which were bought of the peddler, even though Gen. Washington has to quit, and get two or three neat engravings to fill their place. Follow this out in all the inside arrangements; and if there is not ample compensation in the moral refinement of all the inmates of the house, and a better moral atmosphere for the children to grow up in, it will be an exception to the laws of human development.

Every family ought to sing. It is very unfortunate if neither of the parents has ever learned. We hope we are tolerably forgiving; but we never have forgiven Mr. Webb for rejecting us from the singing-class at Cambridge, and we never mean to as long as we live. With very few exceptions, all persons can learn to sing, with a little painstaking and care on the part of the teacher; and, without singing, family worship is defective, and a means exceedingly potent in charming away the demons from the household is sadly wanting. When the Hebrew exiles were weeping on the banks of Chebar, or hanging their silent harps upon Babel's willows, the songs which they heard of old in the courts of Zion still rolled their lingering echoes through their souls. Just so it will be with the songs of home, even back to the lullabies to which our cradles kept time. The hymns which bore us away among the invisible things of faith; the patriotic airs that woke us in the morning, endearing the old flag and all the fields over which it had ever waved; the comic strains by the evening fire, with which we laughed ourselves into tears; in fine, the "songs of many keys," which made the household musical from Old Hundred to Yankee Doodle, — will always have the flavor of home, touch all its trains of memory, and bear us back to its hallowed shrines. Music is an instrumentality in home education which no family can well afford to forego.

We only name one more of the appliances of home, very much neglected, but capable of indefinite results for good.

Conversations at home, especially around the morning and evening meal, when all the children are present, offer capital opportunities for "object-lessons," spiced with any amount of anecdote or wise suggestion. Then, too, the afternoon service of Sunday is dropping off here and there, and very likely will become generally obsolete, that business-men may have better means of getting acquainted with their own families, and leading the youthful members along systematic courses of religious training and instruction, instead of trusting every thing to Sunday schools. For, after all, the parent is the high priest of the family, that prime church of the Lord; and the duties of the office cannot be delegated to another. One-seventh of the days are given him, and all the evenings of the long winters, not for staid moral and religious lessons, but for drawing the little buds of being around him into the soul-sunshine which ought to infold them, and in which they ought to grow into the bloom and the fruitage of immortality.

We only touch lightly upon topics which Mr. Ware has treated with more fulness, and with excellent practical sense, and evidently from the inspirations of a full heart, — topics which will not fail to come home to men's business and bosoms, so long as families on earth are made, in the Divine Providence, the nurseries for the skies. S.

THE MYSTERY AND MINISTRY OF SORROW. — "As the child, going out into the cloudy night, is weak, and sees in every thing but the shadow and the darkness, — in the grove some spectre, instead of the white-barked and beautiful tree; so to the weary heart is the contemplation of the *mystery* of sorrow and bereavement. But when the night-season is past, and the waking child becomes aware of the blessed sunshine, and he has only the green, soft grass, the azure sky, the sweet-scented flowers, smiling out their beautiful lives upon him; so is it with the gentle acceptance of the *ministry* of sorrow: all once dark and mysterious is illumined and clear; we bathe in the very breath of God's love, now more fully understood, and faith seems changed to sight." *

MY PRAYER, AND ITS ANSWER.

BY A LADY.

JESUS, I come to thee;
From sin and self I flee;
Meekly I bow:
Here at thy cross I wait;
Open the heaven-gate;
May I not be too late!
Receive me now.

Thou who dost inly move
Souls by thy breath of love,
Save through thy Word:
I would thy life possess,
Mighty to save and bless;
In truth and tenderness
I own thee Lord.

Heal all this sinful smart;
Oh! bless my mourning heart;
Seal me thine own:
Kneeling thy face before,
On me thy spirit pour,
That I may thee adore
Before thy throne.

Hush! — now the answer falls
From glory's shining walls,
O'er spirits riven:
Glory to God! this night
Joy comes with love and light;
I'll rise from faith to sight,
Entering heaven!

JOSHUA AND THE SUN.

A SERMON FOR NEW YEAR.

BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

"The sun stood still, and the moon staid." — JOSH. X. 13.

WE have just passed that point of the winter which is called its solstice. It is so called, because, to the eye of astronomy, the sun seems to stand still. It is only in such a sense, or some other equally figurative, that this can ever be said to have happened. But the text says, "The sun stood still, and the moon staid." We are not to suppose, however, that it speaks the literal truth. So the Book of Ecclesiasticus, in recording the praise of Joshua, asks, "Did not the sun go back by his means? and was not one day as long as two?" I answer, Never. Poets and fabulists have imagined such things; but the world never beheld them. The earth has not receded a hair's breadth, nor stopped for an instant, since man first looked upon its face. The sun has always beamed from the same fixed focus, the wandering moon has always been guided by the same steady law, as when God said in the beginning, "Let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven." Day and night roll on in their unbroken order since the creation. Their intersecting paths, though always crossing one another, are as smooth as the broad track of the year. There is no confusion in them, or impediment, or rebound.

How are we, then, to interpret the text? It would be trifling with your understandings to repeat the various ways in which ingenious men have endeavored to explain what appeared to them a difficulty in the account of Joshua's stopping the sun: Though let me say, that he would trifle with you quite as much, who, from misunderstanding the nature of the Scriptures, and their connection with an enlightened faith at the present day, should avail himself of narratives like this in order to weaken your confidence in the revealed truth of God. That truth is falsely assailed and most rashly

defended on the ground that every event recounted in the sacred records actually took place. Such a supposition is not only unnecessary and absurd, but in the highest degree mischievous. It has given the only edge they ever had to the most vulgar instruments of attack that have been used against our religion; and, what is perhaps worse, it has put honest apologists for the truth into the wrong, made them lose their whole cause in trying to grasp more than can be held, and exposed the blessed subject of Christian belief to the secret misgivings or the silent contempt of many who in form continue to profess it. There has been a great error, both of believers and unbelievers, in supposing that the important controversy between them was to be decided by the explanation of a few passages in a few old books, by substantiating or overturning the credibility of a few traditions that have been handed down to us from the distant ages of the world. But I need add nothing on this point. The narrative connected with the text does in fact explain itself. It professes to be copied from the Book of Jasher, which was probably a collection of heroic songs commemorative of remarkable incidents in the national history. Now, he who shall look for simple verities in odes and ballads can have very little feeling for poetry, however singular may be his admiration of truth. Such a one might feel himself called upon to vindicate the Scriptures by supposing that the eternal stars shot from their spheres to fight against Sisera, the petty leader of a Canaanitish clan. Nothing more need be said on so plain a subject.

"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon!" The captain of Israel's host might have cried out thus in the heat of victory. There is something like it written of one of Homer's heroes. But the voice of man's passions and the shock of his battles do not go up into those heavenly spaces; and he must have cried out in vain. The watches of the night and the summoning hours of the day would have held on their unvaried courses. A field of carnage is one of the last sights that the holy orbs which preside over them would stop to look on, if they could ever stop. Time! — how steady it is in its flight! how

irresistibly strong, as it sweeps its broad wings through the shade and shining of the world and of life! — stayless as the swift planets, and certain as destiny. And yet, do we not all sometimes resemble Joshua in the Hebrew legend, wishing to arrest, or at least to retard, its course? There is some Gibeon, some high place of our pride, where we would have the bright day linger twice as long as its wont; or there is some pleasant valley of peace and affection, over which we would keep, beyond the measure that Nature permits, the same soft light that is shed upon it now. We would not have them left, so soon as they must be, to the encroachments of darkness. Like the Hebrew leader, we would have sun and moon stand still. Like a Hebrew king, we would have the shadow go back upon the dial of our existence. There can be no such thing. The moments will not linger; the years will not return. No portion of past duration will be given back to us, that we may live it again, and live it better. We must use for what they are those fleeting spaces which no power can either prolong or restore.

Some, from the desire of improvement, would stop time. It is the noblest motive that I can conceive of for so vain a wish. Compared with it, the motive of the greater part of mankind, who wish to lay hands on that mighty wheel, and chains on that swift tide, is only degrading. The desire of improvement — it is an honorable impulse; and no one ever truly felt it without being conscious of the very limited term within which every thing that is to be accomplished must be accomplished. "Art is long, and life is short," is a maxim as venerable as antiquity can make it; and the justness of it has been brought home to the heart of many an ardent and patient inquirer after wisdom and knowledge. He sees that many things are to be left wholly untouched, and many imperfectly explored; and that the subjects which interest him most deeply must be approached at intervals, and passed over in haste. He sees that he must be rather a pupil than a master upon the points where he most labors to be informed, because life has much to occupy it, and but a little

term to run, and opportunity is hurrying by him, and understanding is infinite; while he is the creature of yesterday, with no claim on to-morrow; and, when he is interrupted in the fervor of his pursuits by the declining day or the deepening night, he may wish that the sun might stand still, or the moon be stayed. But, if he is worthy of the knowledge that he seeks after, he will have discovered this at least, — that he must not expect too much from brief and uncertain periods; that he must not presume too much on what they have revealed to him through their slender openings; that he must command himself since he cannot command Nature, and create the time, by perseverance and concentration and willing sacrifices, which he cannot alter upon the outer earth, nor retain as his prisoner in the restless globes of the sky. He will have discovered, perhaps, this also, — that his faculties are better adapted to his condition than some would persuade him to believe; that it was not meant that his vision should be perfect while his dwelling is below; that he has to submit as well as to aspire; and that he has done well, if, by the science of faith and the learning of God's will, he can be but prepared for future revelations of a truth that shall never pass away.

Again: the lovers of frivolous pleasure would stop time. They do not love to think of its undisturbed and solemn regularity. Its measured tread sounds too much like an admonition. They are impatient that it is so peremptory with them, allowing no more opportunity for what they desire, and no more enjoyment of what they possess, and that it breaks off so abruptly the seasons of their indulgence. They would be longer pursuing the same excitement, or folding their hands in the same repose. But the clock strikes, and there must be an end both of one and the other. The periods of interruption and disappointment will come round in their allotted train. They who laugh now will become sad; the boisterous will be silent, and the slumbering be awaked; and they who are surrounded by mirthful companions will go and sit apart, conversing with anxious thoughts and sorrowful remembrances.

The ambitious would stop time. It is too even for their desires, and too rapid for their plans. It presses them so closely, they complain, as to leave them no room for success. "Give us but time, sire," said the officers of the most famous conqueror of modern days, "and your design shall be carried forward to a complete fulfilment;" and that lord of nations was compelled to feel that they asked the only thing which he could not give. The aspirant after distinction sees his life gliding away behind him, with many hopes that have proved empty, and many endeavors that have produced nothing; he sees what he has vainly striven for in the possession of those who are younger than he; he feels that he is more surely advanced in his journey than advanced towards his wish; and when he thinks of the expression of the prophet, "Sun and moon stood still in their habitation," * he may be ready to sigh that this is only the imagery of a bard, and not the experience of mortal man.

It is the same with many a votary of wealth, and devotee to his affairs, as men call by way of eminence the care of their business and estates. The covetous man would stop time. He "rises up early," that he may make the day longer; and "sits up late," that he may make the night longer; and "eats the bread of carefulness" this year, that he may exhibit a more ample substance the next. But perhaps his strength may fail faster than his goods increase, and he must repay with interest all that he has borrowed from his recreations and his sleep; and, in any event, his times describe their greater and smaller circles around him with inexorable speed and unerring precision. He can as well add another cubit to his stature, as he can add another hour to his week, or another week to his year. The merchant, as he looks out with solicitude for his returning ship, may cry, "Let not the sun go down till I can see it reflected from her brave spars and white sail!" but it will only seem to decline the more rapidly for his prayer; and

* Habak. iii. 11.

who can tell but it may set upon stormy waters and a wrecked hope?

Once more: the fear of the end makes thousands wish that they could stop time. It is going forward into such sober declinations and towards such dark ends, that they do not love to mark its incessant progress. They feel more and more sensibly, the longer they live, how fast their birthdays and the years' birthdays come round. They begin to count reluctantly the dreamy stages of their being that they have already traversed, because they compare them with the uncertain ones that they have yet to expect, and that are diminishing at every new step. They are reminded, as friends depart, that they must follow, and, as circumstances alter, that all must pass away; and they say, "Must every thing indeed be so transient with us? Must every fresh change be an approach to the last? Let there be some pause in this fated movement. Let us be allowed to remain where we are, and as we are, for some little season at least. Let not the revolving lights of the firmament instruct us so that we are hastening to dust. Let the bright sun stand still over Gibeon, and the calm moon over the valley of Ajalon!" But they are unreasonable. While they are demanding what is impossible, they will not do what is in their power, — keep moral pace with periods and fortunes, and bring a spirit to match the destinies as quick as their own. While they demand what is impossible, they neglect to secure what is better than that, though it could be gained, — the bright truth of God, that is always radiant, and the calm hope that is the reflection from it upon the soul of the just. Let them have a faith that never sinks. Let them have a quiet mind that is always above the horizon. Let them learn to live in the future, and to make it a more glorious life than that which appears already "as a shadow that declineth." Let them feel, and let them know, that there is a spirit within them, of God's own breath, which does not darken and shine with the phases of a pale and servile planet, but looks higher than the rounds of that blazing sun, which is destined, perhaps, to a shorter existence than its own. Let them learn that there are fruits in old

age as fair as any of the buds of youth, and that they must not think themselves inferior to time who are called to be the inheritors of eternity.

My brethren, we have been giving our attention, on this first Sunday of the year, to a subject so trite and plain, that I have sought to add to it a new interest by presenting it under an antique and singular garb. I have wrapped up the knowledge that every flying moment supplies us with in the folds of a marvellous tradition, that, when it was brought out, you might be impressed with it the more. The tradition is nothing. The knowledge is, that no man ever did or ever can stay the courses of time. "An old tale, and often told;" but not to be honored the less for that. I have neither the disposition nor the power to honor it the less for that. Let us repeat it again and again, as every new year and every new minute does, — no one can stay the courses of time. It is true; and what of that? And what is our excuse for desiring a thing that the laws of heaven and earth are set against? Why should we have the hardihood to think that we can devise any thing better than the Creator has devised? Why should we wish to do what we are so ready to make ourselves miserable at not being able to do? Why would we stop time? Let it go on and on, and bring us up where it is the good pleasure of the Almighty that we should abide. What else regulates so well our pursuits? It adjusts the occupations of our frail state. It is indeed always running forward, and escaping from us; but this is only that it may "direct our paths." To stay it would be to give over our own proper activity, and to bind ourselves within a worse necessity than that with which it bears us along. Time is our monitor, — a gentle and gracious one, though steady in all that it exacts. Let it continue to point to us the way we have come and the way we are going. Let it persevere in its serious but salutary lessons. Let it show us that "the things which are seen are temporal," if it will intimate also that "the things which are unseen are eternal." Time is the world's great teacher. Why should we think it best, even for an instant, to put to silence its low but

mighty voice? It is informing the generations of men of a thousand things by which it means that the last shall be wiser and better than the one that preceded it. And would we hinder its inspired utterance? Because we are afraid to hear it, do we ask that it should not speak? — No. Let it go on to disclose its secrets. Let it draw these days and years to an end, that it may call nobler ones into life. Let it expose by its sifting trial the delusions and enormities of mankind. Let it bring together the truth that has been forgotten, the truth that has been but partially developed, the truth that has lain wholly unrevealed, into their full and acknowledged splendor. You have only to look back a few generations, and see what absurdities the most intelligent could set their seals to, and what crimes the good could stretch out their hands to, and what controversies the meekest could be heated with, and for what obstinate stupidities the strong were ready to persecute and the timid were willing to die; and the conviction will come upon you, that time is the judge of events as well as their recorder, — more searching than the philosophers, more righteous than the moralists, of the earth.

But it is a destroyer, some may say; and who would not check, if he were able to do it, its career? No wise man would; for it is not a destroyer in the worst sense of that expression. It is no blind devastator of human good. It removes and replaces. It wounds and heals. It melts down one shape to transform it to another. It alters rather than kills; and it is proceeding to join itself to that immortality into which nothing shall enter that offends; where lost blessings shall be gloriously compensated, and every evil shadow shall be cleared away for ever.

"Every time we make a direct personal application to ourselves of what we have already learned, we cast out some portion of that blinding beam of self-love which makes it so hard for us to perceive the truth; for it is not abstractly studying the truth, but doing it, that gives us the ability to know the doctrines."

THE CHILD'S PLEA.

Because I wear the swaddling-bands of Time,
Still mark and watch me,
Eternal Father, on thy throne sublime,
From harm to snatch me.

Because to seek thee I have yet to learn,
Come down and lead me;
Because I am too weak my bread to earn,
My Father, feed me.

Because I grasp at things that are not mine,
And might undo me,
Give, from thy treasure-house of goods divine,
Good gifts unto me.

Because too near the pit I creeping go,
Do not forsake me.
To climb into thine arms I am too low:
O Father! take me.

E. Foxton.

HOME AND HEAVEN.

With the same letter, heaven and home begin,
And the words dwell together in the mind;
For they who would a home in heaven win
Must first a heaven in home begin to find.
Be happy here, yet with a humble soul
That looks for perfect happiness in heaven;
For what thou hast is earnest of the whole
Which to the faithful shall at last be given.
As once the patriarch, in a vision blest,
Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,
And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest
Became to him the gate of heaven below;
So may to thee, when life itself is done,
Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.

J. V.

THE STORY OF JOE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MINISTER-AT-LARGE.

[The journal from which this narrative is taken was kept by a minister-at-large, solely for his private use, with no idea of publication. During his lifetime, it was hardly seen by any one outside the home-circle; but, shortly before his death, permission was asked and obtained to give a wider circulation to certain parts, after the principal actors therein should have passed away. That is now the case with this story of Joe. — H. I.]

March 21. — Down at Seven Holes, to-day, I heard of a sad affair which happened there a few weeks ago. Old Betty told me about it in her inimitable jargon, which I must translate into English. Prize-fighters and other fancy gentlemen haunt there. One of their great men is a "fighting Jack," an old fellow, who, though by no means past fighting himself, has put his chief pride of late in the exploits of his son, "Bully Joe," the strongest and pluckiest young fellow there, — ready to whip any one who came along, except his father. It used to be noticed of the two, that though they often wrestled, and sometimes quarrelled, they never fought with each other.

One day, Jack trundled a heavy cart-wheel into the yard, and challenged all the "mighty men" to a trial of strength in lifting and balancing it on a certain high post. As he had expected, when others had failed, Joe accomplished it. In the midst of the uproar of applause which followed his successful feat, Joe stooped to pick up something he had dropped near the post. His father was keeping the wheel in its place; but at that moment, by some inexplicable accident, his hand slipped, the wheel canted, then crashed down on Joe, who went to the ground, said Betty, "with a yell like a hurted horse." She saw the whole, and said Jack stood one moment like stone, then flew at the wheel, but was as unable to move it as a little child, and had to catch at the post, while others rolled off the crushing weight. Joe was senseless; but, when his father lifted him, he awoke to agony. His father carried him into the nearest room, — one of Bet-

ty's, — and the man who passes for a doctor among them was summoned. They soon saw that he knew nothing about his business; and Jack drove him out. So Joe bore his hurt without help, as a wild beast might. He had little idea of self-control, and gave free vent to all his suffering and all his wrath against the unknown man whose carelessness had caused this. His father sat by, hearing this passionate abuse, and not daring to tell him the truth. At last, Joe turned on him, charged him with not caring who hurt him, and demanded a promise that his injurer should be well punished. Poor Jack began to march up and down the room in a wild way, and said sharply, "*I* did it: the wheel fell out o' my hand." Betty expected a terrible scene; but there came a long silence. Jack stood watching his son, who had hidden his face; but he turned by and by, saw his father standing, afraid to come to him, and said softly, and with a sob in his voice like a little child, "Daddy, come, hold me: I feels better so." Neither spoke again of how the thing had happened.

Since then, Joe has got able to pull himself about with crutches, and had gone out so once; but he is bent almost double, and the children called him ugly names, and his old friends either laughed at him, or pitied him in a way as hard to bear; for he is proud, and had been used to such different things: so he slunk back to his den, where his father guards him from intruders. He will suffer and die there, if somebody don't get to him soon. It was too late to try to-day; but they *must* let me in to-morrow.

March 22. — Went to Seven Holes. Was told at once that there was no chance of seeing Joe. One parson, they said, had got in already, and was lucky to have got out again. It must have been the man whom I helped to get in there a week ago to look for a missing orphan-child. It seems he heard of Joe, and made his way to him while his father was out, but, on his return, was chased away, both father and son being in a great passion; and, since then, Joe has been hiding, no one but his father knew just where. So I watched for Jack; and presently he was pointed out to me,

crossing the yard with a loaf of bread. I intercepted him as he was going to plunge down some dark steps, and said, "Please, take me to Joe." He was beginning an angry refusal, but looked at my crutches and at me, stopped himself, and then quietly and slowly began a description of my person. It was rather hard to listen to, and I could not guess what it was for; but he broke off suddenly with, "Yer look as ef it hurt yer to hear such things. Does it?" "Yes." Then with a sanctimonious look and tone, put on over his evident contempt for the idea, "Don't yer think it's wicked to feel bad about things yere God sends, eh?" "No: I think he meant I should feel bad about it." — "Oh!" long drawn, and expressing much surprise.

We stood a little longer, making a good study of each other. He is a powerful-looking creature, over six feet high, I should think, with a larger head than these fighters usually have; a strong face, rather heavy, except for keen, restless eyes, which contrast strangely with the fixedness of the rest; and, altogether, with the man showing through the animal more plainly than I had dared hope.

He turned abruptly, saying, "Come along, ef yer *will!*" and on and down we went. We had some adventures by the way; but at last our windings were over. He said, "He's in here;" and flung open a door into a cellar, the worst den, pretending to be a room, that I ever saw, — dark and cold; the floor so slimy, that I slipped; nothing in it but a broken chair and a pile of straw. The faint light from the open door fell on this pile, and showed something lying there, — a something so hideous in its distortion, that I could hardly believe it human, and had to pause before I could gather courage to look again, and go to it. It was more beastly than human. He writhed when we approached, and seemed trying to make the filthy straw hide him from all eyes; and when I knelt beside him, and tried to get him to speak or to look round, I could win no response. Poor Jack looked on, not knowing how to help. Presently, one of my crutches fell noisily on the floor. Jack's face lit up. "Joe," said he, "that's the visitor's crutch: he's lame. I wouldn't

have let him in if he hadn't been that, an' sumthin' else." This in a whisper; then aloud: "Look round, jes' to please me, Joe!"

As if vexed with importunity, Joe moved suddenly, and lifted his head; and I saw a white face with the stamp of pain on it, and great, wild eyes. The wildness passed away: he let his hand stay in mine, and laid his head down again, watching me, and asking huskily, "What d'ye come for?" When I answered, "Because I don't believe in letting people kill themselves," both father and son looked astonished. Joe was evidently too sick to say much: so I set Jack going, and he and I did most of the talking.

As I had begun to suspect, the "parson" who got in last week thought Joe was not wretched enough, and saw fit to blame him for being unhappy about his deformity (as if he could help that), and told him much about "God's wrath," and "the just punishment of his sins," and so on. Has any minister of the gospel a right to know so little of the human nature he is trying to reform and help?

Since that visit, Joe has dwelt in this and similar lurking-places, and of course has grown worse rapidly: now he cannot raise himself at all, and suffers terribly. I told them plainly that he could not live long there, and begged him to let us move him where he could have light and air. I promised to find some upper room, where his father could mount guard still, and keep him as safe, or safer, from intrusion than here, and where I alone, as I found they would not hear of a doctor, could probably give some relief to his pain. Jack joined heartily in my entreaties; but Joe was inflexible in his determination to stay where he was. I asked him, "Do you want to die?"—"Yes." So I sent Jack out of the room, and asked one more question: "Do you want to make your father feel all his life that he has murdered his son?" The weak hands clinched, and the eyes flashed with anger for a moment: then he began to look uneasy, — to glance toward the door where his father waited, then at me. "Do you mean that?" he asked. "I do." After a pause, "I must live, then; dad!" he came back at once. "Do what yer please with

me, you two." He turned his face away, looking tired out; and Jack and I laid our plans.

We went out together, and got a tolerably clean room at Mrs. Ryan's for the night; and Joe promised to let his father carry him there after dark. Then I bade him good-night. He hardly spoke, or looked at me; and Jack and I went in pursuit of a permanent room to a house up the court, and nearer decency. There we found a large garret-room, high, and with three windows; a good-natured, almost clean woman (Conelly) keeping the house, and every thing suitable but terms. Poor Jack, who has spent his money on villanous quack-medicines for Joe, looked aghast when he heard them. I asked him if he had no honest trade. He answered dubiously, "I used to be a first-rate cabinet-maker." "Can't you be one now, for Joe's sake?" — "I can;" and the resolute look indorsed it.

"I will lend you what money you need for a month to come," said I, "if you will promise to go to work, and pay me with your honest earnings. I don't want dirty money." "I promise you that," said he, and gave me his huge paw.

I made various arrangements as to having the room cleaned, and warm water provided at Mrs. Ryan's in the morning; and, on the way home, ordered iron bedsteads, and what else was necessary, except sheets and such things, which the home-Dorcases and the sewing-machine have brought into existence in the course of the evening.

March 23. — Muriel, with her bag of bedding and clothes, went down with me early this morning, and saw to Joe's new room, while his father and I bathed and doctored him, — a long and terrible job, which we could hardly have got through without blessed ether. I had some trouble in persuading Jack to let me use it; but Joe, who was in a state of sick, weary indifference to every thing, consented: so Jack had to submit, though he was somewhat anxious till the effect began to pass away. It had been, of course, very painful to Joe to take off his clothes; so they had not been off for several weeks; and his condition was past description. Jack

lifted and held him skilfully, and the work was thoroughly done. His back is in a sad state: no escape from spine complaint, I fear. The doctor *must* see it soon; but for a while we shall have to work at second-hand, Ferguson doctoring through me. I could do nothing to-day but apply a soothing liniment.

When he was clean, and in clean garments, Jack wrapped him in blankets, and carried him, still partly unconscious, through lanes and by-ways, up to his own room, where he came to himself in a comfortable bed, with every thing white and clean around him, tempting eatables on the little table at his side, the sun shining merrily in behind him, while shades at the other windows softened the light from his weakened eyes, — all Muriel's morning work. A bunch of violets, our little Ernest's contribution to the sick man, lay on the table. The change from utter wretchedness to this was almost too much for Joe, in his weak state; but he held in well until his eyes fell on those flowers. He gave a low cry, and held out his hands. His father gave them to him. Then he broke down wholly, kissing them, stroking their leaves, and crying and laughing. Jack butted into the bed-clothes, and I walked away to let them have it out together. Joe was very quiet after that, and looked so differently! The cloud of despair had begun to lift. After he had eaten something, he fell asleep; and I left him so, his head on his father's shoulder.

March 24. — Jack went with me to find some work, and got a small job, which he can do at home, as Joe is too helpless to be left. If he does this well, he will have more of the same sort. He had made himself clean and nice; and it was good to see his pleased look when I asked his last name (it was Wilson), and said I would rather use it, as I did not like to say "Jack" to a man of his age. He has self-respect enough left to be a help in his elevation. One of the things that makes the case hopeful is that they both have had to give up drink: the father, because he could not take care of Joe when under its influence; and Joe, because he moved about and hurt himself the one time that he did get drunk, so that he dares not do it again.

I found him much easier for yesterday's work, but still too exhausted to talk. He did not try to keep quiet while I was at work upon him, and I could have done nothing without his father to hold him. Pain is so strange to him, poor fellow! he does not know what to make of it yet.

March 28.—At Wilson's to-day. He is going on well with his work; and, as Joe is too sick to be left much, he keeps clear of temptation. Joe suffers, but is trying to keep it to himself more. Love to his father is teaching him that first lesson. He will not hear yet of seeing a doctor. I think nothing but religious principle and strength will bring him to that.

Now, he is, of course, an utter heathen. To-day I begged him not to swear so. He asked, with genuine surprise, "Why not?" and I told him the first things he had ever heard about God, except those few harsh words from his unwelcome visitor. When, gradually, I explained what was meant by the words used in swearing, he was much shocked, and ejaculated, "I've said sech things to dad; but I didn't mean that."

He is as ready of faith as a child: indeed, his mind is in some ways a child's mind. It has been utterly neglected while his body has been trained; and, now that the physical system has met with such wreck, the mind is awaking, and craving food.

March 31.—I found Wilson to-day in much perplexity, and somewhat annoyed. Joe was not only trying to smother his own oaths, but seemed distressed when his father swore at him, as he often did from sheer habit, and could not make him understand what it was that troubled him. I found the father just as ignorant as the son of what he was saying; and he swore most emphatically, that he never would say such things to Joe again.

Then Joe began to ask about various things he used to do; and, when I told him that many of them were forbidden by God, he looked very downcast; but Wilson cried out, "I say, he never knowed that. You know God: you jes tell him that Joe didn't know no better." So I told them how

God knew all about it, and would not judge them for the past, — only for what they did now, when they knew his wishes.

Wilson took none of all this to himself, and I did not attack him personally. He can be best reached through Joe. Now that he has had to give up his former pride in him, he catches eagerly at the idea of his "gettin' larnin', mebbe, an' bein' a better man than his dad," as he said to me in private to-day. I sat with him some time while Joe was asleep, and he told me about Joe's mother. When he began the story, I knew the end. A young girl, orphaned and friendless, supporting herself by sewing; then sickness, a cheaper boarding-house, more sickness, debt, and so down. Wilson says, "She were never like the rest of 'um: allers seemed scared-like." She was evidently the only woman he ever loved; and that was in a rough fashion, no doubt: still it was love.

She died when Joe was born. Wilson said she worried two promises out of him: one was, that, if her child lived, he would not turn it loose, as so many did, to grow up without either father or mother, but would always acknowledge and take care of it; and the other, that he would not bury her in the city she hated, but out in a green churchyard in the country-town she came from, and would take their child to her grave sometime.

"I were soft to promise," said Jack; "but she were a-dyin: so I said, 'I wull;' an' I done it." The only time Joe was ever out of these city haunts was when his father took him to the pretty spot where his mother lies. It was spring, and the grave was overgrown with violets, "them blue things;" and the little six-year-old boy had been pleased with the flowers, and had brought a handful into town, and kept them till they withered. He had forgotten every thing about that visit, except those flowers, and some dim association with his mother; and when, during the first days of his sickness, he was "wild-like" part of the time, Jack says, "When he warn't a-swarin', he were a-jawin' about his mammy and her blue things." This explains his emotion when they came upon him in his excitement and physical exhaustion the other day.

[*Mem.* — Lesson of the day. I must work more vigorously for the establishment of decent boarding-houses for girls only, with a trustworthy matron at the head of each. Every one who can do any thing toward this, and does not, is partly responsible for the destruction of how many girls!]

April 3. — Had a talk alone with Joe to-day. I have not liked to put new things into his head too fast, he has had so much thinking to do. To-day he broke out with the results of some of it. It amounted to the old story which so many have to live through: "If God did every thing, and if he was not angry, but loved him, why did he let such a thing happen? He did not think anybody ought to have such a hard time, unless he had done something dreadful: it was too hard. Nobody could love God, if he did such things to them: he could not, and he would not try."

When he stopped, exhausted, I gave the only answer that can be given. I told him of Christ's goodness, and then of his death. As I went through the story of those last days, Joe was as much moved as I; and when, finally, I showed him that little picture (I know not the artist), Christ crucified and alone, nothing else but the evening sky, he said not a word, but looked and looked. Presently he asked some questions about his patience and endurance, but made no comment; only saying, as I put the picture back in my Bible and bade him good-by, "Bring that again, and come soon."

April 7. — With Joe to-day. The moment the bathing was over, and his father had gone back to his work, Joe cried out for "the picter." He looked at it long, with a puzzled expression; and at last it all came out despairingly. He had thought he could do what another could; and if any one could bear worse pain than he, without complaining, he could keep still surely, and he would. But his face grew very weary and dissatisfied as he told me how utterly he had failed; how ugly and peevish and impatient he had been, and that, too, when he knew it hurt his father to hear him "whinin';" and he ended with what I wanted to hear: "I can't do it, an' I don't see how ever he did." And then

I told him of the agony in the garden; how he had felt himself unable to bear what was coming upon him, and had asked and received the help he needed. Poor Joe looked hopeless still. "I wish I was a good man: I want ter be helped that way, I do." So I went on to tell him about prayer, and how God wanted us *all* to come and get the strength we need, and how he loved to give it to us. He interrupted me with, "Be you sure o' that? Be you sure he'd give it to me?" And then eagerly, "Where'll I get at him: is it far? Can dad carry me?" When I told him he had only to speak, and God would hear, he looked bewildered, but said, "If you're dead-sure o' that, won't yer jes' talk ter him a bit right off?"

So I prayed, and, when I ended, found Wilson at the door, staring at me in amazement; but Joe was looking pleased, and said, "Yer *are* sure, ain't yer?"—"Yes," said I; "and sure he would hear you; and he wants you to ask for yourself."—"Dunno how; dunno what to call him."—"Call him Father" ("I likes that"), "and ask right out for what you want most." After a little more encouragement, he held my hand tight, and said in the only polite phrase he knew, and with great emphasis, "Father, *if you please*, don't let me plague daddy any more!"

Wilson stole away without his son's having seen him. I told Joe how he might pray in his heart, all by himself, whenever he needed help; and, as I left him, he said, "I shall try this, hard."

April 10.—When I went to Joe to-day, I found him looking sick and uncomfortable; but he brightened up a little when he answered to my questions shyly, "Well, I do think I hain't been quite s' ugly as I'd been afore." Then he looked at me inquiringly, "I've been a-askin' to get well: d'ye think he hearn me?" The cloud settled on him again, as I had to tell him that God might not see it best for him to get well. There he broke in, "I can't stay so allus; I can't. Have *you* asked him to make you like other folks? have yer asked him often, an' asked him hard?" Have I not, O my God?

There was but one thing for either of us; and, as well as I could, I told him how that suffering and that terrible death which Christ prayed in vain to be spared had not been the end; how he had come back to teach us that this life was not all; that it was only to train and fit us to dwell for ever with him and with the Father in that better land, where there is no pain or sorrow; where the inhabitant shall not say, "I am sick."

April 13. — Found Joe more cheerful. It is beautiful to see how this idea of heaven, this eternal hope, is strengthening his faith, and how both are teaching him love to Him who brought life and immortality to light. He says nothing of good resolutions; but his face tells of them, and his growing gentleness and self-control show the fruit of genuine prayer.

April 17. — Wilson anxious to-day, and with reason; Joe looking worse. I made a grand assault as to seeing a doctor. I told them how different the one I wanted him to have was from the rascal he had tried at first; how this was a kind, good man, one of my dearest friends, and one who had been able to do much for me by his skill and care. I got him finally to acknowledge that he "sposed he'd orter;" and then I appealed to his newly awakened religious feelings, and asked him if he thought God could grant his prayers while he was not doing what God asked. He looked frightened. "Won't he hear me no more?" — "He will hear you if you ask him to help you do right," said I. He turned his face to the wall, and lay quite still; only asking once, "Daddy, do you want me ter hev a docter?" to which Wilson growled, "In coorse I do." When he turned toward us again, his white, resolute face told what was coming: "Mr. Ray, I'll hev yer docter, ef he'll come."

In half an hour, Ferguson was at his bedside, and the dreaded examination was quickly over. It did not hurt as much as Joe feared: but Ferguson's sober face showed that he did not like the state of affairs; and, as father and son would hear the truth, he told them that Joe was in danger, but not past hope; and he could say little more than that, till he had

had him under his care a few days. He tells me just what I had supposed, — that Joe's best if not his only chance is in a hospital. It is spine-complaint: so the best he can hope for on earth includes pain and deformity.

April 18. — Joe worse. They will not hear of the hospital plan; but they will have to come to it, I fear.

April 19. — Made Wilson go with me through the —— Hospital. The sight of every thing so clean and cheerful, the evident comfort of the patients, and, most of all, Dr. Wilkie's attractive face, shook his firmness of opposition; and when Ferguson and I set before him how Joe might die, and certainly must suffer for the lack of what he might have here, he gave up entirely, and said, "I'd ruther ye'd do any thin' to me than take he away; but, ef it's good for he, I kin stan' it, ef yer kin get his leave too." So I spent the rest of the morning with Joe. The worst feature of the thing is the leaving Wilson to himself, with nothing to keep him from sliding back to old associates and old habits; an evil which Joe evidently dreads above all others. He promises Joe solemnly that he will try to keep straight, will go on with his work, and steer clear of drink; and Ferguson promises that he shall be allowed to go to Joe once a day, which will be at once a pleasure and a restraint, as he could not go drunk. So Joe was somewhat reconciled to that part.

Then as for himself, poor fellow! They left us alone together, and I had to tell him something of the suffering that awaits him, whether at home or at the hospital; for we did not wish to take him there under false pretences: and when he asked, with a look I well understood, "Won't a many people see me thar?" I had to say, "Yes;" and I could not say, "You ought not to mind that," but I could tell him how God would help him bear it *all*, however hard it was, if he just took it as from him, and trusted him wholly.

He lay with closed eyes and tight lips, listening to all the reasons I could urge for going; and at last I asked if he would prefer to have us wait till to-morrow for his decision;

and as he looked very tired, and said he felt so, we concluded that was best. Still he did not let me go, and I found he wanted me to pray with him. His victory in that former struggle so increased his moral strength, that I feel hopeful of his acting rightly now, hard as it it.

April 20. — Joe is at the hospital. I know that nothing but conscience and prayer could have given him the will and the power to do this.

April 23. — Joe is still in a very critical state, and we fear the change may have come too late. While he is in danger, no one has the heart to drive Wilson away: so he stays all the time; and, when the surgeon is at work on poor Joe, he sits and glowers at him like Rab in Ailie's behalf.

Joe is under the influence of ether part of the time; but, while he is conscious, he bears his pain very patiently.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

SPIRITUAL JOY. — "A man who is full of inward heaviness, the more he is encompassed about with mirth, it exasperates and enrages his grief the more, — like ineffectual weak physic, which removes not the humor, but stirs it, and makes it the more unquiet. But spiritual joy is seasonable for all estates: in prosperity, it is pertinent to crown and sanctify all other enjoyments with this, which so far surpasses them; and, in distress, it is the only nepenthe, — the cordial of fainting spirits."

"For Christ telleth us, saying, 'Whoever believeth in me shall never die, but hath passed through from death to life, and rivers of living waters shall flow from him;' viz., good doctrine and works: therefore I say, that whatsoever fighteth and contendeth about the letter is all *Babel*. The letters (of the Word proceed from and) stand all in one root, which is the Spirit of God, as the many flowers stand in the earth, and grow by one another: none of them fight with the others about their colors, smell, and taste; they suffer the earth, the sun, the rain, the wind, the heat and cold, to do with them as they please; and yet every one of them grow in their own essence and property." — JACOB BEHMEN.

A VISIT AT HAWORTH.

A STRANGE interest attaches to the home of Charlotte Brontë. One can hardly read her works and the story of her life, and become at all familiar with the struggles, trials, and sorrows which fell to her lot, without wishing to visit Haworth, where she passed her days. I own to the spell which her pages produced upon my mind, — the power with which they haunted me for months after I read them. I determined, if I ever visited England, to see where her genius wrought and triumphed, and where, after her affecting, almost tragic life had ended, she found her rest.

On my return from the Continent and the East, I had only a few brief days for a flying trip through England. On the 14th of September last, I had made a charming visit to Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. Towards evening, I pursued my way to Yorkshire; arriving at Keighley, on the Leeds and Bradford Railway, a little before dark. Here it was necessary to take a private conveyance to Haworth, which lay several miles away from the railroad, among the hills and moors. It was rapidly growing dark as I rode through the quaint but thriving village of Keighley, and ascended the hill that lay beyond it. Long rows of plain, dingy, but comfortable dwellings, occupied by workmen and their families, lined the road on either side almost up to the summit. Now and then, a lighted candle within their curtainless windows revealed an air of tidiness and content which it was pleasant to see. The shadows had not yet, however, fallen on our way so thickly, but that, from the top of the hill, I could command a good view of Haworth, situated on a still higher eminence two or three miles further on; and also a fine prospect of the wild moors that have for ever become associated with the home and history of the gifted authoress.

Descending into the valley before us, and passing various scattered houses and factories on the way, we began the more

difficult ascent to the place of our destination. The road was quite narrow, the hill was very steep; and the village, which reposed high up on its side, stretched far down to meet us. The peculiarities which I mentioned as characterizing Keighley were more marked still in Haworth: shops and houses seemed crowded with the necessaries and comfortables of life, and every thing indicated here a simple, frugal, hardy, happy people. Far up the hill, at the end of this long, rudely paved, and thickly populated street, is the centre, so to speak, of the town. Near it are the churches; and here are the two or three inns of the village; and here converge several of the compressed and irregular thoroughfares of the place. Here also stands the Black-Bull tavern, famous as the place where Patrick Brontë, the son, — or Branwell, as he was called, — was wont to spend his evenings carousing with his old boon companions. It is now kept by the son of the woman who had charge of it then, — a tall, broad-shouldered, red-cheeked, good-natured looking man, who knew all about the Brontës, and was quite disposed to furnish me the best accommodations, and give me the fullest information he could.

I was ushered into a small front lower room, neatly carpeted and furnished, and made more cheerful and inviting still by an open fire and a good supply of recent Yorkshire papers. The rest of the interior as well as the general exterior of the old inn had rather a more forbidding aspect. In the room opposite the one where I sat, a dozen, perhaps, of the old villagers had assembled about the blazing hearth; and their ruddy looks and loud voices, their evening tales and hearty laughter, and the fumes that scented the house through every hall and apartment, told only too plainly, that the Black Bull still enjoys the reputation it had of yore.

While my rather late dinner was preparing, I proposed to go to the Parsonage. I had, much to my surprise, learned in the cars, during the day, that Mr. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte, had left the place, and taken up his permanent residence in Ireland, his native country; and that he had been succeeded by a young minister whose name was Wade, and

who now, with his family, occupied the house. I was told that it was doubtful whether I could be admitted, as many visitors had applied in vain for the privilege. The sexton, whose services the landlord had kindly procured for me, thought it best to try; and, under the circumstances, I myself was unwilling to retrace my steps, without making an effort, at least, to enter what was once the home of Charlotte Brontë, and the scene of her conflicts and victories. On our way thither, we passed the church, and also a low, long schoolhouse, which is alluded to in one of the works of that gifted writer. Seeing the principal room of the latter building lighted up, the sexton looked in at the window, and discovered Mr. and Mrs. Wade amidst a group of persons who had had charge of an evening school, which they had dismissed, and who were now themselves about to disperse. Mr. Wade was applied to, and kindly said that he would admit the stranger into some of the rooms of his house, if he would but step with him across the way; although the family were often obliged to deny the privilege to the numerous visitors who made their pilgrimage to the spot. The parsonage is a plain, substantial, old-fashioned structure, built of stone; one end of it abutting against the road, and its front looking towards the church, which is also situated on the street. The front-windows look out upon a pleasant little garden enclosure, containing a variety of plants and trees, not a few of which were set out or tended by the hands of the sisters. From this garden down to the church slopes the graveyard, which is quite extensive, and is thickly covered with tombstones. Entering the enclosure in front of the parsonage by a little side-gate, and passing into the house through the door that opened between the two front-rooms, we were admitted into the hall that extended back through the central part of the building to a flight of stairs at the other end of the apartment. In this hall it was that those sisters were wont to pace the floor arm in arm, unfolding to each other their thoughts and wishes, and forming their plans to overcome their difficulties and to win success. At the right, as we entered, was the room where generally old Mr.

Brontë was wont to pass his time; and in the room opposite, at the left, was where Charlotte wrote her books and performed nearly all her literary labor. Immediately above this was her bed-chamber, in which at last she died; while just over the front part of the hall is a small room, where Emily wrote "Wuthering Heights." I only saw the lower rooms of which I have spoken; and these, I was told, were so altered in appearance, that one who was familiar with them a year ago would not recognize them now. The wainscoting is removed; the library-shelves have disappeared; the walls are papered, and hung with pictures; the ceiling is whitewashed, the floor recarpeted, and the old furniture has given place to new. Then, moreover, all that little band, who, but so brief a time ago, here toiled and struggled and suffered so bravely, — all were gone! One after another, they had quickly passed away, until but one was left to sit in solitude amidst the waste and the gloom; and now even he had fled the scene, unable to bear its desolation and darkness, while new forms and faces had succeeded to the deserted hall and home.

Having returned to the inn, and eaten my dinner, I was fortunate enough to be entertained during the remainder of the evening by one of the wardens of the church, whom a member of the landlord's family brought into the parlor and introduced to me. No one of the villagers outside of the parsonage knew the Brontës so well as he. He was a good specimen of a shrewd, hardy, self-sufficient, independent Yorkshireman; and it would have been interesting to have spent the evening with him, even if he had known nothing of the Brontës or Haworth. We sat down together, and talked until midnight about "Charlottie," as he called her, and the various members of the remarkable family to which she belonged; about the works which she wrote; Mrs. Gaskell's biography of her; the village, Yorkshire, England, and America. Then we went into a rear-room where Branwell used to meet his bad companions, entertain them with his flashes of wit and genius, and indulge with them in riotous excesses. Here we remained another hour, while the warden told me where and how Branwell used to dispose himself in the chair, and

walk the room; and described to me the character of the scenes in which the brilliant but unfortunate young man was so conspicuous an actor. The warden is fond of telling of his own familiar acquaintance with the family; of the reserved manner, and the keen, bright eyes, of "Charlottie;" of the massive head and wonderful talent of the brother; of the various kinds of plays, parliamentary debates, and other amusements, the children would often improvise for their own evening entertainment at home. He likes to talk about them generally. The villagers all feel proud of the woman who has given such a world-wide fame to the otherwise obscure town of Haworth. Even the persons who appear in her pages as some of her most repulsive characters seem to feel a kind of pride in the questionable distinction that is given them; and, with the rest, praise the one who thus sat in judgment upon them.

During the night, a wild storm of wind and rain came on, and sounded dismally as it howled over the far-stretching moors. In the morning, after breakfast, I went to the church in company with the warden and sexton. They showed me the church-records in which Mr. Nicholls and Charlotte wrote their names when they were married. The high pulpit in which old Mr. Brontë continued to preach after he had become blind, and to which he was generally led from the house by Charlotte, stands against one of the side-walls; and in front of it are lower desks for the clerk and precentor. There are galleries at the right of the speaker, and in front on the other side. Beneath the gallery, at the right, is the mural tablet of the Brontë Family, on which are inscribed all their names: close by, beneath the stones of the aisle, repose their bodies. Opposite the tablet, and just across the aisle, is the family pew, — plain, square, and high. They pointed out the seat in one corner where Charlotte invariably sat, a constant attendant and a devout worshipper. Here, in this pew, the old father and the afflicted husband stood and saw all that was mortal of the pride and the glory of their house lowered into the grave. "Ah!" said the good old sexton to me, "it was a very melancholy spectacle."

Notwithstanding the wind, the mist, and the rain that

swept across the hills, I wanted to walk out a little distance upon the moors. In company with the warden, I went forth; passing by the parsonage, and going out through the lane, back of the house, and following the path that led round the brow of the hill in that direction. I was soon in the wild moors indeed, where, over the heather, the sisters so frequently walked, conversed, meditated, and composed their works. Here, in a few moments, they could withdraw from the scenes and noise of the village, or the distractions of domestic life, and be alone with Nature. Nor was it difficult for me to understand the influence which such scenery had exerted upon the mind and the writings of the author of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" and "Villette." I walked about a mile to the spot where the sisters were wont to linger, and turn their faces homeward; and then I gathered some heather, and retraced my steps, while the darkened sky and the sweeping mists only enabled me to realize more powerfully all my preconceived ideas of the bleak and somewhat mournful nature of those rolling Yorkshire heights.

I remained at Haworth but a very short time longer. A few photographs of Mr. Brontë, of the parsonage, the church, the mural tablet, and various other objects of similar interest, were offered for sale at the inn. I made a selection from these, returned to Keighley, and hurried on to Manchester. My visit at Haworth had not disappointed me: it is now one of the places to see in England; and the readers of "Jane Eyre" who may travel in that country will find themselves well repaid for whatever extra trouble, time, or expense, they may be likely to incur in going to the home and grave of the writer of that remarkable book. A. P. P.

WHEN the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep then thy temper; mix not with each clay;
Despatch necessities. Life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may:
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

THE STORY OF A MOTHER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ANDERSEN.

A MOTHER sat by the cradle of her little child, full of grief and anguish because she saw that it must die. Its little eyes were closed, and its breath came only in short sighs and gasps. Still sadder and sadder became the mother's gaze as she looked on the pale face of her little one.

There was a knock at the door: and a poor old man entered, wrapped in a horse-cloth; for it was winter. The ground was covered with ice and snow, and the wind was sharp and cutting.

As the old man shivered with cold, and the child seemed to sleep for the moment, the mother rose to put a little beer to warm for him on the stove. The old man rocked the cradle; and the mother sat near him, looking at the sick child as it raised its little hand in its struggle for breath. "Do you not think I shall keep him?" asked she. "Surely God will not take him from me!"

Thereupon the old man (it was Death himself) made a strange sign, that might mean either yes or no. The mother looked down, and tears rolled over her cheeks: her head was heavy. For three days and nights she had not closed her eyes; and now she slept, but only for a moment; then she started up, shivering with cold. "What is that?" she cried, looking about her: but the old man was gone, and her child also; he had taken it away. The leaden weight of the old clock in the corner ran down even to the floor, and the clock stopped.

But the poor mother ran out of the house, calling for her child. Outside, in the snow, sat a woman in long, black garments; and she said, "Death has been in your room: I saw him just now come out with your little child. He goes quicker than the wind: he never brings back what he takes away."

"Only tell me which way he went," said the mother, "only show me the way, and I will find him."

"I know the way," said the woman in black; "but, before I tell you, you must sing me all the songs you used to sing to your child. I love them: I have heard them before I saw your tears as you sang them. I am Night."

"I will sing them all," said the mother: "but do not keep me now; let me overtake him first, and get my child again." But Night sat silent and still; and the mother wrung her hands, and wept and sang: there were many songs, but more tears. Then Night said, "Go straight into the dark pine-forest: that is the road I saw Death take with your little child."

Deep in the middle of the wood the roads crossed each other, and she knew not which way to take. There stood a thorn-bush with neither leaves nor flowers, its branches covered with snow and ice.

"Have you not seen Death pass by with my little child?"

"Yes," answered the thorn-bush; "but I will not tell you which way he went, unless you warm me on your heart. I am freezing: I shall soon be turned into an icicle." She pressed the thorn-bush to her bosom so firmly, that the thorns ran into her flesh, and blood ran down in large drops; but green leaves and blossoms came out on the thorn-bush in the cold winter night, so warm was the heart of the sad mother. The thorn-bush then showed her the road which she must take. After a time she came to a large lake, on which neither ship nor boat was to be seen. The water was not frozen hard enough to bear her, and yet not open enough for her to wade through; and yet she must cross it to find her child again. Then she lay down, and tried to drink it up; for though that was impossible for a human being to do, yet the afflicted mother thought that perhaps a miracle might be worked for her.

"No, that will never do," said the lake: "let us rather see if we cannot help each other. I like to collect pearls, and your eyes are two of the clearest and brightest I have ever seen. If you will weep them into my waters, I will

carry you over to the great green-house where Death dwells, and takes care of the trees and flowers, each of which is a human life."

"Oh! what would I not give to get my child again?" said the weeping mother; and she wept more and more, until her eyes sank to the bottom of the lake, and became two precious pearls. But the sea raised her up, as if she sat in a swing, and swung her over to the opposite shore, where stood a strange house, miles in breadth. One could hardly tell whether it was a mountain with woods and grottos, or whether it was made of timber: but the poor mother could not see it; she had wept her eyes away.

"Where can I find Death, who has taken away my child?" she asked.

"He has not come here yet," said the old woman who had the care of Death's great conservatory. "How did you find this place? and who has helped you?"

"God has helped me," she answered: "he is merciful, and so will you be. Where shall I find my child?"

"I do not know it," said the old woman, "and you cannot see. Many flowers and trees withered last night, and Death will soon come to transplant them. Do you not know that every human being has his life tree or flower? they look like other flowers, but they have a pulse. Children's hearts beat also: if you listen, perhaps you will know the heart's pulse of your own child. But what will you give me for telling you what else you must do?"

"I have nothing to give you," said the poor mother; "but I will go to the end of the earth for you."

"I have nothing to do there," said the old woman; "but you can give me your long black hair: it is very beautiful, you know, and it pleases me. You can take my white hair in exchange: it is better than nothing."

"Is that all?" exclaimed she: "I will give you that with pleasure." And she gave the old woman her beautiful hair, and took hers, which was snow-white. She entered Death's large conservatory, where flowers and trees of all kinds grew together. There were hyacinths under glass, and great

peonies; water-plants, some quite fresh, others drooping, with water-snails and crabs clinging fast to their stems. There stood beautiful palm-trees, oaks, and plane-trees, as well as parsley and thyme. Each tree and flower had its name: each was a human life. All still live, — some in China, some in Greenland, all the world over. There were great trees in small pots, so cramped and confined, that they seemed as if they would burst the pots. In many places stood a little delicate flower, with moss all round it. But the mother bent over all the smallest plants, and listened to the beating of each human heart; and, among the millions there, she knew her child's heart again. "This is it!" she cried, and stretched her hand over a small purple crocus which hung drooping all on one side.

"Do not touch the flower," said the old woman, "but wait here by it; and, when Death comes (I expect him every moment), do not let him take up the plant; and threaten him that you will pull up all the other flowers, and that will vex him. He is answerable to God for them; and, without his leave, he must not take up one of them." Suddenly there came an ice-cold wind through the hall, and the blind mother could feel that it was Death who entered.

"How did you find the way here?" said he. "How did you get here quicker than I?"

"I am a mother," she answered.

Death stretched out his long hand towards the little delicate flower; but she held her hands firmly over it, — so firmly, yet so carefully as not to touch one of the leaves. Then Death breathed on her hands, and she felt that it was colder than the coldest wind, and they sank feebly down.

"You can do nothing against me," said Death.

"But God can," she answered.

"I only do what he orders," said Death. "I am his gardener. I take all his trees and flowers, and transplant them to the great garden of Paradise, in the unknown land; but how they grow and what passes there, I dare not tell you."

"Give me back my child!" said the mother, and wept and prayed. Suddenly she stretched out her hands towards two

beautiful flowers near her, and cried, "I will pull up all your flowers; for I am in despair!"

"Do not touch them," said Death. "You say you are so unhappy, and yet you would make another mother as miserable as you are yourself."

"Another mother?" said the poor woman, drawing back her hands.

"Here are your eyes," said Death. "I took them out of the lake, they sparkled so brightly. I did not know they were yours. Take them: they are now clearer than ever. Look into the deep brook that runs close by here. I will repeat the names of the two flowers you would have torn up; and you will see their whole future human life, which you would have entirely destroyed."

She looked into the brook; and it was a delight to see how one was a blessing to the world, and how much joy and happiness it spread around it. Then she looked at the life of the other, and it was sadness and poverty, grief and misery.

"Both is the will of God," said Death.

"Which is the flower of misery, and which of happiness?" asked the mother.

"That I cannot tell you," answered Death. "But so much you may know, that one of the flowers was your own child's: you saw its fate and future life."

"Then," exclaimed the mother in terror, "which of them was my child? Tell me that. Save the innocent; preserve my child from all evil; rather, carry it away; take it into God's kingdom; forget my ravings; forget my prayers, and all that I have said and done."

"I do not understand you," replied Death. "Will you have your child back again? or shall I take it away with me where you will not know where it is?"

The mother wrung her hands, fell on her knees, and prayed to God. "Hear me not, if I pray for that which is contrary to thy will: thou knowest what is best. Hear me not, hear me not!" and she bowed her head on her breast.

And Death carried her child into the unknown land.

A. V. H.

RANDOM READINGS.

OUR NEW YEAR.

It must still be a year of strife and bloodshed. We have not yet paid the price which a wise and just Providence exacts for our complete deliverance. A struggle second to none on record since the life of our race began cannot be shortened. Every added month makes the work more thorough and the result more sure. More faith, more patience, more zeal, — these are the unceasing demands. Nevertheless, eyes that should be discerning begin to see the way through. This may be the last year; but, however this may be, we can wait God's time. We have no reason to be other than grateful for what we have experienced. The years that we could least spare out of our lives are precisely the last three. They have done more than all that have been given to our nation before to redeem and re-create our people. We are blind, indeed, if we think it strange concerning the fiery trial which has tried us. Bathed in blood as our land is, and perhaps long will be, it is a hundred-fold more beautiful in the sight of God than ever it was before. North and South, East and West, shall come together in strength and purity and beauty and glory as never before. We shall be a true democracy, such as no Grecian State never was, such as Rome never was. The element which conflicted with our national life will have been thoroughly neutralized. The great middle class shall have their due; the laborer shall have his rights; culture, character, genius, shall be recognized and honored.

In all ways we have fallen upon times troublous, but blessed. We are comforted when we look at the signs in heaven, and watch the movements of earth. We believe, that, in spite of the alleged materialism and scepticism of the age, men are asking as never before, "What is truth? what is just and merciful between man and man?" Our doubters are reverent doubters: they are ready to have their doubts resolved. Much of the indifference to religious observances which is complained of is indifference to what is commonplace and perfunctory, or to what has been tried and found wanting. If you have any thing to say which you yourself believe in, say it, in God's name! there never was a better time. Everywhere, along with tokens of disintegration, there are cheering preparations for

rebuilding whatsoever has fallen into decay. God does not put out any lesser light, save through the rising upon us of a greater light. When we see any star which has been to us a star of hope and beauty fading from our sky, we may be sure that it is because the dawn is near. From light to light is ever our way. The great darkness is behind us, not before us, if it is anywhere.

These, then, are our words, labor and trust. Labor; for the present only is ours, this very fleeting moment, not even a span long. Every purpose of life stands only upon this condition, — if the Lord will; and this will is not revealed to us beforehand. It is better so. We know now quite as much as we can bear to know. Standing here in the midst of the years, we can look even into the past but a very little way; and before hangs as a veil which mortals may not lift. "Of the day and the hour knoweth no man." Just where our feet are planted is light, and we need not blindly go. The nearest duty may be as plainly seen as if all the brightness in the sky were gathered upon it in a single refulgent ray: it is our hour, our moment. If there is a word of love which you mean at some time to speak or write, a confession which you ought to make to God or man, a wrong which you would redress, an act of justice which you would not fail to accomplish, speak, write, act, before another sun shall have gone down. The Bible delights in the present tense. "Now" is its accepted time. "Behold," said Zaccheus, "the half of my goods I give to the poor." He did not say, I mean to give, some time or other, when I shall have no farther use for them. Each day let us make clean work of life. Good intentions are not good enough until they have become good actions. It is the unspoken word that burdens the heart. It is the spirit which can make little of to-day that boasts of to-morrow.

And as we must labor, and that quickly, so we must trust. We shall be surprised with prodigies of good as well as of what seems to us evil. What we need is faith and hope. It is the blessed office of true religion, not to deal in heathenish oracles, in predictions as to this and that, but to inspire a trust which "hath the whole future already in its heart." In the body, or out of the body, we are compassed about by the warm, bright, soft atmosphere of infinite love. We go from mansion to mansion. It is no more fearful to be in God's presence in the world to come than in this world. Our heavenly Father has in store for us countless glad surprises. We see here only the least part of his ways: the perfect is yet to come. We hear on earth only faint whispers of that loving Voice; we have only fed upon the crumbs from that heavenly table. Men of

science tell us that always, in some part of the universe, it is creation-morning. Doubtless it is so in the world of souls; and what will amaze us more than any thing else, when the scales shall have fallen from our eyes, will be our little faith in the joys so unspeakable, because so great, which a loving Father has in store for his children.

Let us close these few sentences of greeting and counsel with the sober yet cheerful words of Paley, at the close of his book upon the "Evidences of Natural Religion:" —

"Upon the whole, in every thing which respects this awful, but, as we trust, glorious change, we have a wise and powerful Being (the author in nature of infinitely various expedients for infinitely various ends) upon whom to rely for the choice and appointment of means adequate to the execution of any plan which his goodness or his justice may have formed for the moral and accountable part of his creation. That great office rests with *him:* be it ours to hope and to prepare, under a firm and settled persuasion, that, living and dying, we are his; that life is passed in his constant presence; that death resigns us to his merciful disposal."

E.

THE NEW YEAR OF 1864.

NEARLY three years of civil war have passed, during which time those who believe in a Divine Providence and in human progress have never ceased to see signs of a future so auspicious as to render the sorrows and sacrifices of the present more easy to bear. There is something better than life, and for which life can be joyfully given away: it is truth, freedom, and righteousness, to be established in the world for the generations that are to come. This heavenly vision has cheered the thousands of martyrs who have given up their lives for the flag of the Union. "Let it wave over a country undivided and redeemed," they have said, "and we value not the costly price we are paying for it." These have been the motives of the loyal millions, which the English Tories could see nothing but to denounce and scoff at, with doleful prophecies of failure.

How stands the account in the book of the divine decrees? It could not be better summed up than in the following pregnant sentences of a representative elect from Illinois. It gives succinctly the status and prospect of Jan. 1, 1864: —

"Contemplate the rapid advance of ideas since 1861: Freedom at the capital; freedom for ever in the Territories; a man hung by the Government for participating in the slave-trade; Western Virginia a free State; the great State of Missouri substantially free, thanks to her radicals, who

have so gallantly fought and won the battle of liberty; Maryland ('My Maryland') overwhelming in her vote for immediate emancipation. So much accomplished.

"Before the grass shall grow again on our prairies, Tennessee, under the lead of Andrew Johnson, will ask to return to the Union as a *free State*. Louisiana will not linger behind; and ere long the great Father of Waters shall flow over free soil, from its source to its mouth. Kentucky, if she adheres to slavery, will soon be isolated. Freedom to the north of her, freedom to the south of her, freedom to the east of her, and freedom to the west of her, she will be compelled to give up the ghost of slavery. The breath of life and liberty will be breathed into her, and she will become the glorious free Commonwealth of Kentucky. Whence the recent change in the tone of the world toward our country? It is because Europe, France, England, at last, have recognized the fact, that this is a square contest between Liberty and Slavery." S.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S STYLE.

ENGLISH aristocrats and English snobs grow satirical with the literary acquirements of the American President. His style is not very smooth and flowing; but it has two merits exceedingly rare, especially with uneducated men, — he has not the least pedantry or pretension, and he gets more weighty matter into the same compass than any President since Washington. Gen. Harrison tried to make up his scholastic deficiencies by lugging in classical allusions: Mr. Lincoln has too much sense to do it. Buchanan would have expanded through five columns what Mr. Lincoln condenses into one.

One thing, however, we do miss in Mr. Lincoln's messages and proclamations, — the trumpet-call to the popular mind to rouse and inspire it. They have no more enthusiasm than an old almanac. In a similar emergency, Pericles fired Athens with an energy that ran through all the veins of the empire; the Prince of Orange touched every chord of patriotism in the States of Holland, and ruled its deepest vibrations; James Otis may be said to have "created a nation" by a single speech, so far as it lies in one man to do it. Mr. Lincoln calls for three hundred thousand men as dryly as an orderly sergeant would call the roll, and proclaims freedom to three millions of slaves as if he were receipting a bill. However, we have the inspiration which comes from growing confidence in his good sense and perfect honesty; and for this we cannot be too grateful in this solemn crisis. S.

GOOD WORKS DANGEROUS.

Curious it is to mark the changing tests which distinguish orthodoxy from heresy. It was dangerous for a minister's good order and standing among his brethren, fifty years ago, to say much about "works" in his sermons. "Justification by faith," "the divine sovereignty," "the doctrines of grace," might be harped upon without limit, provided the minister kept clear of the realm of common sense and practical duty. If he trenched much upon these, he was suspected of "Arminianism." The old minister of Dublin, N.H., had fallen into that mistake, and was suspected of unsoundness. A committee of the church waited upon him with their grievances: "We have had works, works, Mr. Sprague, till the church is alarmed; and we have called upon you to express to you the grief and the fear of the brethren."

The pastor heard them patiently through, and blandly replied, "Gentlemen of the committee, put yourselves entirely at rest, and let the brethren be comforted. *I do assure you, there are not good works enough in the town of Dublin to damn a single soul.*" s.

THE CHANCES OF WAR.

War is bad enough, and its ravages are very great; but the letter-writers, adopting the sensation style, almost invariably exaggerate in descriptions of terrible slaughters and "cut-up" regiments. It is the policy also of the half-treasonable prints to make these things look as bad as they possibly can, so as to chill the patriotism of the people, and prevent enlistments.

A tabular statement has been published, from official records in the Adjutant-General's office, of the losses in our nine-months' regiments during their term of service. We find a summary in the Salem "Gazette," and it will probably surprise a good many readers. There are fifteen regiments and one company from which the returns have been made. The loss by the casualties of battle *is less than four-fifths of one per cent.* The deaths by sickness amount to *four and three-tenths of one per cent.* Nearly all of these last were the result of causes entirely within the control of the men themselves.

Some of the nine-months' men, especially those in Banks's division, experienced hard active service. Though we cannot calculate the chances of war, yet the fair prospect is, since sanitary principles

are better understood and enforced than at the beginning of the war, and since the collapse of the Rebellion cannot probably be far remote, that the above per cent of losses will cover all which the quota now filling up will be subjected to. S.

ENGLAND'S GREAT WAR.

COMPARE these results with what England achieved in what has been called her most successful war, the seven years' war from 1756 to 1763. It cost her two hundred and fifty thousand human lives. It cost her and her enemies and allies together little less than eight hundred thousand men. It cost one hundred and eleven millions sterling. For what was the war waged? For a tract of the Canadas then in dispute between England and France, then a wilderness, uninhabited except by savages. It was called "a strife about so many acres of snow." It was to pay the expenses of this war that England tried to tax America, and so plunged into another, which lost her the thirteen Colonies. S.

LIVING WITHIN ONE'S MEANS.

BESIDES the thousand and one admirable directions for the proper performance of household work, the reader will find in the book of Mrs. CORNELIUS a vast deal of such admirable advice as follows:—

"Consider in the outset what mode of living best befits your station, resources, and obligations to others, and so adjust your plan that consistency and appropriateness shall appear throughout. It is much better to adopt a style of expenditure below your means than above them. Of the unhappy effects of this last, we have many examples in our country. A very little advance in the style of living creates an additional expense greater than would at first be believed. That little sentence, '*I can do without it,*' has saved thousands of dollars for future exigencies. Prodigality is as fruitful of mischief as Pandora's box; and no amount of wealth can justify it. Habits of wasteful expenditure are almost always accompanied with selfishness and a cold heart towards the claims of the poor. Be conscientious, therefore, in the practice of economy. Family comfort can hardly be found without it. Neatness is essential to it; for, though there may be neatness without economy, there cannot be economy without neatness.

"Study the dispositions of those whom you employ. If you keep several domestics, arrange their work so that there shall be as little colli-

sion with one another as possible. Be as considerate of their comfort as you could reasonably wish others to be of yours in like circumstances. A universal obedience to the Golden Rule would make this world a paradise; and perhaps it is more liable to be forgotten in this relation than in most others. The best management on your part cannot always save those who serve you from weariness and vexation; but a well-timed word of kindness and sympathy does good like a medicine."

A BLACK AMBULANCE-DRIVER.

FROM Mr. HEPWORTH'S valuable and interesting story of his experiences in the South-west, we take the following: —

"I have a servant (Tom Taylor), black and shiny as patent leather, who was present at the battle of Baton Rouge, and behaved splendidly. He was the only man on the field with an ambulance. He caught a runaway horse and buggy, and drove where the fight was thickest; and, when a soldier fell, he took him in his arms, placed him in his buggy, and drove him to the hospital. This he continued to do while the fight lasted. Gen. Dudley spoke in the highest terms of his bravery, and said he did good service on that bloody day.

"He came to me one morning in great heat, and trembling violently.

"'Why, Tom! what's the matter?'

"'O lieutenant! my old master's down below, an' I 'spec' he wants me. Now, I tell you what, if a white man acts gallantly on de field, and gives ebery ting he got for his country, de people all praise him; but, if a black man does the same ting, nobody cares a cent. Now, I did all I could at Baton Rouge; and what I ought to have is my freedom.'

"'And that, Tom, you shall have. If your master comes to get you, I will most assuredly shoot him.'

"He did not fear rebel bullets; but at thought of his master, and a return to slavery, his joints gave way, and he muttered and stuttered so that I could hardly understand him.

"He was in high spirits the next day, as cheery as a cricket, and made a characteristic speech: —

"'Lieutenant,' he said, 'de ole flag neber did wave quite right. There was something wrong about it, — there wasn't any star in it for the black man. Perhaps there was in those you made in de North; but, when they got down here, the sun was so hot we couldn't see it. But, since the war, it's all right. The black man has his star: *it is the big one in the middle.*'

"Tom is a rough boy, but unconsciously he once in a while stumbles upon a huge fact."

A PREACHER WITHOUT A PEOPLE.

I HEARD a sermon, only a few weeks ago, in the church of a country parish in the north of Scotland, where almost the entire people are separated from the clergyman. I had previously seen much of the evils of patronage. In the prosecution of a humble but honest calling, of which I am not mean enough to be ashamed, I had travelled over a considerable part of Scotland. I had been located for months together, at one period of my life, among the parishes of its southern districts, at another in those of the north; I had seen both the Highlands and the Low country; and, if the powers of observation were not wanting, the opportunities were certainly very great. But the almost entire desertion of a pastor by his people was a thing I had not yet witnessed, and I was desirous to see and judge for myself. There are associations of a high and peculiar character connected with this northern parish. For more than a thousand years, it has formed part of the patrimony of a truly noble family, celebrated by Philip Doddridge for its great moral worth, and by Sir Walter Scott for its high military genius, and through whose influence the light of the Reformation had been introduced into this remote corner, at a period when all the neighboring districts were enveloped in the original darkness.

In a later age, it had been honored by the fines and proscriptions of Charles II.; and its minister — one of those men of God whose names still live in the memory of the country, and whose biography occupies no small space in the recorded history of her "worthies" — had rendered himself so obnoxious to the tyranny and irreligion of the time, that he was ejected from his charge more than a year before any of the other nonconforming clergymen of the church. I approached the parish from the east. The day was warm and pleasant; the scenery through which I passed, some of the finest in Scotland. The mountains rose on the right in huge Titanic masses, that seemed to soften their purple and blue in the clear sunshine to the delicate tone of the deep sky beyond, and I could see the yet unwasted snows of summer glittering in little detached masses along their summits; the hills of the middle region were feathered with wood; a forest of mingled oaks and larches, which still blended the tender softness of spring with the full foliage of summer, swept down to the path; the wide undulating plain below was laid out into fields, mottled with cottages, and waving with the yet unshot corn; and a noble arm of the sea winded along the lower edge for nearly twenty miles, losing itself to the west among blue hills and jutting

headlands, and opening in the east to the main ocean through a magnificent gateway of rock. But the little groups which I encountered at every turning of the path, as they journeyed, with all the sober, well-marked decency of a Scottish sabbath morning, towards the church of a neighboring parish, interested me more than even the scenery. The clan which inhabited this part of the country had borne a well-marked character in Scottish story. Buchanan has described it as one of the most fearless and warlike in the north. It served under the Bruce at Bannockburn; it was the first to rise in arms to protect Queen Mary, on her visit to Inverness, from the intended violence of Huntly; it fought the battles of Protestantism in Germany under Gustavus Adolphus; it covered the retreat of the English at Fontenoy, and presented an unbroken front to the enemy after all the other allied troops had quitted the field.

And it was the descendants of these very men who were now passing me on the road. The rugged, robust form, half-bone, half-muscle; the springy firmness of the tread; the grave, manly countenance, — all gave indication that the original characteristics survived in their full strength; and it was a strength that inspired confidence, not fear. There were gray-haired, patriarchal-looking men among the groups, whose very air seemed impressed by a sense of the duties of the day; nor was there aught that did not agree with the object of the journey in the appearance of even the youngest and least thoughtful.

As I proceeded, I came up with a few people who were travelling in a contrary direction. A Secession meeting-house has lately sprung up in the parish, and these formed part of the congregation. A path nearly obscured by grass and weeds leads from the main road to the parish-church. It was with difficulty I could trace it; and there were none to direct me, for I was now walking alone. The parish burying-ground, thickly sprinkled with graves and tombstones, surrounds the church. It is a quiet, solitary spot of great beauty, lying beside the sea-shore; and, as service had not yet commenced, I whiled away half an hour in sauntering among the stones and deciphering the inscriptions. I could trace in the rude monuments of this retired little spot a brief but impressive history of the district. The older tablets, gray and shaggy with the mosses and lichens of three centuries, bear, in their uncouth semblances of the unwieldy battle-axe and double-handed sword of ancient warfare, the meet and appropriate symbols of the earlier time. But the more modern testify to the introduction of a humanizing influence. They speak of a life after death in the "holy texts" described by the

poet, or certify, in a quiet humility of style which almost vouches for their truth, that the sleepers below were "honest men, of blameless character, and who feared God." There is one tombstone, however, more remarkable than all the others. It lies beside the church-door, and testifies, in an antique inscription, that it covers the remains of the "Great. Man. Of. God. And. Faithful. Minister. Of. Jesvs Christ," who had endured persecution for the truth in the dark days of Charles and his brother. He had outlived the tyranny of the Stuarts; and, though worn by years and sufferings, had returned to his parish, on the Revolution, to end his course as it had begun. He saw, ere his death, the law of patronage abolished, and the popular right virtually secured; and fearing lest his people might be led to abuse the important privilege conferred on them, and calculating aright on the abiding influence of his own character among them, he gave charge on his death-bed to dig his grave in the threshold of the church, that they might regard him as a sentinel placed at the door, and that his tombstone might speak to them as they passed out and in. The inscription, which, after the lapse of nearly a century and a half, is still perfectly legible, concludes with the following remarkable words: "This. Stone. Shall. Bear. Witness. Against. The. Parishioners. Of..... If. They. Bring. Ane. Ungodly. Minister. In. Here." Could the imagination of a poet have originated a more striking conception in connection with a church deserted by all its better people, and whose minister fattens on his hire, useless and contented?

I entered the church; for the clergyman had just gone in. There were from eight to ten persons scattered over the pews below, and seven in the galleries above; and these, as there were no more "John Clerks" and "Michael Tods" in the parish, composed the entire congregation. I wrapped myself up in my plaid, and sat down, and the service went on in the usual course; but it sounded in my ears like a miserable mockery. The precentor sung almost alone; and ere the clergyman had reached the middle of his discourse, which he read in an unimpassioned, monotonous tone, nearly one-half his skeleton congregation had fallen asleep; and the drowsy, listless expression of the others showed, that, for every good purpose, they might have been asleep too. And sabbath after sabbath has this unfortunate man gone the same tiresome round, and with exactly the same effects, for the last twenty-three years, at no time regarded by the better clergymen of the district as really their brother, on no occasion recognized by the parish as virtually its minister, with a dreary vacancy and a few indifferent hearts inside his church, and the stone of the covenanter at the door! Against whom does the

inscription testify? — for the people have escaped. Against the patron, the intruder, and the law of Bolingbroke, — the Dr. Robertsons of the last age, and the Dr. Cooks of the present. — *Hugh Miller's Witness Papers.*

CONVERSATIONS AT HOME.

THE following is Mr. Ware's excellent advice on this subject: "I am convinced we do not make enough of the child relish for conversation. If a neighbor or a friend comes in, we are apt to think the child must go out; and yet a wide-awake child will sit all the evening drinking in at eye and ear the intelligent talk of the elders. Not merely is it a wise and gentle mental stimulus, not merely may it instruct or introduce to new knowledge or provoke inquiry, but it draws out the heart towards the elder, establishes a much-needed, much-overlooked sympathy. The child looks out beyond its own thought and life, feels itself admitted into the high places of other men's experience, comes to have a personal interest, property, in its father's or its mother's friend. Ah! how many in this world there are, the echo of whose voices, once familiar about the home-hearth, friends of the dear ones gone, linger still twined inseparably with old home-memories! Let the children stay and hear the talk, and do you talk wisely for their profit and blessing."

ENTHUSIASM AND RED TAPE.

ENTHUSIASM and red-tape dignity are not easy to combine. When the Massachusetts Colonial Legislature came in conflict with the Tory executive, James Otis and Samuel Adams were generally on the patriotic committees. Otis was all fire: Adams was legal and clear-headed. Otis drew up the reports, throwing all his soul into them, and then handed them over to Adams to shape properly "Oh," he would say, "Sam has got to dovetail it!"

It is well known that the original draught of the Declaration of Independence, written by Jefferson, contains some eloquent passages which were stricken out in its passage through the Congress. It had an indignant denunciation of Great Britain for forcing African slavery upon the Colonies. When it came under debate to be cut up and amended, Benjamin Franklin, casting his eye towards Mr. Jefferson's seat, saw him writhing under the criticisms which were dealt upon it; and, passing over to him, told him this story for his consolation: —

A tradesman was setting up in business, and drew up a plan for

his sign. These words were to flame out in capitals: "John Smith, hatter, makes and sells hats." Showing it to the first neighbor who came in, he asked his advice about it.

"Why," said his neighbor, "I should strike out the word 'hatter;' for, if you 'make hats,' you are a hatter, of course." Agreed.

The next neighbor calls, and his advice is asked.

"Well," said he, "seems to me, that, if you *sell* the hats, that's all we want to know. If you sell good ones, what do we care who made them?"

So the word "makes" was stricken out. The next neighbor calls, whose advice is requested; the sign as amended reading thus: "John Smith sells hats." The last neighbor broke into a roar of laughter: —

"Why, sir, do you imagine we would think you such a fool as to give them away?"

"Sells hats" was then rubbed out; and the perplexed tradesman had nothing but naked "John Smith" left him by the critics, and was obliged to begin anew. S.

INTERNAL EVIDENCE FOR THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE line of thought which the Rev. Dr. Peabody has followed in his very eloquent and instructive "Christianity the Religion of Nature," is well indicated in these closing paragraphs: —

"I have endeavored, without transcending the theme assigned to me, — natural religion, — to present what seems to me the most important portion of the evidence for Christianity. But, because I have laid emphatic stress on its coincidence with nature, I would not have you infer that I hold the external evidences on which also it relies in light esteem. On the other hand, they seem to me impregnable, and they have gained new strength with the researches of the present age in geography, in archæology, and especially in the disinterred monuments and deciphered records of Egypt and of Nineveh. But a first-hand acquaintance with these evidences requires time, which indeed cannot be more worthily spent, but which all have not at their command; and an extended familiarity with books, to which few, except those who devote themselves to theological study, have easy access. On the other hand, the proof of the divine origin of Christianity, derived from its accordance with man's nature and needs, and with the essential laws of the outward and the spiritual universe, can be appreciated by every serious mind; and to me it seems complete, demonstrative, unanswerable. In these two classes of evidences, God has given us in behalf of his revelation, as it were, two independent and amply competent witnesses, either worthy of entire credence, and both together creating an assurance beyond the reach of cavil

or the shadow of doubt. But the argument from nature has one prerogative. External evidence and testimony prove that Christianity is a divine revelation, but not that it is final, and sufficient for all time. Its coincidence with nature demonstrates its eternity and its universal adaptation, and proves Christ not only the accredited Author, but equally the Finisher, of the faith which alone can renovate, sanctify, and save our race.

"If Christianity has its foundation in man's nature and needs, it can never be outgrown, nor can its records become obsolete. It is the sole Sun of Righteousness, and must for ever be the central orb of the spiritual universe. But it may or may not be our luminary and guide. As the earth in its annual circuit throws our northern zone where only the oblique rays of the winter solstice reach it, and vital warmth almost deserts it; so may we make for our souls a winter solstice by our worldliness, our contented sensualism, our voluntary guilt: and we may, too, create for ourselves a perpetual summer solstice by our earnest aspirations, by our docility of spirit, by hearts ever open to the influence of the divine truth and love."

INSINCERE PRAYING.

How would many be surprised if their requests were answered! If God were to make bare his arm; were to do for others all that is asked of him; were to grant converting grace in every family; to change the whole aspect of society, giving truth and practical godliness a complete triumph, — would not Christians be startled? If the Holy Spirit were to come to our hearts and households by such a decisive visitation as would constrain us to change our style of living, to modify plans of business, to deny ourselves many things previously deemed innocent and suitable, and to do many things previously neglected, — in short, to make religion most evidently the business of life, — should we not be astonished at such a development? Is there a present shrinking in thought from such a result? Then has selfishness gendered insincerity, and there is a mocking of God in our petitions. "People," says Robert Adam, "never tell more lies than in their prayers." — *Rev. Dr. A. C. Thompson's Mercy-seat.*

Conversion and Confirmation. — "The grace of God in the heart of man is a tender plant in a strange, unkindly soil; and therefore cannot well prosper and grow without much care and pains, and that of a skilful hand, and which hath the art of cherishing it. For this end hath God given the constant ministry of the word to his Church, not only for the first work of conversion, but also for confirming and increasing his grace in the hearts of his children."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Life and Letters of John Winthrop, Governor of the Massachusetts-Bay Company at their Emigration to New England, 1630. By ROBERT C. WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. — John Winthrop holds his place amongst the great and good men of New England. We always turn with pleasure and pride to his name as it heads the list of members of the First Church of Christ in Boston. His descendant, our townsman, has performed a useful service in discharging a pious office, and has given us a book which is profitable for doctrine, and in every way inspiring. We have already had some knowledge of Gov. John Winthrop's letters; but we are glad to extend this knowledge, and to have his words in so good a setting. We wish that those — and, shameful as it is, there are many such — who speak contemptuously of Puritans and Puritanism would be at the pains to read carefully this story of our wise and just and gentle and most Christian Governor. Were it only for a peculiar beauty of style, the letters would be worth reading and reading again; and some of them are very rich in the most elevating and consoling Christian thoughts; as for example: "He that vouchsafed to wipe the sweat from the disciples' feet will not disdain to wipe the tears from those tender, affectionate eyes. Because you have been one of his mourners in the house of tribulation, you shall drink of the cup of joy, and be clothed with the garment of gladness, in the kingdom of glory. The former things and evil will soon be past; but the good to come shall neither end nor change. Never man saw heaven, but would have passed through hell to come at it." We hope that Mr. Winthrop will finish, and that quickly, the work which he has so well begun and carried forward, and give us the completed story of one who was great at once in Church and State, because he was a true disciple of Jesus Christ. E.

The lovers of "THOMAS A KEMPIS, HIS IMITATION OF CHRIST," will be grateful to Messrs. E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY for putting forth their new and admirable edition. Of such a book one would have a fair copy, not a badly printed, shabbily bound, dingy volume. Heretofore we have been obliged to depend for a suitable edition of this religious classic upon English printers. In these days, such a dependence is no dependence for most of us; and so

many were losing the very reading which our age especially needs for the guidance and consecration of its wonderful and providential outward life, what we call somewhat narrowly its activities. That this new edition will be eagerly asked for cannot be doubted.

E.

Memoir of Hon. Daniel White, prepared agreeably to a Resolution of the Massachusetts Historical Society. By Rev. James Walker, D.D. Boston: Printed by John Wilson & Son. — Judge White was born on the day of the motion in Congress for the declaration of American Independence, and died just before the attack on Fort Sumter. His life, therefore, as Dr. Walker observes, "covered the whole of our unchallenged national existence." His character was the genuine product of New-England culture and institutions. Every portion of the Memoir is interesting and instructive, not only for the delightful traits of personal character in the subject of it, but for the reminiscences of cotemporaneous characters in social and political life, illustrative of the tastes, habits, and opinions of past times. A fine portrait of Judge White fronts the title-page.

S.

Christianity the Religion of Nature. Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute. By A. P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. — The subject assigned to Dr. Peabody was "the Evidences of Natural Religion." He wisely declined it. No one ever yet told us where natural religion ends and revealed religion begins. Dr. Peabody aims to show that revealed religion *is* natural religion; that it is in harmony with all the laws of man's nature and of the universe, and founded upon them. The argument is strong; the style chaste, fervid, and clear as a running brook. The last lecture, on the Sabbath, we specially admire.

S.

The Farmer Boy, and how he became Commander-in-Chief. By Uncle Juvinell. Edited by William M. Thayer, author of the "Pioneer Boy," &c. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Company. — Our children need to be educated to patriotism. If there is any thing contemptible, it is the contempt for ancestry and land into which some of our young people have been misled. Nothing can be more timely than a fresh story, for the young, of the Father of his Country. Let it be read and read and read again in its very elements.

E.

Music of the Bible; or, Explanatory Notes upon those Passages in the Sacred Scriptures which relate to Music, including a Brief View of Hebrew Poetry. By ENOCH HUTCHINSON. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59, Washington Street. — Some readers will be inclined to criticise this book as unnecessarily diffuse, and especially to object to the extended reprints from Holy Scripture. These last seem to us unnecessary for all who have Bibles in their hands. The writer, however, has done his work with exceeding thoroughness, and with an evident love for his task. The illustrations are very valuable, and will help to make the musical instruments named in the Bible realities to many who now see them but dimly. It will be of service also to not a few to see the poetry of the book printed as poetry. On the whole, then, we would suggest an abridgment; but, if this cannot be, we are glad to have the whole. E.

Rev. Mr. Alger's History of the Doctrine of a Future Life, expected some time by the reading public, appears at length in a handsome volume of 900 closely printed pages. It is a work of immense labor, which has been performed, as every page of it shows, *con amore*. It invites us into fields of delightful interest, and deserves more than a passing notice; and this we hope to devote to it in our February number. S.

Tales of a Wayside Inn. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. — The wayside inn is in Sudbury, where seven travellers of various gifts get together, and each tells his story. They are legends of olden times, beginning with our ante-Revolutionary history, and running into Spanish romance and the Norse mythology. The "birds of passage" are shorter pieces appended, some of which have appeared in the "Atlantic." The numerous lovers of Longfellow will not fail to enjoy both the legends and the songs. S.

The Silent Pastor. Compiled by Rev. J. F. W. WARE. Walker, Wise, & Company. 1863. — This little book had well-nigh gone out of print. The compiler has accordingly revised and enlarged the pages of a new edition. Clergymen will find it exceedingly useful to send or to take with them into the sick-room, and nothing better can be put on its way to our soldiers in the various military hospitals. Prose and poetry from the best authors, and such as have secured the praise of the discerning, make up the contents of the volume. E.

To those who are looking for books that will interest BOYS, let us recommend —

The Red Eric; or, The Whaler's Last Cruise. A Tale by R. M. BALLANTYNE, author of the "Young Fur-traders," the "Coral Island." &c., &c.;

I will be a Sailor: a Book for Boys. By Mrs. L. C. TUTHILL;

Marmaduke Merry, the Midshipman; or, My Early Days at Sea. By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, author of "Peter the Whaler," "True Blue," &c., &c., —

All published by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 117, Washington Street.

Edith Prescot; or, Lessons of Love. Being Aunt Bertha's Visit to the Elms. A Story for Children. By EMMA MARSHALL, author of "the Happy Days at Fernbank," "Johnny Weston," &c., &c. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1864. — This is one of the books for the young that one can write about with hearty gratitude to the author. Its aim and its spirit are high and pure, whilst the style is unaffected and graceful. There is enough of incident to make the story attractive, and enough of instruction to make the pages profitable for reproof and encouragement. We commend it very earnestly to parents and to Sunday schools. E.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED, EXTRACTS FROM WHICH WILL BE FOUND IN "RANDOM READINGS."

Christianity the Religion of Nature: Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute. By A. P. PEABODY, D.D., LL.D., Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59, Washington Street. 1864.

The Mercy-seat; or, Thoughts on Prayer. By AUGUSTUS C. THOMPSON, D.D., author of the "Better Land," &c., &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59, Washington Street.

The Whip, Hoe, and Sword; or, The Gulf Department in '63. By GEORGE H. HEPWORTH. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Company, 245, Washington Street. 1864.

The Young Housekeeper's Friend. By Mrs. CORNELIUS. Revised and enlarged. Boston: Published by Taggard & Thompson. 1864.

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NEW-TESTAMENT VIEWS OF IMMORTALITY.

MR. ALGER'S work on the future life,* briefly noticed in our last number, will call attention anew to the momentous themes of which it treats. It has all the more value for not being a denominational work. It is thoroughly honest; and, for that reason, will unquestionably encounter much ill-natured criticism among those whose traditional beliefs are disturbed. Mr. Alger should be content with this, knowing how tenaciously the most heathenish superstitions are clung to; how they become sanctified to the believer; and how much of discussion and conflict we must yet go through, before religious faith is purged of its errors.

A *critical* history of the doctrine of a future life, in order to be exhaustive and complete, should show a progress of ideas, separating the chaff from the wheat, and giving us, as the result of the whole survey, the true doctrine of immortality, clear, positive, and sufficing. It should not proceed from that which is more positive to that which is less. Six thousand years of thinking and believing on this subject should bring us to some rational apprehension touching the

* A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life, with a complete Bibliography of the Subject. By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Philadelphia: George W. Childs.

destiny of man beyond the grave. The age is yearning for realities. Two millions of spiritualists, who now "conjure eternity as men constrain a ghost to appear and answer," are the melancholy evidence to what extent the common mind has been balked and baffled, and how the Church fails to satisfy its hunger for tidings of immortality.

Mr. Alger's historic survey is admirable. If he had only given us "Part Second," which is a history of extra Christian opinions and conceptions, it would alone be worth his long and patient investigations. This, with Mr. Abbot's "Complete Bibliography" appended, will be indispensable to inquirers who shall succeed him. But his constructive and eliminating process leaves much to be desired. That he has failed to bring out, in any thing of its warmth and fulness, the New-Testament doctrine of the resurrection and the future life, we think will be felt by most of his readers.

The Hebrew conception of the universe separates it into three grand divisions, — Heaven, the Earth, and the Underworld (called *Sheol*, or, in Greek, Hades). All these were localized in natural space. The Earth was a broad, flat surface; Heaven was vertically overhead, beyond the stars and the blue arch, — the abode only of God and his angels; Hades was beneath the earth, — a slumberous and dusky realm, into which the souls of all men enter when they die. There they were to remain till the day of judgment; not, however, in the same condition in regard to happiness. The later Rabbins discriminate, giving Hades three compartments, — Paradise, which was a subterranean place of comparative ghostly comfort, where the souls of the righteous dead were assembled; then a Limbo of darkness, where the wicked are confined; and lastly Geenna, or a place of penal fires, the lowest part of Hades, — not to be occupied, however, until after the resurrection and the judgment-day. The Messiah was to descend from the Overworld with his angels; the trumpet would sound, and the dead be raised from the Underworld. Then the wicked would be thrust down into Geenna, there to burn in everlasting fire; the righteous would be raised from their subterranean Paradise, be clothed with

their former bodies, and be placed in a terrestial Paradise on the surface of the renovated earth, among whom the Messiah would dwell in millennial glory. Such was the belief of the Pharisees, the dominant Jewish sect at the time of Christ. These ideas, however, are not all of Jewish origin. The re-clothing of the dead in their old fleshly bodies is a notion borrowed from the Zoroastrian religion, and brought back by the Jews from their captivity.

This scheme of the universe, and of human destiny, Mr. Alger supposes the Christian apostles to have retained, and mingled with the teachings of Christ. Hence a composite system, which may be stated thus: —

Christ descended from the overworld, was born upon the earth, lived and died, that he might descend into Hades, and liberate the captives held there. Before his advent, all alike must go down at death into the underworld, in consequence of Adam's sin and hereditary evil. There they were held by Satan, the Prince of Hades. But Christ went down there, encountered Satan, and broke his power, and thence ascended into heaven in triumph, making an open pathway between the under and the over world. The power of his death and resurrection lies in a dramatic exhibition of the fact, that such an open pathway is now effected. It is the pledge and promise, that all the good who had been kept in Hades can now follow him into heaven; and that, to his own followers, the descent into it would no longer be necessary. He was to come again from heaven. The apostles expected his literal descent in their own life-time, attended by his angels. Then a trump would be blown, the dead would come up from the underworld, the Christians then alive would be changed without going into Hades, the earth would be renovated, and the saints reign with Christ upon it; but the wicked would be remanded to punishment in the underworld, according to the Apocalypse, in a lake of fire. The death of Christ is efficacious, as the apostles conceived, only as it introduced Christ into Hades, where he conquered Satan, and set free the captives. His resurrection is not designed as the proof of man's immortality, but as proof that man can rise to heaven,

since Christ went up thither, the first who had ever died, and rose out of Hades. Such, with some variations on minor points, are the ideas, so Mr. Alger thinks, of John, Paul, Peter, and the writer of the Apocalypse, who superinduced their Judaism upon the pure Christian revelation. His exegesis is very elaborate and exhaustive, made evidently with the desire and purpose to find what the writers mean, and not to color their meaning with his own conceptions.

The field here opened is one of intense interest. We will not attempt to follow Mr. Alger, though differing altogether from him in our views of the New-Testament pneumatology. Briefly as our space allows, we raise the inquiry, What is the New-Testament doctrine of immortality?

Is the apostolic representation of heaven and hell that of Jewish and heathen localities in material space?

The chief evidence of this is found in the fact, that the New-Testament writers use words, which, *interpreted etymologically*, have their roots in the natural world. Heaven is something *heaved* or arched over us, or, in the Greek, that which is to be seen by looking upward; Hades is a place without light; and Geenna is a valley of abomination, where fires are kept burning. Such are the roots of the language which describes the state of the redeemed and of the lost. It was not only the popular language at the time of Christ, but it is the popular language of all nations and ages. It is impossible to describe spiritual things, or even to conceive of them, without a material ground. No preacher at this day can discourse half an hour, without using exactly the terms, or their correlates, which both Jews and Greek used two thousand years ago. We speak of heaven, and look upward; we speak of hell, and look downward; we talk of the infernal world, which means, etymologically, a world under ground. Not only so: all the words which we use to represent the soul and its operations strike their roots into material nature. The spirit itself is a breath of air; the Holy Spirit, a sacred wind; right is straight, wrong is crooked; to be sincere is to be without specks; to be delirious is to get out of the furrow; and so on without limit. Indeed, the grandest ministry of

this material world, with its heights of splendor and beauty, and its gulfs of darkness and desolation, its healthful growths and its deadly poisons, is to furnish the soul with a language, or to spread out before it a dial-plate, over which the realities of a spiritual world may fling their awful shadows. Some imagine that only rude and ignorant people need such a language: when we become refined and spiritualized, we shall drop it. The truth is, when we cease to use it, we shall cease to have any conceptions whatever of spiritual things, and sink into stark atheism and bestiality; for not only is it impossible to speak of heaven or hell, but even to think of them, without the habiliments of sense to give the thought a body and robe.

When, therefore, the New-Testament writers used the current language of their times to represent the spiritual world, ουρανος, ἀδης, γεεννα, they did precisely what all writers must do, if they would avoid vague and unmeaning generalization. The words and their correlates represent the same imagery in all the languages of the earth, and that by the inevitable necessities of the human mind. Very true, we should expect, after the Christian revelation, that they would be burdened with new meaning. But that the apostles rested in the mere letter, making heaven a *locale* above the clouds, and Hades a place under ground, just because the Jews had done the same, we do not see the shadow of evidence. Indeed, the better and more advanced Jewish mind, as well as Greek, rose above the letter into the spiritual meaning which this imagery shadows forth. There is abundant evidence of this both in Plato and Philo. It is the same in all religions. Grosser minds will stick fast in the letter, and never rise above the plane of Nature. As they become more elevated and enlightened, they will rise out of the letter, using natural things as the stairs on which to ascend to the truths which transcend the senses. There is a very wise and beautiful provision in all this. Better to rest in a sensuous faith than to fall into blank unbelief. Multitudes of Christians, to this day, believe that heaven and hell are localities in space; that the resurrection is the re-animation of dead bodies; and that

the second coming of Christ will be a visible descent from the clouds. They would be entirely afloat unless their thoughts had these places of rest. There are momentous truths preserved to them under these rude envelopes, which, as their regeneration advances, will break from their hard coverings in celestial beauty. But, even now, better minds of the same creed see something more than the sensuous imagery; and it has been so from the beginning of time.

Our Saviour uses the same words and employs the same figures, to adumbrate a spiritual world, that his apostles use. The word heaven (*ουρανος*) occurs over a hundred times in the four Gospels, mostly in the discourses of our Saviour. He uses the word Geenna seven times, and the word Hades three times; and very often he employs the imagery which they represent, where the terms themselves do not occur. Yet no one supposes that either the Jewish overworld or underworld was present to his thought: as they pass into his speech, they become the picture-language which paints the peace and the bliss of the redeemed, and the unrest and desolation of the lost, whether now and here, or in their separate and eternal abodes hereafter.

Unless there is something in the connection to forbid it, we are bound to suppose that his disciples use the words with the same significance. Especially should we suppose that John, who was drawn up into his most familiar thought, and Paul, who was set apart by supernatural illumination, would not misunderstand him on a point, which, more than any other, distinguishes the new spiritual religion from the old Jewish and heathen superstitions.

But not only there is nothing to forbid, but almost every thing to compel, the belief that the disciples use these symbolic words as the Master had used them. They had been brought, by a most remarkable experience, to an open vision and audience of that spiritual world which the Hebrew imagery had shadowed forth. From beginning to end, the New Testament is a continuous angelophany. Attesting voices from heaven broke along the path of the Saviour. Angels hymned his advent: they are the most prominent figures at

the resurrection-scene. Moreover, the disciples had both conscious and visible communion with Christ after his ascension and from his glorified state. Paul was arrested, and his Pharisaism melted out of him, by the risen Lord, — revealed not to the bodily eye, but to the soul opening within. He received from him, so he avers, the history and meaning of the Last Supper, though he never saw Christ in the flesh. Paul says he was caught up himself into the third or highest heaven, and saw its objective realities, which were indescribable. Indeed, this one fact appears continuously all through the history of the nascent Christian Church, — that its inmost consciousness was pervaded through and through with a sense of the divine and heavenly presence, and that they had not so much a faith in immortality as a visible realization of its scenic glories.

If these men, who not only believed in a spiritual world, but who lived in it as perhaps none since have ever done; whose consciousness was exalted into open perception of its realities, yet stuck in the mechanical notion, that it was a *locale* to be entered by locomotion, — they must have been the most stolid and hopeless of all learners. Unquestionably they expected a second visible appearing of Christ in their own lifetime; but that they rested in the Jewish topography of the universe, immersed in its materialism, we do not see the shadow of evidence, unless we except a single text of St. Paul,* which admits of obvious and easy explanation. On the other hand, the evidence to our mind is overwhelming, that in their thought and speech, as in the thought and speech of the Master, the transcendent truths are most graphically presented, for which the Jewish and heathen overworld and underworld furnished the picture-language, the canvas-ground, so to say, on which could best be painted, not only to that age, but to all ages, the scenes of eternity towards which our earthly probation urges us, — the long, upward perspective dissolving in the heights of glory, and the downward paths into the caverns and the unclean fires;

* 1 Thess. iv. 17.

a heaven not higher up in space, but higher up in the degrees of spiritual life; and a hell down towards the nadir of perverted and degraded faculties, — to be entered, not by travelling, but by spiritual assimilation; and to one or the other of which, death is only the open gate and the visible entrance.

The evidence is even more definite, had we space for textual exegesis. If the New-Testament writers were swamped in the Jewish naturalism, believing that heaven was a place vertically overhead, to be entered by locomotion, and not by introversion, how comes it, that, when they describe a vision of it or its denizens, they do not use words which only indicate natural sight? The words ὁπτή and εἶδος denote objects of natural sight, and only in a secondary sense things seen by the mind. But the word ὀπτασια is specially appropriated to visions manifest only to the spiritual eye and to supersensual scenery. This is the very word which Paul selects to describe his perception of the glorified Christ and of the heavens vouchsafed to his higher senses.* If he had been stolid enough to suppose that Christ came down to him from the blue dome over his head, or that he himself had taken a flight through natural space beyond the clouds and back again, he would have described these exploits by terms which hold us to the material plane, and not by those which take us clean beyond it into the realm which lies out of space and out of time. Luke employs the same word to describe the angelophanies at the resurrection of Christ; † and the writer of the Apocalypse is careful to tell us in the introductory sentence, that what he saw was εν πνευματι, *in spirit*, as if to put us right at the beginning, and indicate that he is to describe things, not on the plane of natural sense, but entirely above it, and in a supersensual world.

But we come to another truth involved in the apostolic scheme of doctrine, which Mr. Alger leaves out almost entirely, but which nevertheless, in the New Testament, stands in the foreground, and nearly hides the others in its splendor. It is very true that the resurrection of Christ

* Acts xxvi. 19; 2 Cor. xii. 1. † Luke xxiv. 23.

was not a proof, to the early Church, of a future life. They needed none; for that life had opened down into their consciousness, turning faith even to vision. Neither was it a dramatic exhibition to them of the fact that the saints were to rise out of Hades, or that men were no more to enter it at death. How could they reason so poorly as to infer, that merely because Christ, who was divine and sinless, had risen out of Hades into heaven, men wholly unlike him, burdened with hereditary evil and actual guilt, therefore must? And why must Christ be born upon the earth, and die, merely to get into Hades and despoil Satan, when Satan got there through no such circuity? The grand apostolic idea involved in the resurrection of Christ is, that thereby he was installed into the headship of his Church, and became its life and inspiration for ever. The veil of flesh separated him from his disciples, and he could only lodge truth in their memories which they did not even understand. They needed, — what indeed human nature needs, — not only truth, but the transfusion of divine grace. Through temptation, suffering, trial, death, and resurrection, taking all the woes and wants of man up into his consciousness, he passed up to the right hand of Power, thence to come nearer to men on the spiritual side, as the renewing and transforming energy. THE PROCESSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT THROUGH THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR, ever present in the Church and operating within the Christian consciousness, is involved in the apostolic doctrine of the resurrection. We might as well describe the solar system, and leave out the sun, as to leave out this from the New-Testament plan of salvation. Christ promised it, and all Christian history fulfils the promise. "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but, if I depart, I will send him." "All power is given me both in heaven and earth;" and, "Lo, I am with you alway." Herein was "the power of his resurrection," by which was understood neither the re-animation of his crucified body, nor his opening a local pathway out of Hades, but his exaltation to mediatorial power and grace; so that God was no longer the Jewish King withdrawn in the awful heights of eternity,

and ruling by law, but in Christ was brought near to our humanity, yielding himself to it with plastic energy, and sweeping it with Pentecostal gales. That these promises were no figures of speech, only to be taken "in a sense," the fulfilment abundantly shows. The scene of Pentecost was merely the beginning. "Being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Spirit, HE HATH SHED FORTH THIS WHICH YE NOW SEE AND HEAR." Paul was not only converted by the risen Christ, but illumined by him, and lived in his inspiring and directing energy. And this was to be not the abnormal, but permanent state of the Church. "Wherefore it is written, When he went up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. Now, that word, He went up, what saith it, but that he first came down to Hades, that is, among the dead? Yea, he who came down is the same who has gone up, far above all the heavens, THAT HE MIGHT FILL ALL THINGS. From whom the whole body, the Church, being knit together and compacted in all its joints, derives its continued growth in the working of his bounty, which supplies its needs according to the measure of each several part, that it may build itself up in love." *

We shall find in the history of the Church a prolonged strain of this apostolic music. Not only men on earth, but all Hades (that is, the whole community of departed souls), were to be receptive of this new mediatorial grace; for "things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth" (that is, Hades), include, in the apostle's summing-up, the whole universe. He does not mean evidently that Christ had gone into Hades, and mechanically made a way out of it for his people. He means, that through him the new procession of mediatorial power and grace should reach all receptive souls, and mould them to the divine image. Wherefore Irenæus and Origen, inspired with the thought, enlarge upon it delightfully. Both held the notion, universal in the early Church, of Christ's descent into Hades to free the

* Eph. iv. 8–16.

captives of Satan, — the rude husk, unquestionably, of a momentous truth. But this was the negative side of the Atonement. Turning to the positive side, it is, says Irenæus, the divine principle of life, of which we are made partakers in the divine humanity of Jesus Christ renewing us, and restoring the lost image of God in our souls. And Origen takes up the doctrine of Paul, and follows out the thought in this sublime strain: "Therefore has the atonement-offering made here upon the earth an efficacy which extends to the whole universe. Since not only men, but higher spirits, are not clean before God, Christ is the great High Priest who restores all things in the realm of the Father; and he takes care that all deficiency in every created being shall be complemented in him, and for this he is endowed with Lordship from the Father. Since every thing which outside of God is separated and turned from him, so is the Christ the grand means of making them at one with him." *

We are transcending our limits; but it would be easy to show, at much greater length, how the early Christian consciousness was steeped in this truth involved in the resurrection of Christ. It was the risen and glorified brought nearer the soul as an incumbent power, and creating a new world within of hope and faith and love. Every sect which fell away from this consciousness waned and died. Yea, so it has been in all subsequent times. We are much mistaken if this be not the truth, for want of which, in its full-orbed power and brightness, our Unitarian churches languish.

We have taken Mr. Alger's chapters as starting-places, and find we have diverged widely from his trains of thought. None the less we appreciate the ability, learning, and candor with which, from his own view-point, he has made his exposition. His work will be valuable not less to those who may reject his conclusions than to those who may receive them, as it affords such abundant means and facilities for independent inquiry. We had noted two other points, which we must pass over briefly. His explanation of the prologue of John's

* See Baur, Versöhnung, pp. 39, 65.

Gospel lands the old apostle in blank Ditheism. The Logos is a separate being from the Father, a sort of sub-Deity, or Demiurgus, introduced from Philo. Herein Mr. Alger differs from the best scholars, heretic and orthodox, — from Norton, who makes the Logos only a personification; from Baur, who makes it assert a distinction in the Divine Nature, without abnegating the Unity; from Neander, Tholuck, and Dorner, who take the Orthodox view, — the last of whom, in his great work on "the Person of Christ," is very positive that Philo did not hypostatize the Logos. In the chapter on Swedenborg, Mr. Alger fails to grasp Swedenborg's leading idea, that, in fact, which is the key to his whole system, and, as we regard it, the chief contribution which he has made to the science of pneumatology. But we must stop here, though these topics invite us into fields of absorbing interest; thanking Mr. Alger for these nine hundred pages of solid matter, whether as ground for agreement or dissent.

S.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

"WAS MEIN GOTT WILL, GESCHEH' ALL'ZEIT."

COMPOSED BY ALBERT OF BRANDENBURG, WHILE SUFFERING IN EXILE, 1566.

WHATE'ER God will, let that be done;
His will is ever wisest:
His grace will all thy hope outrun,
Who to that faith arisest.
The gracious Lord
Will help afford;
He chastens with forbearing:
Who God believes,
And to him cleaves,
Shall not be left despairing.

My God is my sure confidence,
My light and my existence:
His counsel is beyond my sense,
But stirs no weak resistance.
His word declares
The very hairs
Upon my head are numbered:
His mercy large
Holds me in charge,
With care that never slumbered.

There comes a day, when, at his will,
The pulse of Nature ceases:
I think upon it, and am still,
Let come whate'er he pleases.
To him I trust
My soul, my dust,
When flesh and spirit sever:
The Christ we sing
Has plucked the sting
Away from death for ever.

"MEIN HERR UND HEILAND, LASS MIR'S GEHN ZU HERZEN."

ORIGINAL MELODY, — "Herzliebster Jesu," &c.

LORD, touch my heart with that great consummation
When thou didst love me so in thy last passion:
All feelings that my soul from thee would sunder,
Help to keep under.

Thou who hast once to the grave's rest descended,
When on the cross thy work for us was ended,
Grant rest, when to the place that men prepare me
They sadly bear me.

Give sweet repose through thine own bitter sorrow,
And lift my soul to that eternal morrow
Which thou, O Lord! for mortal man suppliedst
The day thou diedst. N. L. F.

THE STORY OF JOE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MINISTER-AT-LARGE.

(Concluded.)

April 27. — Joe is out of immediate danger; likely to live, they think. To-day, Wilson went to work again. He has paid his debt to me, which has answered its purpose of giving him an immediate object for honest work; and now Ferguson's bill will do the same for a while. Indeed, Ferguson only consented to send it in for this purpose, and because Wilson's growing self-respect ought to be encouraged.

April 30. — Joe better. I asked Wilson to-day where Joe got his name. He answered, "*Her* name were Josy, — sumthin', sumthin' long; an' I used ter call her Josy."

May 4. — Joe bears his hospital-life with wonderful patience. He has not quite got over turning his head away when strangers look at him; and, for a time, the change from being seen by no one but his father and me was very trying: but he is much surprised and pleased at the considerate kindness of all around him; and he keeps in any complaint he feels inclined to utter, that he may hear Dr. Wilkie tell his father at night how quiet and brave his son has been all day. Wilson comes for an hour every night, after work.

May 6. — Wilson has paid his debts: but he wants to give me the money he earns, to keep for him; and I shall take it, till I can propose a bank without frightening him. Ferguson has told him that Joe may need remedies and comforts by and by, which will cost a good deal; and Wilson is determined to save money, that he may get them.

May 8. — I have taken little Ernest with me to the hospital several times lately; and he and Joe have struck up a great friendship. The other day, as I came back for Ernest, I overheard this dialogue: —

ERNEST. — "Joe, I guess you don't think as much of your father as I do of mine."

JOE (indignantly). — "I guess I do! Why not, young un?"

ERNEST (with shocked and impressive tone). — "You call him — dad!"

JOE. — "Don't you never call your father so?"

ERNEST. — "In a frolic, perhaps; but in real earnest, before folks, oh! I wouldn't do it for — any thing!"

JOE. — "Why not?"

ERNEST (with renewed impressiveness). — "Because it's dis-re-spect-able!"

Here I appeared, and packed off Ernest; Joe catching at me to ask anxiously what "dis, dis" — "respectful?" suggested I. "Yes; I guess so: that's near enough. What do that mean?"

I gave a slight explanation; and I find to-day that our young gentleman's lecture was effective. Wilson was puzzled, and evidently pleased also, at finding himself addressed as *father;* and he laughed tremendously when I repeated this conversation to him in private.

March 13. — Joe has been at the hospital about three weeks. The severe remedies which they have to use keep him very weak, but have relieved the acute pain in his back; and now they are beginning to build him up again.

Wilson went straight for some time, but lately has had a spree, which made him unfit to appear at the hospital for several days: and that fact brought him to his senses; for he could not get along without seeing Joe. He showed much remorse on finding how Joe had suffered from his absence, and vows it shall not happen again.

The evening is his time of temptation; but I hope he is now provided with something to do that will keep him at home then. Joe has often expressed his great desire to learn to read; and I found, by what he said to-day, that his father knew how: so, this afternoon, I went to the cabinet-maker's where Wilson works, and saw him. I tried him on a newspaper, and found, that, though he stumbled over nearly half the words, he could make out the sense, with some guessing, and at least knew the letters well enough to teach them to

Joe: so I proposed it to him. He was astonished and tickled at the idea, but doubted his own powers. I told him he might begin, and teach as much as he knew; and then — "then, mebbe, I can larn enough in the evenin's to larn him more next day," cried he. I assured him that he could, and offered to choose a primer for him, as he said he wanted a "great big A B C" to begin with; and he proudly told me to be sure to buy it out of *his* money!

May 14. — Wilson has begun his lessons. It would be hard to tell whether father or son enjoys it most.

May 31. — Have been housed myself for some time, but have heard from Joe almost daily, through Ferguson or some of the family. Ernest has often been with his mother to see him, and, of late, has been teaching him some of his little child's hymns, for which Joe was just ready. But to-day he sent me word, through Ernest, that he wished I would write him a hymn for his own self! The innocent children! they think it no more to ask than an every-day note. I mournfully recall what Henry Ware, himself saint and poet, said to a friend once: "People seem to consider writing a hymn the easiest of literary feats, when it is just the most difficult." I fully sympathize with him. Still, I hate to refuse Joe any thing; and I know that the fact of its being written "a purpose for me" will weigh more with him than literary qualities: so I shall do what I can.

The following is "Joe's Hymn," written by my brother in answer to this request, and henceforth Joe's favorite: —

Father, hear my earnest prayer;
Teach, oh! teach me how to bear:
Patient, gentle would I be,
Trusting for my strength to thee.

Jesus hath not shown in vain
How to meet all grief and pain:
Thinking of his broken grave,
Shall my heart grow still and brave.

For he rose to show the way
To the land of endless day:
We shall bear the cross no more
There, where he has gone before.

But while here on earth I stay,
Through long night and weary day,
Father, hear my hearty prayer;
Teach, oh! teach me how to bear.

Sept. 3. — I have made no record as to the Wilsons through the summer; for these other cases have taken all my writing-time, and there has been nothing new as to them.

Joe has been at the hospital until this week, when he has gone back to his father. He is much better as to pain, though he must always suffer; and he can never raise himself erect again. He can drag himself round the room with crutches, but no farther; and the motion of my carriage, even my hand-wagon, is intolerable to him: so he is really a prisoner for life. He knows it, and takes it as simply as he has learnt to take every thing. "All God's work," as he whispers to me sometimes.

Wilson has got through the summer well, with fewer relapses than we feared; helped by the fact, that his comrades of the ring have been off on a fighting jaunt to other cities. I suppose the restraint he has been under often, while in training for a fight, has made the control of his appetites less strange to him than it is to many poor fellows.

Sept. 18. — Joe is rather beyond his father's teaching now, though Wilson has studied in the evenings to good purpose: so we have got a teacher for him. It is a young man named Heath, who needs help, not charity. He is not strong enough for any hard work, and gets a poor support by giving writing-lessons, to which he is glad to add a couple of hours daily with Joe. Wilson himself pays for this with huge satisfaction.

Sept. 24. — Trouble in prospect for the Wilsons. Jack is bent on joining in some prize-fights which are to take place this autumn. He thinks it is only for the sake of winning the purse offered, to use it for Joe: but we can all see that the old brutal nature, so long subdued by remorse and anxiety, is stirring again; and we fear it is the beginning

of hard times for Joe. The poor boy has found his father's determination too strong to be moved by his entreaties: so he has given up all outward opposition; but he looks pale and unhappy. As he has at last broken himself of telling lies to hide his father's faults, he does not deny that this pains him; but he does not blame him to any of us, and tries to hope for the best.

Sept. 29. — The Wilsons' affairs going on badly. Jack is, of course, thrown constantly among his old associates, has quitted work, and is going from bad to worse. We fear he is cross to Joe; but Joe never complains. He has improved marvellously as to controlling his temper; but his very silence and patience are tacit reproofs, which irritate his father the more because consciously deserved.

Oct. 8. — Ferguson came in early with bad news from the Wilsons. He had been sent for in the night, and found Joe very sick. Harry and I hurried down, found him delirious, and his father unable to speak, or look up at us.

Mrs. Conelly told us what had happened. It seems Wilson has been worse than we knew lately. He was out the whole of night before last, getting Joe worked up into a terrible nervous condition; then came home a little drunk, and very savage. Joe at last lost his temper, and answered sharply; and father and son had a terrible quarrel. It ended in Jack's rushing out, swearing at Joe; and he did not come back till late last night. He was very drunk then; and, after he had staggered up to his room, Mrs. Conelly heard him going on in a way which alarmed her, and she stole to the door. He was accusing Joe of having driven him away, — driven him to damnation; and finally, in his drunken fury, enraged at Joe's silence, he struck him, and pulled him out of bed. That brought back Joe's old terrible pain; and Wilson was sobered by his son's falling senseless on the floor.

This injury, coming after such suspense and excitement, was too much for Joe; and, when he came to himself, it was in the delirium of fever. Ferguson had been there most of

the night, and said Jack had not spoken, or stirred from his crouching posture behind the bed, — only shuddering sometimes when Joe's moans rose to piteous entreaties to his "daddy" not to kill him. He roused himself at last, when he was needed to hold Joe; and, in spite of our anger, we could not but pity him heartily when we saw his wretched, haggard face. I find he spent yesterday in drinking, fighting, and finally gambling; and gambled away more money than he has in the world.

Oct. 20: — Sick myself since last date. Joe's fever yielded sooner than we feared. When he first became sensible, Jack left the room, and was unwilling to come back: but Ferguson got him to the door, and he heard poor Joe taking to himself the accusation of having made home uncomfortable for his father, and driven him away; and wondering sadly whether he would ever forgive him, and come back. They were quickly together then.

Wilson has been a most faithful nurse; but such risks must not be run any longer. Joe's friends, Ferguson at the head, held a council in my room to-day, and decided that Wilson could not be trusted with Joe, unless he could give us some security for his good conduct.

Oct. 21. — Cannot quit my lounge yet: so sent for Wilson here, and had a long and painful interview with him. He was angry for a few moments at the idea of Joe's being taken from him; but he is too thoroughly contrite to continue so. He checked himself, and acknowledged the justice of all Joe's friends had decided, but broke out into vehement entreaties for one more trial. It was pitiful to see that great, proud creature so humiliated.

He confessed, what he has been unwilling to believe before, that, if he went with his old companions, he was not able to resist their temptations; and that he must be much with them, if he went at all into his old way of life. Then came the question: —

"Will you give up Joe? or give up at once and for ever all your old pursuits and associates?"

The gray head was bowed, the strong frame shook: he felt

in those silent moments the full bitterness of the wrench from evil to good. The drops stood on his forehead, and his voice was broken; when he looked up, and said, —

"I can't lose Joe." Then, more steadily, "I'll give up every thing else; but I cannot give up my son."

So it is settled. They are to quit that neighborhood, and Jack is to stop his perilous experiment of seeing how near the edge he can walk without falling. In his old age he is to begin a new life, and he does not know how to pray! This struggle must force it from him; for human strength is not enough to carry out what human love dictates.

Oct. 28. — Ferguson and Harry and our women-folks have all been at work for the Wilsons indefatigably, and have made great progress. They have found and fitted up two good rooms in a respectable neighborhood, far from Wilson's old haunts; and to-day Joe was put under the influence of ether, and carried there. Wonderfully enough, he had received no serious harm, and his fever did not last long; but it has left him so weak, that Ferguson did not want to move him yet, but was driven to it by the intrusion of Jack's old friends, who worried Joe, and put him back.

Wilson has had to withdraw all the money I had for him to pay those gambling debts; and, as that was not enough, he is hard at work, earning money for the rest. Some of his remaining creditors were so troublesome to Joe, that we have paid them off, and let Wilson owe only to me, nominally; though Harry's purse supplied the money.

Nov. 27. — First time I have been allowed to go anywhere. Went to see Joe. It seemed strange to both of us; for we had not expected to meet again "while in the body pent." We both have enough to live for; though, if it is His will, we should wait. Wilson is struggling bravely.

Nov. 29. — Saw Joe again, — looking happy as a king, — propped up in his wooden support, with his *scholars* about him! He has long been anxious to do something for his own support; but all mechanical tasks required a constant motion of the hands, which exhausted him. He was beginning to feel his helplessness as the hardest part of his burden: so our

workers took hold, and have actually set him up at school-teaching!

The house is at the entrance of a court, where respectable poor people live; and, as both Wilson and Joe like children, the "lame man's room" soon became a favorite resort for the little people: and now Joe is teaching them to read and spell, and their parents pay him something for it; a tiny sum, to be sure; but the feeling that he is earning something has done wonders for Joe already. Then the occupation is good for him; and, as Heath is still teaching him, we hope his day is not very long or lonely; at least, when his pain does not stop these pleasant pursuits. Wilson earns most by working all day at a yard: but he spends every spare moment at home; and, while he is gone, the woman occupying the rest of the house (a Mrs. Wilson, but no relation of theirs) looks after Joe's few wants.

Dec. 5. — While I was sitting with Joe this morning, we heard a noise in the back room, as if somebody were performing a cross between a break-down and a fight. Neither of us could quite command our faces as Joe said, —

"I guess father's trying to pray!"

At Joe's entreaty, I went in, and found Wilson (who had not known I was there) stamping about in a state of great excitement and heat. He looked shame-faced for a moment, then ejaculated, —

"I vow! this 'ere talkin' to sum un yer never seed, an' can't see, beats all! It's wuss than fitin' a feller in the dark."

Poor Jack! — he will be one of the violent, who take the kingdom by storm: he cannot imagine accomplishing any thing except by main force. When I reminded him how he begged me to let Joe stay with him, and asked him whether it would have stopped him if I had shut myself up in another room, out of sight, but where he knew I could hear him, it seemed to give him a new idea. I feel sure, that, in his uncouth fashion, he does send up sincere prayers.

Dec. 10 (Sunday). — Several Sundays, lately, I have had a glimpse of Wilson lurking in the chapel porch. To-day,

just before service, I made a rush out there, and coaxed a group of shy creatures, who were hanging round ashamed to be seen, to come in and take seats; and, after church, Wilson's strong arm helped me to go round by his home. As Joe and I talked, Wilson sat by his son's side; and it was touching to see his wistful look, turning from one to the other as we spoke; and when Joe told me, joyously, that his father liked to hear him read the Bible every day now, and say hymns, he said, in a humble, patient way, —

"I can't understand more'n one word in ten, yit: but I likes it; an' I think o' what yer said ter Joe oncet, — that, ef we did what we knew, we'd know what to do. So I think mebbe I'll know more bym-by."

I surely never put "the substance of the whole matter" into such a compact form as that, old Jack! But thankful am I, if any thing I ever said has given him that blessed idea. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

[After this, the records have no special interest until July, — a year and a half later. — H. I.]

July 21. — Wilson had a sun-stroke yesterday, and was carried home insensible. He has revived to-day; but at his age, and after such a life, it will probably prove fatal.

July 27. — Wilson lingers on, but is sinking day by day; and both he and Joe know it. Joe's faith meets it bravely. Wilson is very silent, but listens eagerly to all that is said or read; and to-day, in answer to a question of mine, he said, humbly and reverently, —

"I don't dare to think o' the past. He knows I'm sorry for it all; an' as fur what's ter come, I kin trust God. He says he'll be merciful, an' I know he will be to Josy an' me."

July 29. — It has been a real trial to Wilson that he never could remember a Bible-verse or a hymn, however much he liked it; and, during his sickness, he has grieved more than ever over this result of a neglected, abused body and mind. When I went into the room to-day, he almost raised himself up, his eyes burning with excitement, and cried, —

"Mr. Ray, I've larnt one verse: I kin remember one verse, an' I likes it best o' the whole Bible." Then knitting his brows, and putting all his strength to it, he repeated slowly, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

When Joe and I could speak, we gave him the promise he asked, that this should be put over his grave. After his excitement passed off, he fell into a sort of lethargy, and was in that state when I left.

July 30. — Ferguson has been in to tell us of Wilson's death. He lay in that lethargy till toward midnight; when he roused enough to know Joe, and speak to him. He repeated that verse he loves, several times, earnestly; whispering, "I'm a-sayin' it for your mother too, Joe." But presently his voice faltered; he could not finish; and, toward morning, his heavy breathing died away.

Aug. 1. — We laid Wilson to-day in the little country church-yard, close beside Josy; and have placed one stone for both graves, with their names, and "God be merciful to me, a sinner." To that infinite mercy we can leave them fearlessly.

Aug. 2. — Joe enters on his lonely life, resting on that strength which is sufficient. I sat long with him to-day; and it humbled me to find him still looking up to me as one who can teach him, while he has long been my teacher in patient trust. In this, our time of bereavement, we are all learning resignation from him.

As this journal is meant for a charity-record, it is not the place for my friend Joe; and I shall write no more about him here. In many ways has his case been a blessed one to me: in none more than in showing, that what I looked on, at the opening of my ministry, as my greatest impediment, might sometimes be a help; opening a way where the comeliness I crave would be of no avail.

[The journal, therefore, contains no more about Joe; but the story of his life is finished by the following extract from a letter written by my brother to his nephew, about six years after the last date.]

JAN. 26.

DEAR ERNEST, — After our last letter, you will not be surprised to hear that Joe died yesterday. I know it will grieve you not to have seen him again; but it was a mercy to have such severe pain end so soon. He spoke of you often, saying he wanted to see you, but could not want to live as long as till your return. He said "Bobby" was to be yours: so we have brought the cage home, and hung it in the play-room window; and I hear the little creature singing merrily while I write of his master's death, as if he knew enough to rejoice with us at his freedom from suffering.

How sorely we shall all miss him, though! That cheerful room, so filled with his spirit of content and child-like trust! — many and many a time have I rested body and soul there, and gone on my way wiser and stronger.

Much as I knew of the good he had done to his scholars and to others, I am surprised now, as it is revealed, how many people, young and old, he has found means to reach and help from his apparently helpless confinement.

Your father watched with him the last night, and I was with him all day. He was able to talk a little, and was thankful to be so near home. Your mother and Grace came in the morning, and sang for him; and, when they went, he pressed their hands, and whispered, "Thank you for all." A little later he spoke to Ferguson and to me, and sent "good-by" to some friends, especially to you; and added, smiling, "It's only good-by for the present." Ferguson was called away: and, when we were alone, Joe said to me, "I wish you were coming too; but you will come in God's time;" and then, his face lighting up, "There's no cross there, Mr. Ray, — no cross any more; and we shall see Christ." In a few moments, while we were still alone together, there came a sharp, short struggle, and he laid down his cross for ever.

"IT is one of the besetting sins of men, to desire to separate truth from goodness; to strive after salvation by faith alone. The belief in the saving power of faith is not confined to the sects that hold it as a dogma, but is one of the most common traits in the mind of man: he is ever fancying that he shall finally be saved by the good thoughts he entertains, though his life be far from exemplifying them."

PEACE.

"Then shall we have peace, — sweet, blessed, perpetual peace." — *The closing words of the last letter of the Rev. Arthur B. Fuller.*

E'EN as he spake, "sweet, blessed Peace"
The olive wreath was twining,
That would so soon around his brow
A martyr's crown be shining.

"Sweet, blessed peace perpetual,"
With purity combining,
And freedom's priceless gift to all, —
For this his soul was pining.

Peace had he brought our wounded braves
In the rude barracks lying;
To heavenly peace had pointed them
In battle nobly dying.

Ever amid the storm of war,
Purely though faintly shining,
He caught those gleams which show to faith
The war-cloud's "silver lining."

He felt that in no human hand
Was placed our country's keeping:
A "Peace, be still!" above the storm,
His Lord was surely speaking.

Sadly and wearily we wait
A gleam of peace first dawning:
To him, from midnight clouds, burst forth
The calm, eternal morning.

LUCILLA.

SERVE God before the world: let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resigne
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Poure oyle upon the stones; weep for thy sin;
Then journey on, and have an eie to heaven.

A LEAF FROM OUR ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE CHURCH OF THE THIRD RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF DORCHESTER, JULY 12, 1863, BY JOHN H MORISON, D.D.

GAL. v. 1: "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

IT is now fifty years since this religious society was formed. Through the varying labors and fortunes of fifty years, it has been vindicating its right to a name and a place among the permanent and beneficent Christian institutions of the land. Your beloved and honored pastor had looked forward with desire to the commemoration of this anniversary. When he found that his strength and life on earth must cease before this day had come, with the thoughtful consideration for the future which was so characteristic of him, he asked that the anniversary might be observed, and intimated a wish that I should stand in his place. The intimation of a wish on his part, under such circumstances, would have the weight and the authority of a command with me. In obedience to that command, I now stand before you; and, in speaking as the occasion requires of controversies whose angry surgings murmur to us from the past, I trust that I shall be betrayed into no tone of thought or speech which can throw even a momentary shadow over his gentle and loving spirit, if he should now be with us in this house consecrated to us all by his labors and his prayers, by the life which he lived, and the solemn funeral services which here shed their tearful and fragrant benediction upon his memory.

There is a special significance in the act by which this Third Religious Society in Dorchester was established. In the liberty which the Congregational churches of New England enjoyed during the latter half of the last century, there was room for free and earnest investigations, for a wide diversity of opinion on the greatest of all subjects, and for the most animated and friendly discussions on points in which they were irrevocably opposed to one another, by ministers who

were, nevertheless, contented to live together as brethren. They closed their warmest controversies with prayers, which showed that they were united in heart, however divided they might be in opinion; and they who had differed most widely in their discussions often closed their interview by agreeing upon an exchange of pulpits for the following Sunday. Sometimes men of that day, like Dr. West of Dartmouth and Dr. Styles of Newport, would meet at the house of a common friend, half-way between the two places; and in the earnestness of their controversy become so deeply absorbed, that the morning sun would rise upon them before their talk was ended.

Those were great times. The profoundest subjects were discussed with a breadth and closeness of thought, and an extent of theological learning, which, I fear, can hardly be found among us now. And the beauty of it was, that they separated as brethren. They knew that they were laboring in the same cause; and were glad to interchange pulpits, and to help one another in their works. Perhaps our Revolutionary War, which united them all on the same side in the desperate contest they were waging for civil liberty, made them guard with a more sacred reverence the religious liberty wherewith Christ had made them free.

But when the war was over, and there were no dangers from a foreign enemy to alarm our people, some of the more rigid among them began to be afraid lest the liberty which they had allowed and enjoyed on religious subjects should lead to licentiousness of thought, and be permitted privily to undermine the very foundations of religious truth. And not without some show of reason were they thus alarmed. The breaking-up of all religious institutions, associations, and opinions, in the French Revolution, gave just ground of uneasiness and apprehension to the thoughtful and devout men of that day. They did not see, as we may now, that it was not too much liberty then, but too severe a yoke of despotism and slavery preceding those times, which had caused the volcanic upheaval and bursting-asunder of all established institutions, customs, and beliefs at that appalling epoch.

Thus it happened, that, early in the present century, some of our ablest ministers holding Calvinistic opinions began to grow restless and dissatisfied under the existing order of things. They saw the most promising young men drawn away into what seemed to them dangerous opinions, by the exercise of what seemed to them a fatal liberty of thought.

The danger undoubtedly existed; but how was it to be met? By profounder thought, on their part, to confute and overthrow what was false; by lives of more entire religious consecration and fidelity, that, by the beauty of Christian love and holiness, they might win to Christ the hearts of the young, and extend his authority over them. But with scholars so accomplished as Kirkland, or as Andrews Norton (who was then just entering on his course of thorough and logical investigation); with lives so holy and winning as those of Buckminster and Channing and Thatcher; with thinkers so exact and profound as Dr. Samuel West (then closing his labors) and Henry Ware; with philanthropists so full of self-sacrifice and devotion as Noah Worcester, or so fervent in spirit as Joseph Tuckerman; with a flood of new enthusiasm on the side of religious freedom, breaking out in such appeals to reason and conscience as have seldom come from the pulpit in any age of the world, — what could be done to stay the progress of that fatal error which was recommended by the very virtues and Christian graces of its ministers?

To those wise men there seemed but one way of stemming the torrent; and that was to build a dam strong enough to stop the river. They at first consulted together, and agreed privately to prepare the way for revising their creeds, and imposing additional articles of faith as a condition of membership in ministerial associations. In sagacity and determination, with the practical shrewdness and perseverance by which such measures are to be managed and carried through, the Rev. Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, was probably the leading man of those days. But he found great opposition among those who agreed with him in their religious opinions. These were decided Calvinists, who nevertheless upheld the cause of religious liberty, even in behalf of those who differed from

themselves. Of these ministers there was no abler man, and no one who exercised a greater influence on the side of religious liberty, than the Rev. Dr. Osgood, of Medford. An extract from an unpublished letter written by him, and dated June 3, 1803, will give a better insight into these matters than any general remarks that I can make: —

"It is true," he says, "as you observe, that there is some of the old leaven still among us. A few weeks preceding the late Convention of Congregational Ministers at Boston, my good neighbor, the Rev. Dr. Morse, proposed to me, as a matter which a number of our brethren were desirous of having brought forward at said convention, the choosing of a committee to revise our platform, that there might be more order and uniformity in our church affairs. I asked, in reply, —

"'Have you not read my Dudleian Sermon?'

"'Yes.'

"'You then know that I have put down all councils, creeds, platforms, &c., *in toto*, reserving nothing but the Bible as the sole guide for all Christian churches, and to each individual church the privilege of interpreting the Bible for itself.' . . .

"Here the conversation ended; and we did not meet again till seated in convention, when he came, and, sitting down by me, whispered in my ear, —

"'Will you be one of the committee?'

"'The committee for what?'

"'Why, you know what I mentioned to you some time since about revising the platform.'

"'Brother Morse, if you bring forward that business, I will grind you to powder.'

"He instantly left me, and, I believe, the convention; for I do not recollect seeing or hearing him afterwards in the meeting. Perhaps there has not been a convention here before, since he has been a member of their body, in which he has had so little to do as at the late one. He is, for the most part, wonderfully busy on those occasions; always devising what he considers as good things. But I can easily conceive, that from the same disposition in the pastors of the second, third, and fourth centuries, might originate those hierarchies, which, down to this day, continue to tyrannize over a great part of Christendom."

Failing in their attempt to impose the test of a severer creed on our Ministerial Associations, the next plan of these men was to accomplish the same end by means of a more private and personal character, and to refuse ministerial intercourse with those of their brethren who differed from them in their theological opinions. The movement in this direction caused the formation of this society.

In 1808, Mr. John Codman was settled over the Second Congregational Society in Dorchester. He was a man of family, of wealth, and of a genial, kindly disposition, and of strict Calvinistic principles. A majority of his people differed from him in opinion; but, having been brought up in those times of Christian liberty, they made little account of this. They talked with him freely on the subject, and understood what his opinions were. But, in their anxiety to preserve the liberty of the church, they got from him, as they supposed, a pledge that he would exchange with the neighboring ministers whom they had been accustomed to hear. William Ellery Channing, who was then, as afterwards, a most eloquent and powerful advocate of liberal opinions, was chosen by Mr. Codman to preach his ordination-sermon. But soon his parishioners were grieved to see that Mr. Codman's exchanges were confined to men of a severely Calvinistic stamp. They remonstrated. He rejoined with a considerable degree of sharpness. An angry controversy ensued: two councils were called, and twice the society voted that the connection between them and their pastor was dissolved. Scenes almost of personal violence were enacted in the church, on Sunday, by the opposing parties, for the possession of the pulpit. The result of the conflict was, that most of the disaffected members, with the consent of those who remained, seceded from the Second Parish, and formed "The Third Religious Society in Dorchester." It was not that they differed in opinion from their pastor; they did not deny that it was both his right and his duty to preach what he believed to be true: but they did object to the new restraints that were put upon the liberty of the Congregational churches in New England, and the freedom of ministerial exchanges.

This was the first instance, I believe, in which extreme measures were resorted to, and a new society established on the ground of Christian liberty. As in all controversies of the kind, bitter personal animosities were mingled with the sense of wrong, and excited in the defence of what was regarded as a great religious truth. Neighborhoods were divided and cut up into religious factions; members of the same household were turned against one another. It was years before the wounds received in that theological warfare were healed; and even now, when hardly more than one man who took part in the controversy survives, it would not be difficult to kindle at least a temporary glow of indignation by drawing together the coals which still survive in the ashes of that exhausted controversy.

A needful work was accomplished. Honor to the brave and earnest men by whom it was done! The actors on both sides have passed on to the higher tribunal, where the cause that is ill judged here shall be judged again, and where those who have here looked upon each other as enemies of God, may, to their mutual surprise and joy, find themselves united together in the same great community of souls, among the ransomed of the Lord.

The first public meeting of this society, of which an account is preserved in its records, was held on the 6th of May, 1813. On the 16th of December, 1816, an invitation was given to Mr. Thomas Prentiss to become their pastor. Mr. Prentiss declined the invitation; influenced, as he said, in part, by a fear that the salary of $800 might be inadequate to his "exigencies in such a situation." Mr. Prentiss was soon after settled in Charlestown, where he remained but a short time before he died, leaving a name long held in grateful and loving remembrance. The other candidate at the time, who received eight of the forty-three votes then cast, was Samuel Gilman, who, in a ministry of more than forty years in Charleston, S.C., showed himself to be a man of rare ability, a scholar of unusual accomplishments, and a minister honored alike for his Christian virtues, graces, and attainments.

On the 30th of April, 1817, Rev. Edward Richmond, D.D.,

was unanimously invited to become their pastor; and he was installed here June 27, 1817. He remained in that office sixteen years; when, May 13, 1833, he sent in his resignation, on account of his inability, from a paralytic affection, to perform the duties of his office. He was a man of blameless life. I remember to have heard him preach once, in the old church, now Richmond Hall, thirty-two years ago last Sunday. To a stranger, his personal appearance was not prepossessing. There was some difficulty of utterance. But the impression made upon me, then a college-student, was one not easily to be effaced, — of an upright, scholarly, Christian man, who would always do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God. I do not know how much of this feeling may have come from what I afterwards heard of him; but I cannot recall him, as he appeared to me the only time that I ever saw him, without feeling as if there were a pathos and gentleness embodied in his presence, reaching out through his life, and pervading the calm and lucid sentences which he uttered. He died April 20, 1842, — nearly eight years after he left the parish; and I have never heard him spoken of here by those who knew him, except in terms of kindness and respect.

His successor, Mr. Francis Cunningham, who had graduated at Harvard University, with the highest honors of his class, in 1824, — a man of refined tastes, and a scholar of rare attainments, — was unanimously chosen April 10, 1834, and ordained on the 21st of the following month. After a ministry of eight years, he asked to be relieved from the pastoral office; and accordingly ceased to be the minister of the society Sept. 1, 1842.

During his ministry, this commodious and costly church was built. It was dedicated Oct. 28, 1840.

The 22d of December, 1842, Mr. Richard Pike was unanimously chosen as his successor; and was ordained Feb. 8, 1843. From his letter of acceptance, I should judge that he entered on his labors with chastened expectations, and with a smaller desire and hope of external success than of spiritual advancement among his people.

"I promise," he said, "to do what I can to promote the important objects for which you are united together as a religious body. I shall devote to the advancement of your spiritual interests what strength and wisdom I possess. I bring to you an ardent love for the profession in which I am to labor, and the result of a religious experience, which, I trust, will be of no small advantage to me in my ministrations to you.

"So far as the outward prosperity of your society is concerned, I beg that you will not expect too much as the result of this connection. Your society, now small, must remain so for some time to come. A slow growth is the most healthful; and such a growth is all that I dare hope. Your growth, as a religious body, in righteousness, in all the Christian graces and virtues, I shall ever esteem of much greater importance."

These were the feelings with which he entered on his sacred office, and pledged himself to the fulfilment of its duties. How faithfully the pledge was redeemed, with what meekness of wisdom, with what gentle perseverance, with what unremitting industry, with what careful and painstaking thought, with what simplicity and godly sincerity, he had his daily walk and conversation among you for twenty years, is too deeply impressed upon you, and too closely inwoven with your holiest purposes and affections, to be spoken of by me.

I have quoted from his earliest communication to you; and how affectingly are these words of youthful promise confirmed by his last "New-Year's" greeting, sent to you from the threshold of eternity, when its serene and solemn light was already breaking upon him! —

"I precede you into the other world, because my work here on earth is done. . . . Very dear have you been to me as a people. . . . My heart goes out towards you this day. I feel that the ties of the relationship which has so long existed between us can never be sundered.

"We have entered upon a new year together. Another new year! An eternal one seems to be dawning for me. . . . I have said farewell to you: but I say not farewell for ever and for ever; for I hope and I expect to meet you in the other world, if I am not permitted to in this."

What more shall we say? Let not your pastor be disappointed in this, his last and his most earnest and inspiring hope.

Fifty years have passed away. They who, in troubled days, laid the foundations of this society in defence of the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, years since have rested from their labors. The names which appear most frequently in your early records — Edmund Baker, Thomas Crehore, Benjamin Fuller, and Stephen Pierce, with those of their zealous co-workers, Edmund Tileston, Mark Hollingsworth, and others, whom the time would fail me to mention — are some of them almost unknown, perhaps, to the younger members of this society. They labored: you have entered into their labors. And through the fifty years, with only a slight notice of what they have done, here and there on your records are the holy and devout women, not a few, who persevered in their patience of hope, and labors of love, when the zeal of others was becoming cold, or their hands grew weary. By the fidelity of their lives, the sweetness of their affections, the fervor of their prayers, the ministry now as of unseen spirits in your behalf, — all these of whom I have spoken commit to you this ark of God, and ask you with pure minds and humble hearts and willing hands to bear it on to the generations which shall come after you.

You have repaired and adorned these walls. Let the work you have done here be the emblem of souls renewed in the spirit of God, and adorned in the beauty of his holiness. So may many and prosperous days await you! So may your pleasant and solemn gatherings continue to be blessed to you in this place consecrated by ministers and servants of Christ, by men and women who have endeared themselves to you as only the devout and holy can do! May precious and saintly memories from the past mingle with the hopes that lead you on! In the parting words of that dear brother, now one of the cloud of heavenly witnesses who compass you about; in the words of that dear brother, at whose request I stand here to-day, — "May the year you now enter upon be a year in which you shall have a richer experience than ever before of

the Father's love, of the grace which the Saviour came to impart, and of the communion with the Father and the Son in the Holy Spirit!" May this, his parting benediction, be with you all, now and for evermore!

THE SEEN, TEMPORAL; THE UNSEEN, ETERNAL.

HUSH, gentle friends! the jocund laugh, the half-formed jest, forego;
Let tender Charity suppress the spirit's sparkling flow:
They enter at the door whose hearts are bowed with speechless woe!

O trembling, aching, patient hearts, whom the dear Lord hath blest
To bear the sharp nails of the cross that pierced his sacred breast!
To eyes that look beyond the veil, ye seem not so opprest.

These sombre robes, that tell a tale your lips could ne'er have told,
To us seem written o'er and o'er with syllables of gold;
Some gracious promise shining out from every sable fold.

These forms that droop so wearily, these faces pale and sad,
Above them, circling hand in hand, with motions free and glad,
A group of cherub angels float, in shining raiment clad!

And — thanks to Him whose sacrifice makes all submission sweet;
Who died on Calvary for us, his martyrdom complete;
Then trampled Death, victorious, beneath his kingly feet —

We know the hour of joy supreme comes on for all apace,
When eyes that weep beloved ones shall see them face to face,
And hearts that yearn shall clasp them close in a long, long embrace!

E. D. H.

A DAY AT ANNAPOLIS.

I NEVER could tell why, but I have all my life desired to visit Annapolis. Something that I read in geography or history at school, some little thing, had made a lodgement in my memory; and I had tried many times to bring it within the compass of my wanderings, deterred always by the assertion of one and another, that it was a dull old place, with nothing whatever to repay the time a visit would occupy.

The opportunity at last came, in my desire to see for myself the condition of our men who had been returned from the Richmond prisons, and of whom the most incredible tales were told. I found Annapolis quaint and old and calm; a most respectable air of self-sustained dignity about it; a waif from the past, rather than a thing of the present. The enclosure within which the State buildings stand forms a sort of hub, from which the streets radiate toward the outskirts of the town. The railway, and every appliance of engine and of car, the country through which it passed, the people we saw and travelled with, all seemed of the same stamp; and, more than once, I wished myself going anywhere but to Annapolis.

A slow and tedious ride, of not more than thirty miles from the "Junction," brought us into the identical depot which Gen. Butler had broken open, in which was found the engine which helped to make historic the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment. Take a respectable wood-shed on any farmer's premises, and you have the depot at Annapolis, on a bit of by-street, with nothing in the world to show, in or on its exterior, that it is not a wood-shed. The city, except in the venerable appearance of its buildings, — a certain aristocratic savor of the olden time investing the humbler as well as the more costly, — has nothing to commend it; and yet how a little antiquity in this very new world will commend any thing!

The Naval School at Annapolis is beautifully located on the banks of the Severn, and covers a space, and consists of a num-

ber and variety of buildings, far greater than I had supposed. Being there for a wholly different purpose, I forgot to note the number, or ask any questions about what I saw within the enclosure. I do remember one thing, — that there, just as I find it everywhere, I saw a small flag hanging over a door, with the magic words, "*Sanitary Commission*." That Good Samaritan, which never passes by any wounded or half-dead; which has a marvellous ubiquity as well as persistence; which has not only been under fire again and again, but in its zeal has so pressed forward as to be ordered back from the very front, — was here too, to advise and to aid. All the buildings are now hospitals; having, at the time of my visit, nine hundred patients. I had letters to the surgeon in charge: but it is a maxim of mine, never to intrude upon a man of cares in his business-hours, if it can be avoided; and so I preferred to run my chance of seeing and knowing some other way. The sentry at the gate placed his musket before me: but I happened to know the name of the lady matron; and, asking for her at a venture, was told that any one wishing to see her could pass. Getting a general direction, I finally succeeded in finding her quarters, only to be told that she was somewhere, going her morning rounds. A young officer whom I met courteously volunteered his assistance; and, after some search, we succeeded in finding her. I gave her my name, and commenced an apology for intruding; when she grasped me by the hand, and said, "Oh! I know who you are, and I am right glad to see you;" and immediately took me across the large quadrangle to her sitting-room, and, while awaiting some one for whom she had sent, let me a little into her history. She was a lady of Baltimore; and it was she, who on that night of terror, after the massacre in Pratt Street, went to the station where the wounded men were lying, — disregarding the threats of some, the entreaties of others, and the assurance of the police that the men were well cared for, — found them lying on benches or the floor, covered with blood, with wounds undressed, and finally prevailed on the police to take them to her house in a furniture-wagon she had provided; while she drove on in a carriage,

got rooms and beds ready, took in and watched over those men till they were fit to be sent home: this at a time when to do so was no mere work of charity, but of positive danger. I had known the facts before, and they are worthy a high place in the annals of female heroism and charity. I found she intended giving herself up to me for the present, and proposed the grand rounds. We looked in at the various kitchens for general and for sick diet, the common dining-hall, and the store-rooms; and every thing spoke well for the place. In the drawing-room of the commodore's house, I got my first glimpse at Richmond prisoners, — fine-looking fellows, each with a small table before him, and his dinner upon it. I expressed some surprise at finding them appearing so well. They replied, that they had been in hospital, and the men who had been sick had not fared so badly as the well men on Belle Isle. Moreover, they said, that, when any officer was placed over them who had been a prisoner in our hands, the rigor of their captivity was perceptibly relaxed. They certainly were happy men, making themselves merry over their dinners, all of which they said they could not eat. A few weeks of such rations as they were then on must send them back to the field.

It was nearly three weeks since the prisoners had arrived. The worst cases had died. The deaths, for some time averaging three and five a day, were at this time reduced to about one. The men, on arriving, were the most piteous objects. They lay upon ship-board filthy with vermin and dirt: some of them were already dying; some of them could not tell their names or regiments; some had only a bit of bed-tick over their shoulders; others had their feet done up in rags; one hundred and twenty had no shoes. As the ladies pressed on board the boat with their stimulants, those strong enough to help themselves cried, "Do not come near us, ladies: we are covered with vermin!" One bright, brave boy, who lay in bed with two fingers torn from his hand by a shell, and who must lose his arm, though he did not know it, said, "I thought it was pretty rough, sir. It was a cold morning when I arrived at Annapolis; and they took me from the

boat, and stripped every thing off me on the green, and then washed me all over in cold water, and put me to bed; and that is the way they served them all." He would have to lose his arm, not from the wound, but from gangrene. Some rebel had tied it up so tight, and then left it untouched for days, that it had stopped all circulation; and when, at last, it was undone, it dropped useless by his side.

I was shown the worst cases still remaining. In a small room, there lay what I should have called a man of fifty. He was emaciated to the last degree; and there was a peculiar hue to his face which they all have. It looked like untanned leather. I have seen sad sights, but none sadder. That man of fifty was a *boy of seventeen!* He lay perfectly still, opened his eyes with difficulty, and barely spoke when spoken to; seemed hardly conscious, and, they said, really suffered but little. He was dying of starvation, — too far gone when he arrived to be raised by the stimulants which were his only nourishment now. The doctors had decided, from examinations, that there was no disease about these men; and the only special appearance of the vital organs was a peculiar mucous coating of the stomach, and the adhesion of the heart to its case. All of the sickest of them seemed stupefied, and not to realize their condition.

I next saw a man who was up, and could stagger about the room. He was six feet tall, and seemed merely a long, straight line. It was painful, while it was almost amusing, to see him try to hitch his trousers on to his hips. He seemed very anxious to talk, and was at my elbow wherever I went; but was so weak, that his articulation was like that of a stutterer. They told me it was only stimulant that kept him up, and he must probably die.

In one of the hospital-tents in the lawn (these tents are used for the wounded, and are exceedingly comfortable) was a young man from the West, with a singularly fine face, who had just had his leg amputed a second time; it having been wretchedly done in Richmond. He had just got quiet, and seemed in a sweet sleep; but it was hardly to be hoped that he could rally. In another tent, not far, was one they thought

to be dying. As we entered, he slowly and indistinctly said, "Tell my mother!" — and that was all. He, too, was fearfully thin: and yet a strange strength seemed to possess him; for, having refused to take his pills, the ward-master had gone to the other end of the long tent, thinking he might break them up and give them to him in whiskey. Suddenly he perceived some one looking over his shoulder; and there was his dying patient, demanding of him what he did. To the evasive reply, he remarked, "I thought you might be trying to humbug me." Here, too, was a boy of not more than seventeen, totally blind. A shell had put out one eye; and the other had been torn from the socket, and had hung, he said, five days before being replaced. It had a natural look; but there was no sight in it. He seemed very patient, though his case was very sad. The men were exquisitely tender of him. He had enlisted at the West, but said he had a mother living at a certain number of a street in Philadelphia. Inquiry had been made, and answer brought while I was there, that no such person could be found. How were that mother and boy to come together again?

I must not forget one boy, with a broad, pleasant face. The matron said to him, "Show the gentleman your tongue." There were the fresh scars of long gashes on each side of it. His was said to have been the worst case of diphtheria ever seen. His tongue was so swollen, he had not swallowed for forty-eight hours. The matron had her suspicions that the surgeon in charge was at his wits' ends, and was going to let the man die. She went to the surgeon-in-chief, and asked him to happen into that room. The moment he saw him, he lanced his tongue in this fearful way, and saved him. He told the matron afterward, that, when the doctor came, he did not think any thing about him, but he *did think what a bad boy he had been;* and she said his penitence, and determination to reform, were very touching. He had been nearly five years in the regular army. He had evidently been what we call "a hard boy," but told me he should quit when his time was up. As I left him, I said I hoped he would soon be all right; "but take care of that tongue of yours, and

don't let it get you into mischief again." — "Indeed it shan't, sir," he replied, as he shook my hand, the tears starting to his eyes.

You ask me if the accounts of the sufferings at Richmond have not been exaggerated. I do not believe that anywhere within the annals of civilized warfare can any thing be found more wantonly and abominably barbarous than the treatment of our men at Richmond. I will not believe, that, two months after harvest, there is any necessity for what I read at the rooms of the Sanitary Commission in a letter from Gen. Dow, or heard from these men. If they cannot give bread and clothing, they can give shelter: but even this is denied; and a slow torture is visited upon these suffering men, to which the torture of the savage is nothing. A returned surgeon at the Sanitary Rooms said he thought the rebels did as well as they could. This was the most favorable testimony. One man told me that the surgeon of his regiment, giving his name, remained on the field after the engagement (I have forgotten which), and administered to rebels as well as our men. In recognition of this, the rebel commander gave him a parole, assuring him it would be all right at Richmond. On presenting it at Richmond, the provost-marshal tore it in pieces, threw it in his face, and thrust him in prison! Another said that he saw a man on Belle Isle offer a guard five dollars for a loaf of bread. The guard refused. The man repeated the offer; and the guard raised his rifle, and deliberately blew his brains out! The men were not only covered with vermin, but said that the ground at Belle Isle was a moving mass. A man had been injured in both hands, so that he could not use them. He had a long, close beard, which he again and again begged might be cut. This was refused; and, upon his release, his face was found to be eaten to the bone! One man said to me, "When I first came here, I used to dread going to sleep, for fear I should wake up in Richmond;" while another said, that, for a long time, he felt that it was only a dream.

I have never seen happier or more grateful men, men more tenderly ministered to in every way, than these returned

prisoners. They were as fine-looking men as any I have seen. One feeling predominated, — "No more Richmond." It was battle, death, but no more imprisonment.

No hospital has pleased me more than this. Very little seems left undone. The lady-nurses are indefatigable. Before the stars go out, they are every morning about their work. They pause at nothing; while the fatigue and exposure must be very great, from the immense grounds to be traversed in all weathers, as well as from the pressure of their duties. Many of them were from Maine and Massachusetts; and it was pleasant to be with those to whom I was not wholly unknown.

More than ever am I satisfied with the care that is taken of the sick and the wounded; more than ever surprised at that stupendous work the Sanitary Commission does all over this country, without friction or jar. I saw officers, fresh from the field, each of whom had his tale of it; while one of large experience, who was on his way to the front again, having been left at Gettysburg, said, "Sir, I never heard a complaint of it from an officer in service." More than ever am I amazed at the heroism and self-devotion, not of the field merely, but of the hospital; not of the soldier only, but of those who minister to a soldier's pains. It is a new and grand developing of this grand human nature God has created in us. The war may have developed depravity we did not know, or thought had passed away; but it has also developed a good-will we did not dream to exist. The war has advanced the race. It is one of those strange agencies by which God chooses to forward his ends, — through *de*struction, *con*struction; through defeat, victory; through strife, peace; through death, life. It remains only for us to be faithful; every man and woman of us to do our duty toward our country for the cause; none idle, loitering, self-indulgent, but all in some way honestly working, — and the new peace shall be at hand, and a new nation made for us, solid, enduring,

ONE. J. F. W. W.

RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS.*

We have made no attempt to read and to set down our impressions of this book, in the hope that we should soon have in our hands a copy in the original; but the translation has so invaded shops and houses, and so taken possession even of novel-readers, that we have been compelled to yield at discretion, and take up the author, as it were, at second-hand. The translator has not done his work with entire accuracy, as one can see without recurring to his text; but the meaning seems to be, in the main, correctly rendered, and we shall not trouble ourselves about the French: the English is quite enough for us. The importance and the interest of "the Life," as we cannot help thinking, have been immensely exaggerated. We cannot see that any addition has been made to what was already in the hands, whether of orthodox or of heterodox, with reference to the great theme. The learning of M. Renan has been celebrated as large and profound. Our reading of his "Studies in Religious History" had given us this impression; but this work affords no sufficient proof of it. He makes important concessions to those who claim the earliest antiquity for the three first Gospels; but, unfortunately, they are the concessions of one who has not thoroughly mastered the facts. Many a humble student of the Gospels themselves could confidently take exception to many of Renan's renderings and interpretations of the story: his knowledge of his theme is, in truth, superficial, spite of the show and the reality of scholarship. He seems actually, at times, "to have got up" the subject. What careful and habitual reader of the New Testament could possibly, to take a single example, imagine that Jesus, in saying to his disciples, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother," &c., meant to urge any thing more than the necessity of loving the dearest in and for God? And yet, writes M. Renan, "his

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demands lost all bounds. Despising the wholesome limits of human nature, he asks that men should exist only for him; that they should love him alone." What woodenness of interpretation! Again: "For a moment, Jesus thought of taking precautions, and spoke of swords. [!] There were two in the company. 'It is enough,' said he. He did not follow up that idea." The "idea" is unmistakably M. Renan's. Who does not see that the "It is enough" was an expression of his impatience at the very literalism which repeats itself in the French student? Let alone the irreverence of it, and the cruel and revolting imputation upon the characters of Jesus and his friends, what can be more *absurd* than the explanation of the miracle of the resurrection of Lazarus? When a man tells us that he cannot believe such stories, we are not accustomed to reproach him for his unbelief: we try to find some things in the Gospel which he can believe. But, when unbelief becomes thus outrageously explanatory, there is no demand for silence, however peremptory or seemingly applicable only to the most foolish talkers, that we should hesitate to press. "Hold thy tongue, then hast it a-holding!" until the spirit of foolishness has been cast out.

Renan's grave mistakes have been abundantly exposed by many able reviewers, some of whom, at least, will not be charged with writing in the interests of a stupid conservatism. We shall not try, within our narrow limits and with our unequal steps, to follow these critics. One thing has, however, so impressed itself upon us, that we must give expression to it. We have often found ourselves saying, If only this scholar would review this whole matter again, he would become a Christian. He is as serious as he knows how to be: but he does not comprehend his subject; and, as yet, the spirit of him whose life he has aimed to write has not got possession of his mind and heart. Sometimes, for brief sentences, he gets above himself. It is amazing to note how clearly he will see for a moment, how stone-blind he presently becomes! Now, for an instant, he is in sympathy with the most elevated Christian thought; and, again, he is the man of letters, looking only from the outside, and, even so, surveying only a part

of the surface. He is a beginner, without a beginner's humility; not without a beginner's conceit. He misapprehends Christ, in many particulars, as utterly as the dullest of the early disciples. He has preconceptions about miracles and the like to get rid of; his world is a very contracted world; his moral sense is very partially educated. He is insane enough to believe that the Christ whom a world reverences was partly cheated, and partly a cheat. He has "spoken a word against the Son of man;" and yet, somehow, as we read his book, we say, "It will be forgiven him" as Jesus said. He has had glimpses of the truth, even from this poor following of Christ, which will grow into visions. He has, thus far, seen through a glass darkly; yet, even so, he has written greater words than he knows: as thus, "There were then some months, perhaps a year, during which God really lived upon the earth. The voice of the young carpenter suddenly assumed extraordinary sweetness. Infinite charm exhaled from his person, and the companions of his youth no longer recognized him."

M. Renan, as we understand him, spite of his unfair and careless criticism of the Christ (to describe in the mildest possible language his deplorable offences in this way), does, nevertheless, place the Saviour at the head of our humanity. "We may call him divine in this sense, — that Jesus is that individual who has caused his species to make the greatest advance towards the divine." So far, so good. But one question more; one which concerns us all most nearly; one which moves us almost to agony sometimes, when "the divine" in us also asks, Is there a Divine, a God over all for ever blessed and helpful, whose children we are; who hears us, succors us, strengthens us with strength in our souls? Or is it true, as our author sometimes intimates, that man is at the top of creation, alone conscious, and calling in vain upon the impersonal Life, out from which he has come at last into open-eyed manhood, from blindness into vision? Is there a God whom all of us may worship? "Oh that I knew where I might find him! then would I go to his mercy-seat." Christ spake divinely, says Renan. Yes; but did

he speak from God, or from himself? Was it an illusion, that belief of his in the Father? Was it only the projection of his own being beyond himself? If he was right, and if we can know that he was right, what unspeakable comfort! Now, there is but one way to attain to this knowledge. It is not the way of what are technically called "Evidences." Christ has marked it out; Christ walked in it; Christ is that Way. If we will all take it, whether we are wise or simple, we shall reach the great conclusion; and M. Renan will neither hinder nor help us. "If any man will do the will, he shall know the doctrine, whether I AM OF GOD, or whether I speak of myself." That is what our modern world, with its pantheistic dreamers, needs more than any thing else to know. E.

"I WENT TO GATHER FLOWERS."

[This little poem — on a picture entitled "I went to gather Flowers," which represents a child sitting at the foot of a tree in a graveyard, weeping, a basket of flowers in her hand — was written by one who died in early manhood.]

JOYOUS design! why tearful at the fate
Which led thee hither in thy search to stray?
Is it the stern, chill contrast thou hast met, —
Young Life 'mid Death's array?

For thou hast come where gloomily a truth
Shall e'en in Childhood's hours the thoughts engage,
And sad presentiment give gladsome Youth
The pensiveness of Age.

Thy tears are sacred: beauteous tendrils bind
Thy heart, sweet child! to God's creation fair;
And Nature's homage to the Eternal Mind
Hath utterance there.

Yet to thy grief my solace I would bring:
Weep not, weep not; for thou hast gathered flowers!
And from the grave's drear loneliness shall spring
The soul's immortal powers. J. W.

LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY ON THE DESERT.

Our party, bound for Jerusalem over the long desert, consisted of six persons, — a Scotch gentleman and his wife, a clergyman of the Church of England, a Presbyterian minister from the State of New York, and two preachers of the Unitarian denomination. We four clergymen had been members of another party, that had been sailing up and down the Nile for sixty-five days. I shall never forget the delightful Sunday services we all enjoyed, in that little cabin saloon of our good boat "Union," on every sabbath day while we voyaged the glorious old river. Representing three different denominations as we did, we yet all participated in the exercises of each service as freely, earnestly, and harmoniously as if we had belonged to one and the same sect or church. These exercises were variously distributed amongst us from Sunday to Sunday, without reference to this or that member's doctrinal belief; and we all united with each other in effectually obliterating every party name and line that might hinder our common worship together of our common Father. Presbyterian and Unitarian joined with the Episcopalian in a modified service of the Established Church; Episcopalian and Presbyterian knelt together with the Unitarian, as he led the devotional exercise, and invoked a blessing upon the little band of voyagers, and upon the two great countries which were ever in our minds; and Unitarian and Episcopalian listened with interest and profit to the readings and remarks of the Presbyterian. There seemed to be nothing wanting in this full, free communion and fellowship of soul with soul. We all felt happier and better for thus casting aside, as it were, denominational relations, ties, and prejudices, and allowing our sympathies to become enlarged, and our love to become ennobled, by this simple exercise of Christian charity. We were thus not only brought nearer to each other, but nearer to the great Master himself. We were a little church by ourselves; and were a church, we imagine, far more acceptable

to Him who is the Head, than we should have been had each one retired to his own private room, and, declining the common service, worshipped God in his own way and by himself alone.

Having returned to Cairo, we there made our preparations for our long desert tour. We were to start from that city on Monday, the 16th of February, 1863. Ere we entered upon that "great and terrible wilderness" that lay beyond us, and ere we pressed with our feet the sacred land of Palestine, we desired to partake of that simple, precious sacrament of our Lord's Supper, which had its archetype and origin in the memorial feast observed there, near where we ourselves were, by the ancient Israelites, as they, too, were to pass out of Egypt, and wander over the desert until they reached the promised Canaan.

The Church of England, to its lasting honor be it said, has established its little churches in all the great towns and cities of the Continent and the East, where Englishmen travel or reside in considerable numbers; so that in hundreds of places, far from home, it is permitted these wanderers to repair on Sunday to some neat little chapel, or convenient place of worship, and hear their own familiar service read in their own native tongue. There is a church of this kind in Cairo. Our English companion voluntarily sought an interview with its minister, and the two readily arranged for the communion service which we were all to enjoy. It was to take place at the chapel, at an early hour of the day before our departure. This was Sunday. Notice was given at the hotels, so that, in case others would like to be present and to participate, they could have the opportunity. Yet, as it was a special service, only one other attended. The four clergymen, representing three denominations very diverse in their ecclesiastical government and theological views, knelt side by side at the altar, and received together the emblems of the Saviour's body and blood from the hands of the rector and regular preacher of the church. The spirit in which all entered into the observance; the thought that we had come together thus from different, not to say hostile, sects and parties; the strange ex-

periences that so soon awaited us; and all the circumstances of the hour and the place, — combined to make the service most affecting and beautiful.

The next day we rode by railway to Suez, and in the afternoon mounted our camels, and were on our way towards Sinai. We spent several Sundays, also, on the desert; and, as we had worshipped together before in the cabin saloon of our *dahabieh*, so we worshipped together still in our tent, out there upon the great waste of sand and rock. Beneath the palms and tamarisks of Feiran, on the burning plain of Wady Ghuzaleh, by the shore of the Red Sea at Akaba, and under the shadow, as it were, of Mount Hor, we pitched our tents, and lifted up upon those desert airs the voices of prayer and the songs of praise. Unitedly we read the story of the wandering children of Israel, along whose track we ourselves were daily marching; and together we hymned the fervent supplication, —

> "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
> Pilgrim through this barren land."

The Sunday we spent at Akaba was rendered peculiarly sacred and solemn to us by the visit we made to the grave of Rev. Dr. Lunt of Quincy, who died there, far away from home, six years ago, while journeying across the desert to Jerusalem. Before we reached Akaba, remembering that Dr. Lunt was buried at that place, I asked Hassaneen, our dragoman, if he knew of the circumstance of his death, and where his grave might be found. I was glad to find that he knew all about the sad event, and that he would be able to conduct me to the spot where the interment took place. Hassaneen and his party were only five days behind the party with which Dr. Lunt was connected. When he reached Akaba, he learned the details of his sickness and death, and also where our revered countryman was buried. Indeed, Dr. Lunt, they told us, was the only American who ever died at Akaba. There was, accordingly, but little difficulty in ascertaining the immediate locality of his grave. Hassaneen spoke to some of the principal villagers upon the subject, and they at once conducted us all to the spot.

The Bedouin village of Akaba is quite near the head of the eastern arm of the Red Sea, and close to the shore. Just north of it, and separated from the sea by a long, narrow grove of palm-trees, is the desert cemetery, with no fence or wall to mark its boundaries, and with only a few rude monuments to tell where repose its dead. Separated at some little distance from these graves of the natives, and at the top of quite a large mound on that arid waste, was the resting-place of the eminent Christian minister who had here fallen on the way, while on his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Standing above the centre of the mound, the natives made known to us, that just there, beneath them, was the body of our friend, although no object had been placed there over his grave to mark the spot. The readiness with which the villagers hastened thither to show us where he lay, and the concurrent testimony of Hassaneen himself, left us in no doubt that here was the sacred place we sought. We could not think of leaving Akaba without erecting some simple stone to the memory of the dead; and we therefore went into the fortress of the village to see if we could find any thing that would be suitable for such a memorial. We procured two of the best stones we could find, and had them brought down to our tent to be inscribed. We had also set some men at work to make excavations, with the view of rendering it certain that the memorial should be placed directly over the body: but finding that the excavation would have to be quite extensive, and that the work was likely to attract a large crowd of Bedouins to the spot, we ordered the men to throw back the earth; feeling sure, that, by erecting the stone over the centre of the mound, we should, at any rate, set it within a very feet of its proper place. This was on Friday.

The next day, at the door of our tent, we cut out on the larger of the two stones which we had procured the following inscription, — "W. P. Lunt, U.S.A., 1857;" each one of the four clergymen contributing his part to the simple work. Considering that the inscription had to be executed with nails and knives, we thought that its letters and figures looked very

well; and when we had blackened them with ink, and thus made them more legible, we felt quite satisfied with the result.

The following day was Sunday. After breakfast, we had the two stones carried out upon the desert burial-ground; and we all followed on to set them in their places. Digging down several feet into the sand, we laid some small stones in as a foundation for the larger ones; and over them we placed horizontally the shorter of the two we brought from the tent. Upon this we raised, in an upright position, the one which we had inscribed; and around the part of it which was to be below the level of the surface-ground above we piled a quantity of stones we gathered from the surrounding desert, and pressed hard down upon them the earth, so as to make the rude monument as firm as possible. We had provided for no additional ceremony; but as we stood quietly circling about the spot, filled with emotions not unsuited to the circumstances in which we were placed, it was grateful and touching to us to hear the subdued voice of our good Presbyterian companion break the silence with these words from Holy Writ: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit: they rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me shall never die; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We then withdrew from the grave, and returned to our tents; Hassaneen promising us, that, as often as he might come to Akaba, he would have a care for this humble tombstone, and would not fail to direct to it the attention of all Americans whom he might guide to Palestine by the route which we had travelled. Later in the day, we had our regular Sunday service; and closed it, as usual, with one of the many appropriate hymns with which the collection we had with us abounded: —

"Heavenly Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.

Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God."

The next morning we struck our tents, and were winding our way up the great Wady Arabah, towards the hill-country of Judæa.

Just before Dr. Lunt's departure from home, I received a note from him, saying that he should be obliged to give up an exchange for which we had arranged, in consequence of a sudden decision to take a vacation and go abroad; but adding, that he would renew the engagement at some future time, if Providence should spare his life. How little it occurred to me, that he was to lay down his life far away in that distant desert land! How much farther still from my mind was the thought, that I myself should, not many years afterward, stand there above his grave, and assist in erecting a stone to mark the place of his burial! and how remote from me the thought also, that it was necessary for us to wander thus away from home in order to find illustrations of Liberal Christianity, such as it is scarcely possible to meet here in our own Christian community! Verily, the desert blossomed as the rose. In that desire of the ministers of another persuasion to inscribe the tombstone of an honored defender of the Unitarian faith, in those sacred utterances made above his grave when the memorial was erected, in our united services on successive Sundays during months of travel in the East, in that commemoration of our Lord's death just before our departure from Cairo, and in many other similar acts and words, we saw exhibited on the part of our companions, whether they were Episcopalians or Presbyterians, the true spirit of Christian charity and love. However denominational ties may have hampered the minds and souls of any of our party at home, the desert certainly did something in setting us free. Its wide, illimitable expanse proved to be favorable for the realization of a *broad church*, although only two or three were gathered together as its members.

How fortunate a thing it were, if Christians were always as liberal at home as they are abroad! What a pity that at home they so often suffer church associations, sectarian sympathies and ties, and all the artificial and conventional arrangements to which they have been accustomed, to check their better

impulses, and do violence to their better natures! There is more real Christian charity and love in the souls of Christ's disciples generally than we think. The false, external relations they sustain towards each other hide it all from the view. It needs only sometimes a change of circumstances, needs only that they should be thrown together out on some desert plain or distant river, in order that they may realize how near and dear to each other they are. Why were it not well, also, to lay aside our sectarianism, and to break loose from the bondage of creeds, while voyaging the great river of life, or while making the pilgrimage of earth? Thrice happy are they who can rise above these false and conventional relations that war against their real nobility and peace. Blessed indeed are they who can, in one place as in another, be obedient to the higher teachings of the spirit, and true to the best promptings of the soul. A. P. P.

JOYFUL TESTIMONY. — "It is a cold, lifeless thing to speak of spiritual things upon mere report; but they that speak of them as their own, as having share and interest in them, and some experience of their sweetness, their discourse of them is enlivened with firm belief and ardent affection: they cannot mention them but their hearts are straight taken with such gladness as they are forced to vent in praises."

A BISHOPRIC OFFERED TO JOHN KNOX. — John Knox might have been an English bishop, had he willed it. It is matter of history, that the offer of a diocese was made him at the special request of Edward VI., backed by his council; and could honors and emoluments, and the favor of royalty, have biassed the reformer, Puseyism would now be looking up to him as one of her transmitters of the apostolic virtue. — *The Headship of Christ.*

THOU camest from heaven to earth, that we
Might go from earth to heaven with thee;
And, though thou found'st no welcome here,
Thou didst provide us mansions there.

RANDOM READINGS.

GLORIFICATION THROUGH SUFFERING.

THIS is the paradox of Christianity, that through weakness we put on divine strength; through poverty, grasp the divine riches; and through pain are borne into the fullest, sweetest experience of the divine love. This passes with very many for the talk of the pulpit, till in some rare example it stands out manifest before us. Suffering, if prolonged, has a twofold tendency. Some it makes morose, selfish, and atheistical; with others it unfolds freely and more freely the angel within, till it irradiates the poor worn bodily frame, as if the immortal life were dawning through it before death. "There are bodies celestial," says Paul. In chronic disease, we sometimes see them forming brightly and more brightly within the natural body; those waxing as this wanes toward dissolution. Since we wrote "Exaltations at the Approach of Death," we received a communication illustrating the truth, that the gradual putting-off of this vestment of mortal decay may help on mightily our spiritual renewal, albeit through chronic disease and suffering. One such example ought to teach us a divine patience; knowing that we may not only triumph over pain, but make it our ally and helper. The following description will be readily recognized by the good people of Framingham, as applying to one who not two months ago ceased to be mortal from among them at nearly threescore and ten, but who, much of that time, might say with Paul, "I die daily:" —

"For nearly thirty years she was confined almost wholly to her dwelling, with scarcely the power of locomotion, with crippled hands and perpetual ill health; yet nobly and gloriously was she upborne by faith and love. Her life was one of rare industry: all the time, while she had power, she busied herself in constant devotion to the good of all around her, making garments for poor little children, and presents of beautiful needlework to her relatives and friends; and, when she was too feeble to work any longer, she wept that her season of service was past for those whom so dearly she loved. In the beautiful autumn-hours, it was touching and helpful to hear her speak of the loveliness around she so truly felt she should never see again: then she added, "The good Father gives us all more of sunshine than of cloud all along our life, if we would but see

it. She was a constant reader: in her wheel-chair, with a little frame for her book, she read long after the power to turn the leaf was gone. Shut out from the world, she retained the innocence of a child to the last; and was so grateful for every smile of God, every word or act of love, that her presence was an inspiration of all the beatitudes. To one who asked her, near her closing hour, if she felt prepared to die, she turned with a look of surpassing peace and power, and replied, 'Do you think I could have lived the life I have, if I were not?' Her home was glorified by her being, her neighborhood taught and rebuked and blessed by such a spirit, so patient, so strong, so serene, so hopeful, so cheerful, so heroic. That is the soul the Father loves, chastens, only to be made perfect."

S.

GARMENTS OF MOURNING.

"PUTTING on black" as signs of mourning was an essentially heathen custom, indicating the horror of death, and that all beyond the grave was a blank. Christianity abolished death, and along with it the customs of the heathen funerals, — wailing, grovelling, and sackcloth. We relapse into these customs just in the degree that we recede from the Christian faith. Mrs. Ware, in her very useful little book, "Death and Life," has some excellent remarks upon these customs: —

"The early Christians recognized the new aspect which the knowledge of immortality gave to the death of the body; and they soon ceased to use the signs of mourning for the dead that till then had been universal. They felt that it was wrong to mourn for the dead; and their epitaphs in the Roman catacombs still testify to the peaceful trust and the hopeful assurance that animated the minds of those who there deposited the mortal remains, often sealed with the blood of martyrdom, of those they held most dear. Among the thousands of inscriptions still to be read there, there is no allusion to be found to the grief of those who were left to perform the last offices to their friends. No inconsolable relatives immortalize their tears on those walls. The simplicity of a childlike faith, that to die here was to live in the mansions of the all-loving Father, seems to have been the abounding source whence flowed the countless phrases that speak of death as always a good, rather than evil. The bad Latin in which many of the inscriptions are couched proves that a large proportion of the dead were of the lower and little educated classes; but all ranks seem to have been animated by the same spirit. Selfish grief finds no expression there; and the historians tell us that all signs of mourning in dress were deemed unfitting in those who believed in the Christian immortality."

S.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

HIS INQUIRY INTO THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

But the father wrought out consolation for himself in his own way. A fortnight after the death of his child, he records: —

"Feb. 15, 1829. — The death of my dearest daughter on the first day of this month having made it impossible for me, at present, to resume the task of composition, I have been naturally led to more serious reflection than usual, and have occupied myself with reviewing the grounds of the decision which I made in 1819 in favor of the evidences of the Christian revelation. I have endeavored and shall endeavor to prosecute this examination with perfect impartiality, and to guard against the present state of my feelings influencing my mind any further than by leading it to give to the subject a more serious attention. And, so far, such influence must be salutary and reasonable, and far more desirable than any counter influence which might be exerted by any engrossing occupation with the cares and dissipation of the world. So far, I believe, I have conducted the matter with sober impartiality."

What he did on this subject, as on all others, he did thoroughly and carefully. His secretary read to him the principal books which it was then considered important to go through when making a fair examination of the supernatural claims of Christianity. Among them, on the one side, were Hume's "Essays," and especially the one on miracles; Gibbon's fifteenth chapter, and parts of the sixteenth; Middleton's "Free Inquiry," which, whatever were its author's real opinions, leans towards unbelief; and Soame Jenyns's somewhat easy discussion of the "Evidences," which is yet not wanting in hidden skill and acuteness. On the other hand, he took Watson's "Apology," Brown's "Lectures" (so far as they are an amplification of his admirably condensed "Essay on Cause and Effect"), several of Waterland's treatises, Butler's "Analogy," and Paley's "Evidences," with the portions of Lardner needful to explain and illustrate them. The last three works he valued more than all the others; but I think he relied mainly upon a careful reading of the four Gospels, and an especial inquiry into each one of the Saviour's miracles as related by each of the evangelists. This investigation he made with his father's assistance; and, when it was over, he said that he considered such an examination, made with an old and learned lawyer, was a sufficient pledge for the severity of his scrutiny. He might have added, that it was the safer, because the person who helped him in making it was not

only a man of uncommon fairness of mind, perspicacity, and wisdom, but one who was very cautious, and, on all matters of evidence, had a tendency to scepticism rather than credulity.

The conclusions at which he arrived were, that the narratives of the Gospels were authentic; that, after so careful an examination of them, he ought not to permit his mind to be disturbed on the same question again, unless he should be able to make an equally faithful revision of the whole subject; and that, even if Christianity were not a divine revelation, no system of morals was so likely to fit him for happiness here and hereafter. But he did not find in the Gospels, or in any part of the New Testament, the doctrines commonly accounted Orthodox; and he deliberately recorded his rejection of them. On one minor point, too, he was very explicit. He declared his purpose to avoid all habits of levity on religious topics: and to this purpose, I believe, he adhered vigorously through life; at least, I am satisfied that I never heard him use light expressions or allusions of any kind when speaking of Christianity, or when referring to the Scriptures. His mind, in fact, was reverential in its very nature; and so was his father's.

HIS MORAL SUPERVISION OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

But there is another side of his character, which should not be left out of view, and yet one which I cannot approach except with misgiving: I mean that which involves the moral and religious elements of his nature. Of these, so far as a belief in Christianity is concerned, and a conscientious and repeated examination of its authority as a revelation, I have already spoken. His life too, devoted to hard labor, — often physically painful, — with the prevalent idea, not only of cultivating his own faculties and promoting his own improvement, but of fulfilling his duties towards his fellow-men, was necessarily one of constant, careful discipline. But behind all this, and deeper than all this, lay, as its foundation, his watchfulness over his moral and religious character, its weaknesses and its temptations.

With these he dealt to a remarkable degree in the same way, and on the same system, which he applied to his physical health and his intellectual culture. He made a record of every thing that was amiss, and examined and considered and studied that record constantly and conscientiously. It was written on separate slips of paper, done always with his own hand, seen only by his own eye. These slips he preserved in a large envelope, and kept them

in the most reserved and private manner. From time to time, when his sight permitted, — and generally on Sunday, after returning from the morning service, — he took them out, and looked them over one by one. If any habitual fault were, as he thought, eradicated, he destroyed the record of it; if a new one had appeared, he entered it on its separate slip, and placed it with the rest for future warning and reproof. This habit, known only to the innermost circle of those who lived around his heart, was persevered in to the last. After his death, the envelope was found, marked, as it was known that it would be, "To be burnt." And it *was* burnt. No record, therefore, remains on earth of this remarkable self-discipline; but it remains in the memory of his beautiful and pure life, and in the books that shall be opened at the great day when the thoughts of all hearts shall be made manifest. — *Ticknor's Life.*

THE ORTHODOX DILEMMA.

The Orthodoxy of the present day posits itself mainly on its doctrine of the Atonement as the prime essential of salvation. Said a venerable divine to us a short time since, "I don't see how any man can get to heaven without believing it." Now, every scholar knows that the ancient theory was totally unlike the modern, and laid the main stress of the Atonement on the fact, that Christ descended into Hades and overthrew Satan, or paid a price to him which cancelled his claims. Rev. Charles Beecher drives the exclusive Orthodoxy of the day upon this wonderfully sharp dilemma. "If a belief in a theory of Atonement be made essential to salvation, we fall into a dilemma. Here is a theory (the ancient), held by the Church for a thousand years, about which the Church now knows nothing. And again: the Church, for more than six hundred years, has held a theory of Atonement about which the ancient Church knew nothing. Now, if one of these theories be true, the other is false, and *vice versâ;* and, if a belief of the true is essential to salvation, the belief of the false must be fatal. Hence we have our choice of alternatives. If the modern theory of Atonement be true, the whole ancient Church for more than ten centuries is lost; and, if the ancient theory be true, then the whole modern Church is lost."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

We rejoice that the Pantheistic cultus has at length got a thoroughly consistent exemplification in this scoffer at the rights of man and the laws of God. In his earlier writings, especially his article on Burns and his "Sartor Resartus," there is a use of words which in common apprehension represent moral distinctions, and imply moral responsibility. In hero-worship, it begins to appear that inspiration, whether from God or the Devil, is all the same thing; since those two terms are alike mythical, and one as sacred as the other. In the "Life of Frederick the Great," this is more fully manifest, and the hideous atheism and the fraternization with scoundrelism are poorly concealed in the wordy phantasmagoria which he tries to play off upon his readers. Between slave-labor and free-labor he sees no moral difference; though he knows very well, that, under the former, women are degraded into breeding animals, and planters sell their own children at auction. In the New-York riots, Governor Seymour's "friends and immediate constituents" carried out the doctrine of Judge Taney — that negroes "have no rights which white men are bound to respect" — by burning asylums, and snatching babes from the arms of their mothers, and rending them limb from limb. Thomas Carlyle looks on, and calls it a "hideous joke." These are exactly such jokes as his morality, and that of Satan, his favorite model, have for their appropriate ultimation. It is said that incendiaries always run, and bawl "Fire!" and try to put it out. Mr. Carlyle has spent his life denouncing shams; not seeing that the most stupendous sham imaginable is he from the core of whose being the Divine and the human have both emptied themselves so entirely, that he stands the negation of both, — a hideous Egoism, into which no throbs from either can find way, — and that such a sham pre-eminently is Thomas Carlyle. "That which shows God out of me," says Emerson, "makes me a wart and a wen." These show both God and humanity "out of" Thomas Carlyle, the biggest wen on the nineteenth century. S.

SCOTCH METAPHYSICIANS.

Scotland has been exceedingly prolific in metaphysicians; and a Scotchman's definition of a metaphysician could not be better applied than to some of them, especially those of the latest school: "It is ane mon expleening to anither what he dinna weel understand himsel'."

THE NEW JERUSALEM DESCENDING.

Rev. B. F. Barrett concludes his letter to Dr. Thomas Worcester in this elevated strain. After describing a hard personal experience from petty persecution for opinion's sake on minor points and from sectarian exclusiveness, he says, —

"Yet, for all this, my belief in that New Jerusalem, whose descent from the celestial realms, arrayed in bridal robes, is foretold in the Apocalypse, has suffered no eclipse, nor is it in any degree disturbed. I never enjoyed a more serene and unwavering faith in the New Dispensation than at the present time. I never saw the Holy City coming down from God out of heaven with more unclouded vision than I see it now. But the New Jerusalem that is bursting on my view is quite another than that which you behold. It is not a new sect, — a new church-organization, with new formulas, a new ritual, new ordinances, and a new priesthood, — more exclusive, too, in its practices, and more sectarian in its spirit, than the sects which have gone before. By no means. It is the new and higher views of religious truth which I see dawning on all humble and waiting minds, and diffusing themselves throughout all the churches. It is the new light and the new life which I see descending into the heart of humanity; the new light and life which I see descending into existing institutions, revealing whatever of rottenness or wrong there is in their foundations, and conserving whatever there is of eternal truth and equity; descending into science, utilizing and humanizing it; descending into literature, purifying and refining it; descending into art, exalting and ennobling it; descending into politics, remoulding governments into freer and more popular forms; descending into the churches, uprooting there old prejudices, and exposing and driving out old errors; introducing a larger toleration; begetting a gentler, sweeter, and more benignant spirit; and impressing the conviction more and more strongly upon all good men, that the various Christian sects are but the diverse members of one body, whose soul and inspiration and illumination is the Lord Jesus Christ.

"It is thus that I behold the New Jerusalem 'descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God;' not as a new sect, but as a new light dawning, and a new light pulsating in all the sects; not as a new religious organization, but as a fresh outpouring of the Spirit into those already existing: and, in this view, I find unspeakable satisfaction and comfort. It is not difficult for me, therefore, to be reconciled to what I might otherwise have felt to be a hard experience. For while seeing myself rudely and uncharitably thrust out of the little body over which you have so long presided, and which you vainly imagine to be the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse, I still rejoice to see and feel myself in communion with a broader, freer, and more majestic New Jerusalem, over which you have never had the honor to preside, and from whose sacred enclosure neither you nor your Convention have the power to exclude me."

OUR WAR: THE END SURE.

EVERY thing that I have seen makes me sure that the cause of the North will triumph. It is the cause of God and of mankind. There is inherent in Southern society, and in the machinery in motion to accomplish the desired result, the prophecy of failure. No people every disturbed a nation with so little cause. No people ever resorted to so many artifices to support their alleged rights. I feel hopeful that the beginning of the end is at hand. The Confederacy is pretty well worn out. It is now clearly enough proved that the heart of the people is being gradually loosened from the influence of the large land-owners and the politicians, and will be ready in good time to open itself to a holier reverence for the old flag, outside whose benignant shadow it has never known peace or joy.

Let but the North be still a unit, a magnificent unit; let it be patient a little longer; let it keep up its faith in the Providence that is leading us through this struggle; let it demand that all its ministers of vengeance shall act with promptness and energy, not seeking to conciliate, but determined to conquer; let it pour out its wealth a little longer, and tell its sons to tarry yet a little while on the bloody field; let, in one word, the whole North act with decision, and a firm, unwavering belief in the ultimate triumph of republicanism, — and the clouds will be sure to roll away; the good old flag, the flag of Washington and of liberty, covered with powder and glory, will wave proudly over a people who have been tried with fire and the sword, and found faithful. — *George H. Hepworth.*

IMPOSSIBLE TO GO TO HEAVEN ALONE.

JOHN WESLEY, during his rural retirement at Epworth, had yielded still more to his mystical tendencies under the influence of à Kempis and Law. The turning-point which was to fit or unfit him for the task of his life had not yet been passed. He had desired at one time to try the tranquil life of the Catholic recluses: "it was the decided temper of his soul," he said. Seclusion from the world, for at least some months, might, he hoped, settle his thoughts and habits. A school in one of the "Yorkshire dales" was proposed. His wiser mother again stepped in to save him for his appointed career, prophetically intimating that God had better for him to do. He tells us himself, that, before his re-

turn to the university, he travelled some miles to see a "serious man." "Sir," said this person, as if inspired at the right moment with the right word for the man of Providence standing before him, — "sir, you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember, you cannot serve him alone; you must therefore *find* companions, or *make* them: the Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." Wesley never forgot these words. They perhaps forecast the history of his life. On reaching Oxford, he found "companions" already prepared for him by his brother's agency. — *History of Methodism: Dr. Abel Stevens.*

THRILLING SCENE UPON THE MISSISSIPPI.

One of the young heroes of the 35th Mass. Regiment writes home, describing a scene on the Mississippi, near Cairo, which made him take a new vow of consecration to the good cause: —

"We had not gone far before our eyes met one of the most harrowing sights that could be imagined. Huddled together upon the levee, just as they had been landed that morning, were a hundred and fifty women and children. A little inquiry told us that they were Union refugees from Alabama and Tennessee. Collecting the little baggage that the rapacious vengeance of the rebels had left them, they had left their homes, and had succeeded in making their way north amid uncommon suffering and peril. They were now to be sent to Central Illinois, where Government had furnished them with a temporary home until they could return to their own States. Words fail me to describe adequately their miserable condition and their suffering. I wish that every copperhead, every clandestine traitor, could be forced to witness that spectacle as I witnessed it that sabbath morning. The aged grandmother was there, rocking to and fro in her seat, hardly life enough left in her poor old frame to enable her to realize the suffering. Beside her sat her daughter nursing her child, whose fevered face, and rapid, forced breathing, told of a deliverer near at hand. Here was a young woman whose untold suffering had so enfeebled her, that she could not walk without aid. There lay a little boy, the hope of his mother: that hope was soon to be blighted. As I walked through that miserable crowd, and listened with eager interest to their tales of woe, — how their sons and husbands and fathers, inspired with a fervent love of the old Union, had escaped the reign of terror and tyranny that inthralled them by fleeing to the mountains, or, making their way through the Union lines, had enlisted in our ranks; how the rebels, in return, had plundered their homes, taking from them their only means of sustenance; and how at last they had been driven from their homes by the rapacity of their merciless persecutors or the fear of starvation, — I thought how little, how very little, the people of the North realize how great a calamity war is; and I silently and solemnly vowed in that presence, never again to think of peace until this Rebellion has met its merited reward."

GOOD OLD CATHOLIC TIMES.

THE abuses of saints' days, of which Huss complained in his sermons, were by no means exaggerated. The evil throughout Christendom had grown to an enormous magnitude. Almost at the same time that Huss was calling for a reform at Prague, Clemengis, studying the Scriptures at Langres, had his attention forcibly drawn to the same subject. The ex-rector of the University of Paris is not one whit behind the ex-rector of the University of Prague in the severity of his rebuke. "From sunrise to midnight they (the multitude) loiter, swear, blaspheme, curse God and all the saints, shouting, disputing, quarrelling. With their clamor, tumult, and excess, they seem to rave like madmen. They strive to see who can drink the most, pledge one another in their cups, become drunk, and fall to violence and bloodshed. Passions are roused, threats uttered, injuries inflicted. The wretched criminals are brought before the courts, found guilty, and fined so heavily, that the loss of one day cannot be made good by a month's labor. — *Gillett's Life and Times of John Huss.*

A PICTURE-SERMON.

WICKLIFFE'S writings had been condemned in 1403. In the following year, two learned Englishmen, James and Conrad of Canterbury, came to Prague, and became members of the University. From policy, it may be, or under fear produced by the sentence of condemnation, they spoke but little of Wickliffe, while they maintained some of his most objectionable doctrines in public thesis before the University.

Among the questions they discussed were these, — whether the pope is possessed of more power than any ordinary priest; whether the bread which he blesses in the mass has any more efficacy than when blessed by any other priest. They professed it as their purpose, in these discussions, only to settle more firmly their attachment to the faith. Yet silence was imposed upon them, and they were compelled to spread their views in secret: even thus many of the teachers of the University were found ranged upon their side. The method which they were driven to adopt to maintain their views was certainly one more effective with the populace than public disputation. The name of their host was Luke Welensky. They gained his consent to their spreading a painting

on the walls of a room in his house, in the outskirts of Prague. That picture was, in fact, the contrast of a pure with a corrupt Christianity, and spoke its lessons to every eye. It could be comprehended at a glance. Men crowded to see it, and heard a sermon while they gazed in silence and made their own comments. On one side of the picture was Christ, in his humble entrance into Jerusalem, seated upon an ass, while the people and children surrounded him, casting olive-leaves and branches in his way; and his disciples, with their feet bare, followed after.

On the other side was pictured the procession of the pope, mounted on a large charger, which was covered with ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones; while soldiers with drums and trumpets, spears and halberds, were in attendance; and behind followed the cardinals, mounted on horses in golden trappings. It was a pictured sermon. Huss spoke of it approvingly from the pulpit as the true antithetical representation of Christ and Antichrist. — *Id.*

MARTYRDOM OF JEROME OF PRAGUE.

When the fagots had been piled to a level with his head, his garments were thrown upon them, and fire was applied by a lighted torch. But the executioner who bore the torch approached from behind, unwilling to be seen. "Come forward boldly," said Jerome: "apply the fire before my face. Had I been afraid, I should not have been here." As the flames began to spread, he exclaimed aloud, "Into thy hands, O Lord! I commit my spirit." When the fire began to penetrate to his flesh, he prayed again, "O Lord God, Almighty Father! have compassion on me, and forgive my sins. Thou knowest that I have ever delighted in thy truth." His voice was now lost, for the smoke and flame had become suffocating; but, though no words were heard, all could see, by the motion of the lips, that he was still engaged in prayer. The agony of his martyrdom was protracted: it was unusually long before life was extinct. Blisters of water of the size of an egg might be seen over his whole body. "One might have gone," says a spectator, "from the St. Clement Church at Prague to the bridge over the Moldau, before he ceased to breathe."

At last, all that belonged to him — his bed, cap, clothing, shoes, and whatever he had with him in prison — was brought, and

thrown upon the blazing pile, to be consumed with him. His ashes, like those of Huss, were carefully gathered up, borne away, and cast into the Rhine. The council were apprehensive lest some fragment or relic of their victim should find its way back to Prague, and be cherished as the memorial of a condemned heretic. The least particle that could be associated with the names of either of the sufferers was sought out, and carefully burned, lest it should become an object of veneration. But all their precautions were vain. The soil which their dying feet had pressed — in lack of other objects — became the prized memorial, and was borne to Prague to be guarded with religious care. But more than the portraits even of the departed was the image of themselves which these men had enstamped upon the minds and hearts of their countrymen. When the last surviving member of the council that sentenced them to execution should have been laid in his grave, the memory of these two Bohemian martyrs would still bloom fresh and green upon their natal soil. — *Id.*

BRAVERY OF HUSS AND JEROME.

"THEY went," said Æneas Sylvius, who afterward filled the Papal chair, and who knew all the circumstances of the execution of Huss and Jerome, — "they went to their punishment as to a feast. Not a word escaped them which gave indication of the least weakness. In the midst of the flames, they sang hymns uninterruptedly to their last breath. No philosopher ever suffered death with such constancy as they endured the flames." — *Id.*

CHRISTIANITY IS SPIRITUAL LIFE.

"METHODISM reverted, in fine, the usual policy of religious sects, who seek to sustain their spiritual life by their orthodoxy: it has sustained its orthodoxy by devoting its chief care to its spiritual life; and for more than a century has had no serious outbreaks of heresy, notwithstanding the masses of untrained minds gathered within its pale, and the general lack of preparatory education among its clergy. No other modern religious body affords a parallel to it in this respect."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Redeemer and Redeemed. An Investigation of the Atonement and of Eternal Judgment. By CHARLES BEECHER, of Georgetown, Mass. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Very earnest and glowing piety is combined in this book with most audacious speculation. Three Orthodox theories of the atonement are stated and rejected, — that of the ancient Church, which taught that it consisted in demolishing Satan in Hades; that of the mediæval and modern Church, that it consists in providing a substituted victim to satisfy the divine law; that of the New-England divines, that it is mainly an exhibition of God's anger, and hatred of sin. Mr. Beecher builds a new theory, wherein he combines some of the provisions of the other three, and in which his notion of pre-existence has an important place. He believes that Christ existed in his human nature before the incarnation; that Satan and his angels were cast down from heaven, not before man was created, as Milton says, but by Christ after his death and ascension. His expositions of Scripture are sometimes ingenious, sometimes fantastic, and sometimes plausible; his spirit generous, genial, and devout; his book readable and interesting from the very boldness of his flights, and the evidence of a strong and earnest mind struggling towards light, — passing through the doors, if they are open; but, if not, scaling the walls. S.

Death and Life. By MARY G. WARE, author of "Elements of Character," and "Thoughts in my Garden." Boston: William Carter & Brother. — Mrs. Ware dedicates her book "To the army of mourners whose tears are the price of our national existence." It consists of seven different essays; the first two of which, "Death and Life" and "Mourning for the Dead," are written more specially for the bereaved. All of them have Mrs. Ware's clear and compact style; and her little book of one hundred and seventy-four pages has more of thought, suggestion, and urgency towards a regenerate life, than we often find in twice the same compass. S.

The Unfinished Volume. Jerry; or, The Sailor Boy Ashore. Being the seventh — a fragment in the series — of the "Aimwell Stories." By WALTER AIMWELL. To which is added a Memoir of the Author, with a Likeness. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. — A sad

interest attaches to this little book. It contains the author's last story, and other hands have appended the tribute of love to his memory. It will be found very serviceable in both its parts, and not the least in the record of young Simond's youth and early manhood, and timely consecration to our Lord and Master. E.

Soundings from the Atlantic. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. — Nine articles from the "Atlantic" appear in this volume; among which "My Hunt after the Captain," "Sun-painting and Sun-sculpture," "Doings of the Sunbeam," will be sure of a reperusal. Added to the "Soundings," we have the "Inevitable Trial;" under which title, Mr. Holmes reproduces his Fourth-of-July Oration, one of the most eloquent and timely utterances which the Fourth of July has produced. S.

The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus. Translated by GEORGE LANG. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. — Henceforth we can have at hand a book which we shall place by the side of St. Augustine's "Confessions," Luther's "Table-talk," "Theologica Germanica," and "Thomas à Kempis," near the study-table. It is a *Gentile's* contribution to severe meditation. Yet he also received the Word, and was thereby made a son of God and a true teacher of mankind. E.

Spectacles for Young Eyes. Moscow. By SARAH W. LANDER. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Company, 245, Washington Street. 1864. — A book that the young people will seize and devour, almost, alas! at a sitting. E.

PERIODICALS.

The North-American Review commenced the new year with a new volume and new editors, — Prof. JAMES R. LOWELL and CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, Esq. It shows this table of contents: Ticknor's Life of Prescott, the Bible and Slavery, the Ambulance System, the Bibliotheca Sacra, Immorality in Politics, the Early Life of Governor Winthrop, the Sanitary Commission, Renan's Life of Jesus, the President's Policy, Critical Notices. The questions of the day pertaining to our troubled national affairs are handled with exceeding ability and in a hopeful spirit. Critical notices are unflinchingly judicial, and in the interest of the soundest learning and good morals. Gillett's "Life and Times of John Huss" is unmercifully condemned, with too little allowance towards the popular merits of the work.

The Universalist Quarterly also starts anew, under the editorial charge of Mr. THOMAS B. THAYER. It sets forth the denominational life and doctrines very forcibly, and in a genial and charitable temper.

The Christian Register also began the year with a new editor, — Rev. SOLON BUSH; and a list of able, regular contributors. The freshness, breadth, and vigor of its editorials are immediately apparent. Unitarians are wretchedly remiss in supporting their periodicals. They ought to be ashamed, with the new effort and auspices of the *Register*, not to give it a fair field, with at least ten thousand subscribers. S.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Sisters Abroad, or An Italian Journey, by BARBARA H. CHANNING, published by Crosby & Nichols, is a book of travels pleasantly described for young people.

In School and Out; or, The Conquest of Richard Grant. By OLIVER OPTIC. Published by Lee & Shepard. A young critic at our elbow, just emerging from its contents, calls it "first-rate." It does not merely interest: the moral lesson is excellent.

Contraband Christmas, by E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, illustrated by Hoppin, is a Christmas-story, good at any time.

Hand Shadow Stones. Boston: Taggard & Thompson, 29, Cornhill. *Robert Merry's Third Book of Puzzles.* Sold by Taggard and Thompson, 29, Cornhill. — Two very entertaining books for the little folks.

Rich and Humble; or, The Mission of Bertha Grant: a Story for Young People. By OLIVER OPTIC, author of the "Boat Club," &c., &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard, successors to Phillips, Sampson, & Company. 1864. — The name of Oliver Optic always arrests the attention of children; and, as they read, they are not disappointed. This story is specially intended for girls; but, as the author with good reason ventures to hope, the boys will not allow it to remain unread. E.

Little Anna: a Story for Pleasant Little Children. By A. STEIN. Translated from the German. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. — This is an exceedingly "pleasant little" book, written in a style pure and simple. It will soothe instead of exciting, and will be a great favorite with the small people. The print is very clear, and the book of a most convenient form. If we had more such quiet and quieting little volumes, it would be better for the overwrought brains of the children.

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THE TWO ROADS.

"We reach a spot, O gentle friend!
In life's young pilgrim days,
Where heaven and hell within contend,—
The parting of the ways."

THERE are three decisive epochs in our human life. When, where, and with what surroundings, a person is born, under what roof and by what hands his cradle has been rocked, will inevitably have a plastic influence over all his future development. "Had they changed cradles, they might have changed characters and epitaphs," was written of two persons who came to their graves, one in peace and honor, the other with defeat and failure. Not so, however. We are prone to exaggerate the power which circumstances have in our moral training, and to make character the mere *resultant* of the physical forces which projected us into being. This is the monstrous fallacy of Mr. Buckle; and it re-appears in Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe." It is the new form of fatalism which puts the soul in bondage to matter, when materialism presents about the only power for belief and worship. Birth, with all its concomitants, hereditary and circumjacent, will certainly give texture and coloring to all the *externals* of our life and character; but they cannot decide the intrinsic character itself, since there are spiritual

forces which re-act upon the physical sometimes with mighty energy to shape and combine them anew.

Death is another epoch of our being, whose power over us we are prone fearfully to exaggerate. That somehow it is to decide the eternal destiny of the soul; that somehow all the laws of our being are then to be reversed or broken up, and the conditions of our happiness or woe determined by arbitrary appointment, and not by unchanging laws, — the same before death or after, — has been the delusion of superstitious minds in all ages. One moment's rational reflection should convince any one, that death, too, can affect only the *externals* of our life and character. It touches not the centres of our being. Its changes are physical, not spiritual. It is a vastly important epoch, as affecting us outwardly and visibly, to be contemplated as the traveller contemplates a new opening in his pathway; changing his horizon, and commanding a new expanse where all before was wonder and mystery.

There is, however, another epoch of our history, where the changes are not external, but radical; not temporal, but eternal: and this third epoch, where all our fears ought to be gathered and centred, is the very one which is most neglected. It is where a man comes to "the parting of the ways," and chooses finally the road he will travel. It is called by different names, — repentance, conversion, self-consecration, the new birth; but, under all these, the one essential reality is the same. To every man that has a probation, there comes a time when he chooses what end and object he will live for. He decides under what class of motives he will act; and, having decided, they draw him with more than magnetic force, and determine, not the externals of his character, but the intrinsic and central life of all his being. The circumstances under which this is done are not important. The thing itself is of everlasting moment. It may be with the spasms of a Methodist conversion; it may be in the calmest moment of thought and contemplation; it may be very early in the process of our education, when the moral will of the child bends, and gives up to the Eternal Will that henceforth sways it as the wave the lily on its bosom. It all comes back to the

same thing: self in all its specious forms is renounced, and God is chosen, — God as he comes to us in his Christ, claiming all our service; coming with the two opposite alternatives presented, — "He that is not for me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

There is a kind of preaching which ignores this eternal distinction between Christ on the one hand, and self on the other; which regards men, however depraved, as only saints in the rough, destined by the necessary tendencies of human nature to emerge out of this hard covering into angelic fruition and glory. Sin is only a marring and wrinkling of the rind: it does not reach to the core and essence of the soul. Men are to be developed upward under general culture and an educational process, that the saint and the angel may be released. It is some proof, we think, of the utter shallowness of this theory, that no preaching or culture under it ever converted a single soul, or produced any radical change in human character. At best, it only covers up a man's selfishness, and smooths it over with a show of respectable moralism; but it cannot even do that with men who have gone down into the depths of sin. These men *know* that such a euphemistic gospel as this is as powerless to save them as the moonbeams of a winter's night are powerless to melt the snows. They know that it must be a gospel which cleaves their being asunder, bringing the divine law within the consciousness in its dazzling holiness, and setting the divine splendors face to face with their own unchanged and unsanctified nature. They know that this self is not to be developed, but altogether renounced; and that, until this is done, all changes are only on the surface, and reach not the fountains of the heart to cleanse and to heal. They know, that until the promised Holy Spirit comes, cleaving down and melting in its fires this self which before had been the central motive and spring of all their conduct, enthroning God in its place, and making him the motive and end, their moralism, if without gaps and rents, is at best but a beautiful shell. This gospel, which comes first with a two-edged sword to divide and cleave asunder, showing that in human nature which is to

be renounced, denied, and crucified, and showing the Christ so revealed as to be made a new power within, transforming with sovereign energy, has changed the worst men into the most devoted Christians, and, in all ages, wrought the greatest miracles in proof of Christianity.

"What did you think of the sermon?" was the question coming out of church after an able preacher had delivered his message. Answer: "Oh! well enough; but the man didn't speak *as if he had any thing at stake.*" That is just the defect of all preaching which aims only at superficial, but not at radical changes. You see by his eye and tone, before he has uttered ten words, how the preacher estimates his calling. We have a great deal of cant about earnestness. There is no pulpit earnestness which is profound and real, unless the preacher sees "the parting of the ways." It will not be loud nor boisterous, nor careful about mannerism, for the very reason that it bears a message of life and death; but it will be pervaded, unconsciously perhaps, by that tone of ineffable *concern* so marked in all the discourses of the Saviour, whose open vision disclosed the two roads out of time into eternity, both thronged with immortal travellers. If his preachers see men as he did, not a promiscuous throng to be developed by self-tendencies, but all going on to a point which marks the parting of the roads, the weakest man, with a still small voice, will have a message which will pierce to the inward ear, to alarm, persuade, and win to the heavenly paths. He will see through all the shams and shows of life, whither its rapid travellers are going: whereas the preacher, without his vision, and deceived by surface appearances, may try to be earnest, but his hearers will know and feel that "he has nothing at stake;" he may try to be eloquent, but it will be the eloquence which Dr. Channing compares with the northern blast of winter, "which freezes as it roars."

The three eras in human life, which mark our birth into the world, our decisive moral choice, and our exit out of it! Only the second named affects vitally one's character and destiny. Death is not the entrance-gate to heaven or hell. Before that event, every man who has passed through his

earthly probation has by internal assimilation been formed into the image of the one or the other. Death simply removes the veilings of our mortal existence, and shows us already among the blessed or the unblessed societies. The call of Christ is self-consecration to God and humanity; and the point where that call comes to us distinct and audible, to be obeyed or rejected, marks "the parting of the ways."

S.

"ADESTE FIDELES."

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD THEME AND TUNE.

(Portuguese Hymn.)

ATTEND, all ye faithful, your Leader's command!
His trumpet is sounding on sea and on land;
The cross in his banner is blazing afar;
His armies are marshalled for labor and war.

Put on then, ye faithful, the arms of the Lord, —
Salvation your helmet, the Spirit your sword;
With truth and the gospel your sinews be steeled;
Be justice your breastplate, and faith be your shield.

What soldier of Jesus shall shrink from his side,
By armies though threatened, by perils though tried?
Our Captain we'll follow to conflict and death,
And shout in his triumph while yielding our breath.

The hosts of the alien with terror shall view
The ranks undismayed of his followers true:
His anthems of glory our shouts shall begin,
While charging resistless the legions of Sin.

And when to our prowess each traitor shall yield,
And, laden with spoils, we return from the field,
To Jesus our laurels we'll gratefully bring,
Exalting the name of our conquering King.

Dear Captain triumphant, we offer to thee
The heart of the faithful, the arm of the free:
Thy word be our guide in thy warfare below,
And ours be the glory thy promises show!

W. E.

THE SUBORDINATION OF SCIENCE TO RELIGION.

THE different provinces of science and religion have been, in recent days, set forth in such terms as to make them altogether too strongly antagonistic; and any reconciliation of the two seems to be regarded by some leading minds as a hopeless problem. Let each go their own way, it is said. Let science pursue the path of rigid investigation of natural phenomena; let it ignore all mere hypothesis, even the hypothesis of a Deity; let it confine itself to what the senses recognize, and not pretend to know more. Thus the whole realm of alleged spiritual existences is alien to Science: she neither affirms nor denies any thing about them. Here let Religion step in; let her assume the sublime office, to announce God; let her declare what Science can never be enlightened enough to perceive. Faith alone could ever have known that there is a God. "By faith, not by sight," the Christian is to walk, if he would ever know the glories of the unseen world.

There is something in these conclusions welcome to those who would gladly be spared the *necessity* of reconciling science and religion. If their departments are so wholly distinct, how can they ever interfere with each other? Each arrives, by its own method, at perfectly legitimate results; although each may recognize nothing of the other's truths. When, however, we come to apply these views and principles to particular cases, some grave defects are found in them. In theory, we may make science and religion entirely independent of each other; but, practically, this is often impossible. Suppose, for example, the question of miracles is brought up. Science is more and more committed to the decision, or, to speak more exactly, most scientific *men* are, that there are no miracles (in any distinctive sense of the word), and can be none. It may, indeed, use more modest language, and say, "We do not know of any;" but the meaning is well understood to be essentially the same. *So far as* they are scientific men, they have nothing to do with

alleged miracles, — they studiously ignore them : they would expect to have their reputation as men of science seriously damaged, if, on scientific grounds, they should avow their belief in miracles. But as Christian believers, or, to speak more definitely, as believers in the authenticity of the Gospel narratives, they must admit that certain deeds were wrought by Jesus of Nazareth, which cannot without violence be deprived of a supernatural character. What, then, is to be done? Plainly here is a conflict, a clashing of two rival interests; and one or the other must yield before there can be peace. One thinks, that, as a man of science, he must look at least with distrust, if not with contempt, upon all stories of miracles; but he sits down to read the New Testament with the faith of his childhood, and, behold! his science is confronted with a new order of facts. Shall it deny them to be facts? Then where is his faith? It must either retire to some new stronghold, or else he must boldly affirm, "Science is wrong, and faith is right: I declare myself on the side of faith." Instead of saying, therefore, that science and religion are wholly independent of each other, the true doctrine seems to us to be, that science is subordinate to religion. Miracles may be believed for legitimate reasons, in spite of the objections of science: for there is a higher court of appeal; viz., religion; and that which is impossible to a purely naturalistic view becomes altogether probable to faith.

To declare that religion and science must be in perpetual conflict, that their dicta are irreconcilably opposed to each other, that to devote one's self to science is to forsake God, that to become religious involves the abdication of all scientific rights and privileges, — these are among the most poisonous of the infidelities of the day. They are apparently made in the interests of faith; at least, they sometimes are so: and yet they really put weapons into the hands of those who would assail the foundations of all faith. "Our holy religion," said Hume, "is built, not upon reason, but upon faith." Who can fail to see that this was but mock-reverence? Who can doubt that his meaning was, Christianity is built upon — nothing? So, at the present day, if you tell the man of science

that religion is not in the least dependent upon his researches, and cares nothing for them, his secret thought, if not his open speech, will probably be, "So much the worse for religion!" Yes, so much the worse, say we too. Religion is not only the highest, but the most comprehensive, of all the interests of man. It therefore includes science, not excludes it. "Ad majorem Dei gloriam" is the purpose it would impress upon every human pursuit. It levies contributions upon every branch of knowledge and industry for the building of a holy temple to the Lord; and this temple is to become even more beautiful and majestic, as, one after another, the wise men come hither to bring their gifts. When we say, therefore, that religion includes science, we mean that scientific truths, rightly interpreted and applied, confirm and illustrate the doctrines of religion. As the most important of all instances, let us see how it is with the existence of God. It is very true, that science, in and of itself, would never find out God; and this has been abundantly verified by the course of modern materialism. Confining the use of the term to *physical* science, we see that there has been an increasing tendency among scientific men to the rejection of a personal God. With some, this is simply involved in their rejection of all spiritual being; that is, they are atheists because they are materialists. With others, not disinclined to admit the fact of spirit, a personal God is displaced by impersonal law. Their researches disclose to them everywhere the prevalence of order, regularity, invariable sequence; but of *cause* they speak timidly, and of "*final* causes" with not a little contempt. "Post hoc, ergo propter hoc," is an antiquated logic. "Design" and "contrivance" are mere unwarranted hypotheses to the new physicists. Treatises of natural theology assume what they pretend to prove. Nature, whether organized or unorganized, never so much as whispers the word "God." Certainly all this seems to indicate that physical science, even if not absolutely hostile to religion, can be of little use to it. But once admit the proper subordination of science, and this apparent indifference and hostility are removed. Whatever takes us even but a part of the way on our jour-

ney, surely helps us to the journey's end. The railroad must stop at the sea-shore; but the steamer bears a heavier freight across the trackless deep, because it was easier to come to the place of embarking. As the natural is first, and then the spiritual; as the exercise of the senses must precede that of the intellect: so science, in a *true* order, would lead one up to the heights of religion. Thus while it is still true that science, independently of religion, knows no God, yet, as the "handmaid of religion," it may wonderfully enlarge our conceptions of him, — those conceptions themselves being elsewhere derived. Cowper is hardly an authority with those who are justly indignant at his contempt for natural science. But his oft-quoted line is pertinent here: —

"Acquaint thyself with God, and thou shalt taste his works."

"The heavens declare the glory of God;" but it requires an *instructed* eye to see it. Just as natural sight involves far more than receiving the image of an object on the retina, and there are persons with their eyes open, whose *inattentiveness* renders them blind to many things daily passing before them; so spiritual vision is necessary to *interpret* the facts of science, and put its letters in such order that they shall spell God. Art helps us unquestionably to see more and more meaning in nature; and so faith helps us, through the science of nature, to behold Him who made and fills it all. "His invisible things," those qualities which are hidden from the ignorant and unspiritual eye, are, nevertheless, "from the foundation of the world clearly seen, being understood through the things that are made." The apostle knew what he was saying. The divine care and providence, in pre-Christian times as well as since, has ever been most effectually brought home to men by ten thousand instances from the natural world. Men whose vision was not distorted by a theory have always delighted to recognize the "power, wisdom, and goodness of God," in the forms and uses of the vegetable kingdom, in the instincts and habits of animals, in the adaptation of man to the world he lives in, in the magnificence of the starry heavens, in the richness of the all-nour-

ishing earth. It has become, alas! almost fashionable, in certain circles, to slur at "Bridgewater Treatises" and other efforts of so-called "natural theology." But how can one do this who does not pretend to be wiser than the Great Teacher? Have we outgrown or forgotten those familiar words, "Your Father feedeth the ravens; he clothes the lilies: how much more will he feed and clothe you"? It is true that our Saviour is not here or anywhere arguing for the existence of God, but only for the Divine Providence. He leaves us, however, to make that natural inference of every unsophisticated mind, that Providence implies a Provider. Not only would it have been irrelevant to the spiritual condition of those whom our Lord addressed to answer purely metaphysical objections, but it would also have been foreign to the eternal purposes of his mission. The gospel ignores metaphysical difficulties now and always. If the speculations of philosophers bar the way to faith, other speculations must remove it, if it is to be removed at all. Now, Bridgewater Treatises are not intended to meet purely abstract and metaphysical doubts, any more than the New Testament is; but they have this in common, — that they appeal to facts in the natural world for proof that the world is made and governed by Infinite Wisdom for purposes of Infinite Love. That Love and Wisdom it is the highest glory of science to unfold and illustrate; and, this being admitted, one cannot deny that science leads *to* God, not *from* him. Yet it is at the same time true, as already said, that science alone would never give us the idea of God: that comes through what is properly called faith; which is none other than perception of spiritual truth, antecedently to all argument, and independently of all. But it is the part of *true* science to accept this idea, as no less legitimate than its own researches and observations; nay, more, as being the nucleus around which they all crystallize. It is the part of true science, in other words, to recognize its own limits, and not to deny that beyond those limits may lie a boundless world of truth. Still further, it is the part of true science to affirm that there *must* be such a world; to account for natural phenomena; that,

without the assumption of something deeper and higher than matter, the laws of matter cannot be explained; that, without a soul, man would be the darkest of all mysteries; that, without a God, the universe could be only blank and chaos. True science, then, is simply science baptized by faith, and not ashamed to avow that it works in the interest of faith. Thus understood, there can be no possible jealousy between science and religion, whether in relation to the question of miracles, or any other question which touches the foundations of faith. Geology, the great bugbear of the theologians, has made it ridiculous to every schoolboy to assert that the world is but six thousand years old; but geology has not invalidated a single doctrine of Christianity, — not even a single text of the Bible: it has simply made it necessary to interpret the Bible differently. We are not called upon, as Christians, to throw discredit upon any ascertained fact recorded by the "Medals of Creation." We ought even to give as hearty a welcome to these facts as to any other. But we are bound to rebuke equally the sceptical sneer on the one side, and the faithless timidity on the other, which can identify every alleged discovery in this science with a damage to true religion. Christians must be bolder for Christ, not with an ignorant and unreasoning boldness, but as distinctly understanding that the Head of the Church is also "Lord of the sciences;" that "out of Zion" must go forth *the law* in its widest sense, — the law which shall give unity to all man's endeavors after the truth, and cause all forms of truth to work harmoniously to one great end. W. H. S.

A Fact for Temperance Men to ponder. — The other day, at a Temperance meeting, we expressed the belief, that there had been a decided re-action within the last five years, a going-back to the old abuses, because reliance is had too exclusively on legal measures, to the relaxation of individual influence and effort. This was eloquently denied. Since then, one, who has investigated and knows, gives us this fact: Five years since, the number of persons who needed help by reason of intemperance, in the county of Suffolk, was *five hundred and sixty*. Last year it was *twelve thousand*. S.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

No. III.

"WARUM SOLLT' ICH DENN MICH GRÄMEN?"

BY PAUL GERHARDT, 1658.

WHEREFORE, then, should I be gloomy?
Still have I Jesus nigh:
Who shall take him from me?
Who shall rob me of the heaven
Which God's Son For me won,
And through faith has given?

I began our life-scene trying,
Poor and bare; No strength there;
Only want and crying.
Nought can I of all its heaping
Bear away In that day
When to earth I'm creeping.

Goods, nor blood, nor frame, nor living,
Are my own: God alone
Glads me in their giving.
What he gave when he erases,
Part or whole; Heart and soul
Still shall hymn his praises.

Should he give a cross to carry,
Send amain Woe and pain,
Ought my trust to vary?
He will rule them in the sending:
He well knows How to choose
What shall be the ending.

God has oft with many a blessing
Crowned my lot: Shall I not
Feel some burdens pressing?
Good is he, not always chiding:
His decree Works for me
Comforting and guiding.

Death has not the power to slay us;
Does but snatch From their catch,
When life's ills waylay us;
Shuts the door of bitter grieving,
And makes way For the day
Of the heavens' receiving.

What is all we here inherit
But a hand Full of sand,
Weariness of spirit?
There, there, is the noblest treasure:
Shepherd-wise, Christ supplies
Without end or measure. N. L. F.

A FORGOTTEN WORTHY.

AMERICANS visiting London, who go to see the two sorry figures of Saxon warriors, commonly called Gog and Magog, at Guildhall, very seldom, we suspect, observe an old stone church a few rods distant, which yet is worthy of notice. It is the Church of St. Lawrence, Jewry, in King Street, Cheapside.

There is nothing very remarkable in the structure itself, though it was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and was the first church erected after the great London fire. Still less is there any thing attractive in its present appearance. Huge warehouses shoulder it on all sides. The whole neighborhood is given up to traffic, and this one spot for quiet reflection seems like a small embowered island in the midst of a tumultuous sea.

What gives it any interest? Something more than the fact that here Archbishop Tillotson preached his memorable sermons "on the Divinity and Incarnation of our Blessed Saviour," at those Tuesday Lectures founded by Elizabeth, Viscountess Camlden; lectures which, as his biographer says, "were attended by a numerous audience brought together from the remotest parts of the metropolis, and by a great concourse of the clergy who came hither to form their minds."

Nor would one visit it merely because here Tillotson was married, and here he was buried; and Bishop Burnet preached his funeral sermon, "interrupted by sobs of the congregation;" and a marble monument perpetuates his name in a church for which he always felt a peculiar affection.

I sought the old sanctuary eagerly. I attended service in its hallowed walls. I walked reverently around its aisles, observing its monumental busts; and, in the vestry, I obtained leave to examine its old church-records. In these I saw the large, round handwriting of Tillotson's most intimate friend, the former rector of that church, — a renowned preacher in his day, who, marrying the widow of the first Governor of the Company of Massachusetts Bay, had, two hundred years ago, a tie of interest to a young colony which has now, I fear, almost forgotten his name.

I wish to offer a few words about one who is every way worthy of a fresh remembrance.

Benjamin Whichcote was born in Stoke, county of Salop, March 11, 1610; and graduated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, 1629, of which he was afterwards tutor. Ordained priest in 1636, he was a lecturer in Trinity Church, Cambridge, for more than twenty years; aiming, as we read in Chalmer's Biographical Dictionary, "to perpetuate and propagate a spirit of sober piety and rational religion in the University of Cambridge, in opposition to the style of preaching and doctrine then in vogue." Subsequently he became Provost of King's College, and Regius Professor of Divinity.

It was here he formed his acquaintance with Tillotson, who graduated at Cambridge, 1650. Birch, in his Life of the archbishop, says, "There was then a set of as extraordinary persons as perhaps any age has produced, — Dr. Ralph Cudworth, Master of Christ's College; Dr. Benjamin Whichcote, Provost of King's; Dr. Henry More, Fellow of Christ's."

At the Restoration, Dr. Whichcote was deprived of his office; but, in 1662, he was chosen Rector of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, where he continued till his church was burned "in the great and dismal fire" of 1666. He was then called to the vicarage of St. Lawrence, Jewry, which had also lost

its church. During the erection of a new one, he preached before the city corporation at Guildhall "with great approbation." The new church, the present edifice, was dedicated Dec. 7, 1668. In 1673, Dr. Whichcote preached before the House of Commons; and in May, 1683, he died at the house of his friend Dr. Cudworth.

On the north side of the church is a large mural monument, with a long inscription in most affectionate and respectful praise of Dr. Whichcote, of whom "fama magni nominis longe lateque divulgata est." His funeral sermon was preached by Tillotson, at that time Prebend of Canterbury; who said, "Though he had a most profound and well-poised judgment, yet he was of all men I ever knew the most patient to hear others differ from him, and the most easy to be convinced when good reason was offered, and, which is seldom seen, more apt to be favorable to another man's reason than his own." And Bishop Burnet wrote of him: "He was much for liberty of conscience; and, being disgusted with the dry, systematical way of these times, he studied to raise those he conversed with to a nobler set of thoughts, and to consider religion as a seed of 'a deiform nature,' to use his own phrase. In order to this, he set young students much on reading Plato, Tully, Plotin, and on considering the Christian religion as a doctrine sent from God both to elevate and sweeten human nature, in which he was a great example as well as a wise and kind instructor."

These hints as to the temper and theological position of Dr. Whichcote awaken our interest in him, and suggest that he must have occupied a position of great influence in that age of furious dogmatism on the one side, and of sneering scepticism on the other. A proof of this may be seen in one of the most interesting incidents in the life of a distinguished person, whose real character has often been misrepresented, and whose alleged infidelity was, to a great degree, only his aversion to the corruptions and abuse of Christianity. We refer to the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury.

The sister of that nobleman tells us, that as he was one day on a visit to his grandmother, the countess dowager, widow

of the first earl, he found her reading a manuscript. Curious to know what it was that interested her so deeply, he was informed that it was a sermon. He expressed surprise that she should take so much trouble to read a manuscript sermon, when there were so many discourses in print. The countess replied, that she could find none so good as this. Upon this, the earl desired to read what had been so much praised. He at once asked for other sermons by the same author; and, in 1698, there was published a volume of sermons of Dr. Whichcote, with a preface by the Earl of Shaftesbury, dictated from his sick-bed to his sister, who wrote it for the press.

This preface is remarkable both on account of its author and its opinions; and I feel sure of being pardoned for giving some extended account of it, quoting chiefly its own words.

It begins by observing that it seems strange, when we consider the excellent order and establishment of preaching, and how it is raised and magnified in the Christian world, that we see not greater and more happy effects thereof. The fact suggests the possibility of some defect in this great affair; so that the causes may not be altogether in the depravity, perverseness, or stupidity of mankind. A part of this defect may perhaps be found in the unfortunate union of the arts of government and the mysteries of religion, but much more in the prominence given to the motive of fear, and the little account made of kindness, love, and the natural affections. It should have been the business of those who have managed the cause of religion to have contended for their better dispositions, and to have shown how deep a root and foundation they had in human nature, and not just contrariwise to have built on the ruin of them; for, with some people, this had become a method to prove Christianity. Revelation was to owe its establishment to the depression and lowering of such principles as these in the nature of man, and the weakness of these was made the strength of religion. As if good nature and religion were enemies, — a position essentially atheistical. Men who deny all natural principles of goodness construct their idea of God after the same pattern, who becomes a self-

ish tyrant, instead of a loving Father; and the very religion which professes so much regard for love, charity, good-will, is used chiefly as an engine of fear, of rewards and punishments. Hence there is the more need of a preacher like the author of these sermons, who contends that there is a secret sympathy in human nature with virtue and honesty, and who shows that happiness and misery spring from living in accordance with or in violation of our human nature. This is taught by our excellent divine and truly Christian philosopher, whose happy temper and God-like disposition, whose meekness, learning, and piety, drew to him the respect of all parties. Though there are many who are prejudiced against all pulpit discourses, yet perhaps even they may meet something here to make them like Christianity better. Were there beside ours any religion which had so good a man as this to show, these very men would admire and reverence him, — perhaps be the foremost to extol his works; and it is hard indeed if they will not treat a Christian as fairly as they would a Pagan. At any rate, the believers in Christianity will find in these discourses the fairness and impartiality, the equanimity and good nature, which they may learn from thence to be a security against the contrary temper of the irreconcilable enemies to our holy faith.

We have room to indicate only a few of the points so well expressed in this preface; enough, however, to show how unjust to his memory is the popular impression in regard to the writer, and enough also to awaken profound sympathy with his state of mind.

The sermons recommended to the public by such a preface soon attracted a wide attention, and other editions of them followed. In 1701, three more volumes of Whichcote's Sermons were published by Dr. Jeffery, Archdeacon of Norwich, the friend of Sir Thomas Brown; and in the preface he says, "The reverend and learned author, through the advantage of just freedom, a strong judgment, and an unfeigned piety, has established such a notion of Christianity from the Holy Scriptures, according to the moral perfections of God, as cannot possibly be false; and has laid his foundations of religion so

deep in the nature, reason, and necessity of things, that it cannot possibly be subverted." In 1707, still another volume came out, edited by Dr. Samuel Clarke. In 1742, a portion of these discourses was republished at Edinburgh, with a recommendatory preface by Dr. Wishart, Principal of the College of Edinburgh; and, in 1751, an edition including all Whichcote's Discourses, in four octavo volumes, was published at Aberdeen, edited by Dr. George Campbell.

Our readers know the significance of the above names. Discourses which they commended, and endeavored to circulate, must have some special merit. Let us here give them a brief review.

We are first of all struck with a rare freedom and freshness of utterance. Nothing could be in greater contrast with the formal and pedantic style that marked the pulpit two hundred years ago. Instead of retailing in endless subdivisions the traditional commonplaces and platitudes of the homilies, here was a man who gave a natural expression to original and profound thought. It was a new phenomenon in the pulpit, — even greater than Buckminster's sermons fifty years ago.

These discourses are not polemic. They make no assault on any dogma of the Church. They find their way down to that innermost consciousness which underlies all dogma; to that primitive reason, that *raison non raisonnée*, which is God's revelation in the soul; and they aim to inspire a desire to know that, to study it, to reverence it, and a conviction that God has not contradicted it, and we must not make its dictates a lie. When men first heard or read these sermons, there must have been a repetition of the astonishment at finding one who taught with authority, and not with the word-catching, hair-splitting, and pettifogging spirit of the scribes.

In what we call the best religious literature of the last half-century, there has been nothing more original, free, courageous, noble, than some of the utterances of these sermons; and they are marked by a profound and tender conviction, a modesty and true wisdom, which find their way to the heart. Every now and then we meet a passage which makes us think

of Bishop Butler, a successor *longo intervallo*, but better expressed than in his involved and scraggy style.

If our readers will turn to our "Random Readings," they will find some short extracts from Whichcote's Sermons. In calling their attention to them, let us ask pardon for the folly of supposing that they can judge of a house by seeing these few bricks.

Leigh Hunt, in his preface to the plays of Wycherly, says, "The two best sermons I ever heard (and no disparagement to many a good one from the pulpit) were a sentence of Dr. Whichcote against the multiplication of things forbidden;" and, after reading the extracts referred to, we think there will be no wonder at the distinction which Hunt accorded to the preacher at St. Lawrence's, though some surprise may be felt at his naming as the second best sermon he ever heard, "the hearty and soul laugh of Dorothy Jordan." Not that we would speak irreverently of Dorothy's effusion, which we are quite prepared to believe had more soul in it than many sermons it has been our lot to hear.

These volumes of sermons, such as we have described them to be, among the most free and outspoken utterances of the pulpit in any age, — these volumes of Whichcote's discourses were among the books which Thomas Hollis selected to be sent to the Library of Harvard College. There they may be found to-day, in the thick covers and strong and handsome binding which that eminent benefactor of the college so much loved. Of what spirit must that man have been who took pains to send such a work as this for the young men of New England to read?

Another fruit of Dr. Whichcote's mind has been published. In 1688, there appeared "Observations and Apothegms," taken from Dr. Whichcote's lips by one of his pupils. It passed through two editions, if not more. In 1703, Dr. Jeffery, before referred to, published "Moral and Religious Aphorisms," collected from Dr. Whichcote's manuscript papers; and, in 1753, another edition was printed by Dr. Samuel Salter, preacher and master at Charter House, London, and editor of the famous "Letters of Ben Mordecai."

A copy of these "Aphorisms" has come into my possession from an old clerical library in the interior of Massachusetts. It is probable that there are other copies of this curious book in this country, though I have looked in vain for it in many of our public libraries. It is an 18mo of a hundred and fourty-four pages, and is divided into ten centuries — that is, hundreds — of aphorisms; so that we have one thousand in all. An address to the reader is prefixed; and a prayer of rare excellence, for morning and evening, is subjoined.

The "Aphorisms" are of unequal merit, as one would expect in so large a number; but they are all original, and have the clear impress of Dr. Whichcote's mind, while many of them are full of weighty thought. It may not be displeasing to the reader to cast his eye over a few of them: —

"Did Christians live according to their religion, one man would be a God unto another.

"The natural knowledge of religion is as spiritual as any knowledge that belongs to us.

"It is not to be expected that another man should think as I would to please me; since I cannot think as I would to please myself.

"When a man consents to any thing that is contrary to the reason of his own mind, he begins a disposition contrary to virtue and religion.

"Some are worse for their religion. The good nature of a heathen is more God-like than the furious zeal of a Christian.

"We must now naturalize ourselves to the employment of eternity.

"A man is not well settled in his religion until his religion is the selfsame thing with the reason of his mind.

"The sense and meaning of Scripture is Scripture.

"If you only say you have a revelation from God, I must have a revelation from God, too, before I can believe you."

Before we close, we must offer a word or two upon that event in Dr. Whichcote's life which connects his name with the early history of Massachusetts.

Our readers well know, that Matthew Cradock, a wealthy London merchant, was the first Governor of the Company of

Massachusetts Bay, and held that office in London until John Winthrop succeeded him, at the time it was resolved to transfer the charter to this country. He was one of the most liberal promoters of the colonization. He owned two of the ships of Winthrop's fleet; and, though he never came to this country, he had here extensive possessions, — such as a house at Marblehead, another at Ipswich, a farm of over two thousand acres in Medford, on which he erected a dwelling, still standing, as we believe, and the oldest house in New England, if not the oldest in the United States.

Gov. Cradock died probably in 1642; and, in 1644, his widow married Richard Glover. Ere long she was a widow again, and she was married to Dr. Whichcote.

By his will, dated Nov. 9, 1640, Gov. Cradock left one-half of his New-England property to his widow during her life; and one-half of the plantation, called Medford, she subsequently rented to Edward Collens of Cambridge, with all its "houses, edifices, buildings, barns, stables, outhouses, lands, tenements, meadows, pastures, findings, woods, highways, profits, commodities, and appurtenances."

It appears, however, that all this long catalogue of possessions did not yield the returns which Gov. Cradock's advances were thought to merit; and so, in 1650, his widow petitioned the General Court for an allowance of £676, which she alleged to be due to his estate. This brought her name, and subsequently the name of her third husband, into the records of the court, where they may be read in those fair quarto volumes which have been printed. We there learn that the court refused the petition, on the ground that it was "never concerned in Cradock's adventures."

This seems rather a gruff answer when the colony owed so much to his exertions and beneficence, though it may have been good against the specified claim. In 1657, the petition was renewed, and again refused. In 1670, it was urged once more, and at first denied: but finally, in consideration of the "great disbursements of Mr. Cradock in planting the colony," it allowed Dr. Whichcote and his wife Rebecca "one thousand acres of land in any free place," subsequently laid out on the

Piscataqua River, "above Dover bounds;" and they relinquished all claims on the Massachusetts Government.

We are glad to know, that, when Dr. Whichcote's thoughts were directed to this country, it was probably with no anxiety as to any pecuniary success; for Archbishop Tillotson tells us that he had a "plentiful estate," and that, at his death, he left legacies to Emanuel College, King's College, and the Library of Cambridge University. In Emanuel College he founded, before his death, three scholarships; and was, throughout his life, very charitable and generous.

Infinitely better than any returns from all those lands, tenements, findings, commodities, and appurtenances, he would doubtless regard a widely diffused sympathy with the free and noble spirit which he aimed to encourage, and better also than any honors which might follow his name and memory. On the occasion, before referred to, of my attendance upon the services at the Church of St. Lawrence, there were some thirty worshippers; and, at the communion which followed, five old women in calico, church-pensioners, with me received the sacred elements. The rector seemed to know but little of his predecessor two hundred years ago; while the gray-headed beadle thought it strange that I should take such an interest in the dusty old records he brought out for me to examine. But the faith and spirit of Whichcote are becoming every day, more and more, the property of the Christian world; and it is only a tribute to their power if names or sects pass away through the general acceptance of truths once peculiar to them. H. A. M.

WHAT good doth it to me to go to the material churches of stone, and there fill my ears with empty breath? Or to go to the Supper, and feed nothing but the earthly mouth, which is mortal and corruptible? Cannot I feed and satisfy it with a piece of bread at home? What good doth it to the soul, which is an immortal life, to hear the bestial man observe the form of Christ's institution, if it cannot obtain the jewel of the institution? For St. Paul saith of the Supper, "You receive it to judgment, because ye discern not the Lord's body."

"FOLLOW ME."

A SERMON BY REV. J. L. DIMAN.

MATT. iv. 19: "And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

THESE words were addressed to Simon and Andrew at the beginning of our Saviour's ministry, and they show the habitual method by which he gained disciples. He spoke to these humble fishermen precisely as he spoke to Philip of Bethsaida, precisely as he spoke to the rich young man, precisely as he spoke to him who would first go and bury his father. The injunction was the same to all, — equally imperative, equally unqualified. There was no mistaking its meaning; there was no mistaking the authoritative tone with which this new Teacher called on men to forsake father and mother, brother and sister, houses and lands, to become his disciples. There was at the beginning no formal explanation of his doctrine, no labored justification of his mission, no arguments to show men why they should receive his sayings, but simply the command addressed to every man alike: "Let him deny himself, and take up the cross, and follow me."

In its immediate, literal sense, the command to follow Christ implied that men should forsake their common pursuits, and go with him as he went from city to city and from village to village preaching the kingdom of heaven. In this sense, Andrew and Peter understood it; for in the next verse we read that they straightway left their nets, and followed him. And, even in this literal and limited interpretation of the command, there was implied an exercise of faith that can hardly be enough appreciated. Who was he for whose companionship Andrew and Peter were thus required to give up the little on which they depended for their daily bread, and Levi to give up his official rank, and the young man to sell all that he had, and give to the poor? Had Jesus any outward means of supplying their wants? Had he wealth of his own with which to feed and clothe them? Did he pro-

mise any immediate recompense for the sacrifice they were called on to make? He only said, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

To follow him, therefore, simply in the outward and literal sense, implied the highest exercise of faith. Called on to live by faith of the Son of God, at the very threshold their faith was subjected to the severest test. They were required to trust in him for the barest provisions of life: at the outset, not for the living bread alone, but for that daily bread which was needed for their most crying wants. They were poor men, living from day to day on the proceeds of their daily toil. Simon and Andrew had this to think of when they left their nets to follow him. But, besides requiring them to relinquish their subsistence, the command to follow Christ required also that they should face certain and immediate danger. It was no light thing to go about with one who preached the kingdom of heaven. The first time that the Son of man proclaimed in his own city the acceptable year of the Lord, an angry mob rose up in wrath to hurl him headlong from a rock. Wherever he went, the prediction of Simeon was fulfilled, — that the marvellous child was set for the fall as well as for the rising of many in Israel. He who spake as never man spake excited everywhere the bitterest opposition. Men who could allege no cause of hatred, save that he was better than they, took counsel together how they might kill him. He was driven from place to place, a homeless outcast, a friend of publicans and sinners. Those who followed him, of course, must suffer with him. The servant was not greater than his lord. They were forewarned that men should revile and persecute them, and say all manner of evil against them falsely, for his sake. If escaping actual violence, they could not escape the scorn, which pride and bigotry in every age lavish with so profuse a hand on such as venture to believe that a good thing may come out of Nazareth. Looked at, then, in this simple light alone, the injunction had a meaning to which this later age in which we live can scarcely furnish any parallel. So much of sacrifice, so much

of suffering, was implied in the narrowest, most literal compliance with an injunction that was addressed by Christ to all alike who would enter that heavenly kingdom which he proclaimed as so near at hand.

But the injunction was never meant to be taken in this literal sense alone. Andrew and Peter indeed thus at first obeyed it. They straightway left their nets, and followed him. But the Lord, in thus calling them to such daily and familiar fellowship, had another and deeper end in view. Himself manifestation of the true life, he knew that they could only know and share that life when brought into daily contact with it. It was needful that they should go about with him; that they should see him as he was. Giving up all that they had for his sake, they were admitted to a closer communion than those could be admitted to who only saw him afar off and on rare occasions. The command to follow him was, therefore, not simply a test of faith: it was just as much a condition of spiritual growth. They could only feel his influence by thus being always with him. His daily walk was a gospel that could not be preached in words; his acts were sermons; his self-denying life was full of a subtle power that flowed, as it were, from the very hem of his garment. Men must be with him to see all this.

To follow Christ in the deeper and truer sense in which the command was meant, it was needed that men should share, not simply his outer, but his inner life; that they should receive his spirit; that they should have the same mind that was in him; that they should be consecrated to the same holy work; that they should taste his mysterious trials; be tempted as he was, that they might be made perfect through suffering; in short, that they should yield themselves up in all respects to the power of his example, and make him the mark of their high calling.

If, then, they would follow him, besides having to fight with foes without, they must wage a yet sorer conflict with foes within; they must wrestle continually with their own easily besetting sins,—with pride, with selfishness, with appetite, with envy. In imitation of his example, they must

make themselves of no reputation, and become the servants of men; they must meet not merely the scorn and contempt of others, but learn, by a bitter study of their own hearts, to loathe and hate their own corrupt and evil tendencies, to realize with painful earnestness their own unworthiness. All these hard conditions must be met, would men set out to follow Christ. They could not be put in daily contrast with his spotless purity, without being made, like the patriarch Job in presence of his Maker, to abhor themselves; and in the effort to become like Christ was involved all this weary struggle, all this long experience of weakness and insufficiency. It was hard to give up all that they had to follow him; but it was harder, far harder, to endure the anguish of that daily crucifixion, without which they could not become his disciples indeed.

Well did the Master say, in view of all these things, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." To the weary, indeed, and the heavy-laden, the yoke is easy, and the burden is light; for such as these gladly embrace the divine conditions. They know their divine Leader, and are known of him. But many, we are warned, of a different spirit, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. In vain shall they say to the Master, "We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets;" but he shall say, "I tell you, I know not whence ye are."

What, now, was our Saviour's meaning in exacting this hard condition? Why, instead of explaining his doctrine, why, instead of seeking to recommend it by any appeal or argument, did he adopt this unprecedented course of requiring that men first should follow him? Why, when men came to him with mere impulses of curiosity, desiring to know what these things were which he taught with such authority, did he refuse to answer them, or answer them in parables which he well knew they would not understand? What deep intent was hid in this strange procedure? For this, if we consider it for a moment, was the striking feature of our Saviour's teaching. This, more than all else, marked him from

other teachers. When he ended his sayings, the people, we are told, were astonished at his doctrine; for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes. And precisely that which gives his teaching such authoritative tone was this unvarying, unqualified condition, on which all his sayings rested, — that men must believe him in order to understand him, and follow him in order to know him. This was, in fact, the key-note of all his teaching.

Had the claims of Jesus meant no more than the passive, unthinking surrender to an outward authority that so many religious systems claim of their devotees, it would have had nothing in it to excite surprise. Long had the world been used to such assumption. But the great Teacher set out with wholly a different end in view. He came as the Light of the world, to bear witness to the truth, and to bring all men to the knowledge of it. He came, not to cramp and repress man's nature, not to stunt his spiritual stature, not to bind him with any chains of religious despotism, but to give to all his spiritual faculties the largest and freest scope, to endow him with a glorious liberty, to incite him to an infinite advance, to spread out before him the profoundest mysteries of being as objects of his ceaseless study. While refusing to enlighten those who came to him from mere curiosity, to his disciples he said, "To you it *is given* to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." Vulgar spiritual despotism aims to keep men in perpetual ignorance; but the whole stress and motive of Christ's ministry was to bring men out of darkness into new and marvellous light.

Let us guard against the grave error of confounding Christ in this respect with others who have claimed blind, implicit surrender from their followers. It was one great misfortune of the Son of man, that even the words and forms of speech he was forced of necessity to use were tainted with associations of human wickedness; but when he so often used the words "Follow me," making this the first and indispensable condition of discipleship, it was not a path of unreasoning ignorance that he pointed out, but a path on which the light was meant to shine more and more till the perfect day.

What, then, let us ask, is the great and peculiar lesson taught us in this method pursued by the Son of man? Let us not think that his words come to us to-day with any less force than they came to the two brethren who on that day were casting their nets into the Sea of Galilee. If any of us would become his disciples indeed, we must comply with this condition. Before we can receive his sayings aright, before we can understand his teachings, we must obey, if not in the literal, yet in the spiritual and deeper sense, this first command, "Follow me."

If, now, we study the reasons of this command, we shall find, that, like all the divine commands, it is not arbitrary, but grounded in the nature of things. Expressed in other words, it simply means that the primary conditions of belief are moral, and not intellectual; that a right temper of heart must pave the way for mental illumination; that our progress in pursuit of truth will be proportioned to our practical compliance with it. We must heartily surrender ourselves to this divine law before the inner eye can be ravished with the beatific vision.

It is sometimes asked, "How am I responsible for my belief?" "How can I control my convictions respecting truth?" "Why should I be blamed because on some subjects I cannot see as others see?" "Why must I be held responsible, if, after diligent investigation, I cannot reach the same conclusions that others have arrived at?" As these questions are often put, they are very likely to mislead such especially as aim to be honest with themselves, and shrink from the first step towards unreality in their religious life. How, then, does the great Teacher answer these?

In the first place, it is clear that he does hold men responsible for their belief. Whatever may be the grounds of this responsibility, the fact cannot be denied. In his instructions to his twelve apostles, he uttered the solemn words, "Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment

than for that city." Surely such a fate would never have been denounced against men who were guilty of no sin. Throughout our Saviour's life, we may trace the anguish of this bitter consciousness, that men *would* not come unto him that they might have life; and those mightier issues of life and death foreshadowed in all his teaching, that dread, unerring judgment with which, in the end of days, the Son of man will judge the world, all have their tests in this fearful responsibility for our belief which the gospel imputes to every soul that is brought in contact with its light. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life."

But, while thus holding all men strictly responsible for their belief, it is not because they arrive at false conclusions, but because at the outset they were unwilling to follow a right method. He did not call on his hearers to believe the whole truth. Far from this, he communicated it only by slow degrees even to a chosen few. Even when one so well instructed as Nicodemus came to him to ask what his doctrine was, he only answered, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." He nowhere blames men for not believing the deeper mysteries that were unfolded in his last discourses. He nowhere utters a reproof for mere abstract or speculative error. He seems not even to recognize those difficulties, that, in later days, have been deemed so hard. Nothing can be farther removed than were his discourses from mere theoretical discussions of Christian truth. He gives his disciples no formal statement of his doctrine; he fortified his Church with no articles of faith; he required submission to no creed; he made no reference, in fact, to questions that have since excited the most angry controversies.

What Christ did hold men responsible for was not being willing to make a practical trial of the truths he taught. "If any man," said he, "will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Here, then, was the ground of responsibility. Men might not be able to control their intellectual conclusions;

but they were able to control their practical compliance with the divine commands. At the outset, it is clear that the apostles themselves had no full assurance respecting the Son of man. Through the whole of his earthly ministry, their convictions respecting him were vague, fluctuating, and imperfect. They doubted his express predictions; and not until he had risen from the dead, and showed them his hands and his feet and his wounded side, did a full sense of his divinity dawn on their halting comprehension. But were they rejected on this account? Were Peter and Andrew blamed, because, when, in their simple faith, they cast aside their nets to follow him, they did not even stop to ask by what authority he uttered such imperative command, and required such immediate compliance?

What our Lord at first required was a practical compliance. He did not undervalue truth. What he meant was, that truth could be arrived at only by a single way. "I," he said, "am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh to the Father but by me." In other words, except a man follow me, except he keep my sayings, except he imitate me in his daily walk, except he yield himself to my guidance, become like me, share my life, be filled with my spirit, — except he do this, he cannot come to the Father of lights.

Christ did not call men to believe that they might follow, but to follow that they might believe. He held up belief as of vital consequence to every soul. By it every man's destiny was shaped. In it the issues of life and of death were all involved. Yet it was not itself the first step. It followed as the result of something else. If any man would know the doctrine, — that is, if in his own experience he would prove its reality and power, — if he would win a conviction far deeper than any reasoning could reach, he must first do the will.

Respecting this there are two erroneous extremes. On the one hand are those, who, in their excessive zeal for truth, make agreement respecting it the condition of all practical co-operation for extending it. With them belief in certain

truths is the beginning and end of Christian life. In their haste to prevent the least admixture of erroneous doctrine, they fence the Church about with such ingenious safeguards, that one who would set out to follow Christ must first give his adhesion to a whole system of metaphysical theology. Nothing is so precious as truth. "Buy it," says the wise man, "and sell it not." Nothing is so noble as the search after it. We come to the stature of perfect men, only as we cordially embrace it; but experience has shown that this way of getting it which we have just considered is fruitful rather of bitter controversy than of any real progress. No careful student of history can doubt that the growth of the Church has been very much impeded by this defensive armor in which she has been arrayed. Some of her worst foes have been they of her own household.

But, on the other hand, in revolt from this extreme, men have run into the other, — of denying the supremacy of truth, and making mere practical well-doing the whole of Christianity. The profound mysteries of our religion are lightly spoken of as relics of ignorance or superstition; the fundamental doctrines of the gospel, the "truths that wake to perish never," that have power to mould the entire destiny of man; the leaven which alone by its regenerating influence can leaven the whole mass, — all these are put aside as having no relation to man's actual wants. A large part of religion consists in practical well-doing. Without this, mere profession of religion is worthless. "The tree," said our Lord, "is known by its fruits." It is only by our practical compliance with his commands that we prove our discipleship; but here, too, experience shows that a religion which is mere well-doing lacks motive and rule. It either evaporates by degrees in sentimental philanthropy, or blazes in some rash reform of human evils, when often one devil is let out, at the expense of letting seven others in.

How wisely the sound Scripture method avoids both these extremes! It insists on the supreme worth and authority of truth. "To this end," says the Saviour, "was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear wit-

ness unto the truth;" but it does not require men to receive it, without first making a practical trial of it. So, on the other hand, the gospel just as much insists on practical well-doing. It is the meek, the merciful, the peace-makers, who are truly blessed. "Whoever," said Christ, "shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother;" but, at the same time, it teaches that practical well-doing is not itself an end, but only a means of making us like God. It is ultimately for our own good that we are called on to war with the evil that is in the world. It exists, not simply that it may be removed, but that we may be made wiser by removing it. What gives its real worth and grandeur to all well-doing is, that by it we ourselves are made to know the deep enduring truths of the spiritual world; that we are made partakers of that eternal life, which is simply the knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ whom he has sent.

We see, then, how broad and lasting is the lesson of our text. Our Saviour, in uttering these words, published to every age the right method of spiritual life. Anselm felt its deep meaning when he wrote the memorable words, "I do not seek to understand that I may believe; but I believe, that I may understand." And the wise and thoughtful Neander echoed it, when, with all his rare mental culture and unequalled learning, he chose for his motto the modest maxim, "It is the heart that makes the theologian." Philosophers have speculated much respecting modes of investigating truth. Both Bacon and Descartes sought to initiate their grand revolutions in human knowledge by the application of new methods. Both were persuaded that the human mind must be put on the right track before it could reach the goal; though what that right track is, men are not yet agreed. The Scripture method, by which we may compass, not mere human science, but those eternal mysteries into which angels desire to look, is very simple. It sums itself up in those few words spoken to Andrew and Peter: "Follow me."

Let us not, then, suffer ourselves to be disturbed by alleged difficulties in revelation. What if there be difficulties?

Are there are not difficulties just as great in all nature, in all human life? Do we wait to solve these difficulties before we eat our daily bread, before we learn to love and to be loved? Do we insist on having every mystery around us explained, before we make trial of good and evil? The method of religion is in precise analogy with this method of common life. The gospel requires of us no more than is required by those natural arrangements which all acknowledge to be reasonable. If we are in earnest to know the truth, let us follow Christ. At first, indeed, we shall know in part; we shall see as through a glass darkly; we shall meet with many things to try our faith: but if we follow on, gathering in daily experience lessons of divine wisdom, eating that true and living bread which consists in fellowship with the Son of God, we shall come at last to know as he knows, and to see as he sees. Not by a single bound, but by many painful steps, do we reach the mark of the prize of our high calling in him.

PEACE.

AN INVOCATION.

Come, white-winged Peace! our hearts are sick for thee;
Yet come thou not too soon, lest, like the dove
Sent out upon the waters still undried,
Thy foot shall find no rest, and thou return,
Baffled and worn, thine errand incomplete.
But when the tender plant of Freedom shows
Its leaves above the waste, then go thou forth;
Go, and return not. It shall be a sign
That the great curse is lifted, and the earth
Shall yet become the garden of the Lord,
Fit for his angels, Righteousness and Truth,
To walk in as of old, when Eden bloomed,
And man held converse with his Maker, God.

C. A. M.

WEISS'S "LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODORE PARKER."*

One of the editors of this little monthly has already set down, as he was able, upon these pages, his estimate of Mr. Theodore Parker's place and service in our community. We do not know that these two octavos of "Life and Correspondence" contain any thing which requires a revision of that estimate. These volumes bring to light at once the admirable qualities and the limitations, the gracious and the ungracious things, of the "Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, Boston," much as they appeared whilst he was yet with us in the flesh. He was not one of the men who live in a corner. His story was familiar to a large circle of hearers and readers. As is likely to be the case with those who have made their own way, Mr. Parker was free to declare his personal experience; and what he omitted to do, his friends proudly did for him. We have none the less been glad to be reminded again of his youthful energy and intrepidity in the pursuit of good learning. In this respect, his example will be of the highest value to all young students. So much of the "Life" as is devoted to this great fidelity is especially interesting and profitable.

We have not called attention to this book because we have any thing to write about Mr. Parker. It is with the "Life" as written, not with the "Life" as lived, that we are concerned; and, in recording a few words of frank criticism both of the matter and the manner of these volumes, we shall express ourselves the more freely, because the writer with whose work we have to do is plainly not one of those who believe in euphuisms. Given to plain speaking himself, he has a right to plainness of speech from others; and it is but just to him that any who do not like what he has done should say so.

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* New York: D. Appleton & Co. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

We are of that number, — do not like what he has done; not because we cannot accept what we suppose to be his opinions upon religious subjects, — that was not looked for, — but because, where there should be liberality, there is only liberal*ism*, and that of a bigoted, supercilious, and superficial kind. Wisdom will not die with the so-called progressive, any more than with the so-called conservative. There are some wise and honest persons in this community besides the few or the many who share Mr. Parker's denials and difficulties; and they are to be found not only amongst those who utterly disown rationalistic opinions, but amongst others also, who need not feel bound to go all lengths with our modern Deist or Theist because they have journeyed a little in the way of his choice. Moreover, we are old-fashioned enough to be disappointed and annoyed by a flippant treatment, both as to matter and as to manner, of religious subjects; and cannot see the necessity of employing language, which, however it may be intended to enlighten, can only offend believers, who, much as they may be mistaken, are none the less sincere. Liveliness may decline into buffoonery; and, of all buffooneries, that which expends itself upon sacred themes is the most offensive. As it is easy to be solemn and dull, so it is not hard to be trifling and wearisome.

Our objections will perhaps be brought out more intelligibly than in any other way through a few instances of Mr. Weiss's grave offences against charity and courtesy. "Only one of these Parkers," he writes, "so far as is discernible now, ever joined the Church. He married the daughter of an Orthodox deacon, and is suspected of a weakness for his wife's conventionalities." Reverse the case. Suppose one should say, "All of these Parkers, with one exception, were communicant members of the Church. He married the daughter of a leading member of the Standing Committee of the Twenty-eighth Congregational, and is suspected of a weakness for his wife's crudities." Is church-membership a conventionalism? Sometimes, undoubtedly; but is it so essentially and of course, and so that this must be henceforth the biographic and historic word for it? So to write, seems

to us simply insolent. But again: Mr. Parker "tried at first, by asking the Lord to forgive his sins when he had none 'to speak of,' to pray himself into the conviction, that his nature was depraved, and that damnation was a thing to be remembered in the days of his youth. This came from a catechism that was lying about the house. These old bundles of rags which emigration brings over will carry infection for a long while. Quarantine and a thorough smoking-out is the only remedy." The "bundle of rags" is the Westminster Catechism; the emigrants are such men as Winthrop and Carver; what the smoking-out may be, the reader must guess. Again: those who still think it worth while to appeal to Holy Scripture, in confirmation and illustration of their thought upon the highest themes, "japan their systems with scriptural phrases," and "rain dull texts upon the head." Those who "appear to suffer under conviction of sin" "are afflicted with the sin of a traditional theology rioting in morbid conditions of the mind or body. If they become clergymen, and continue their bad health, they will continue to use bad language, and defame human nature; but their sweet and blameless life totters under the ponderous phrases, and shoots *naïve* glances at the listeners." We read further on of "the truculent sentimentalism of conferences and revivals." Mr. Weiss inserts on the 151st and 152d pages of the first volume a very unworthy letter from Mr. Parker to Dr. J. F. Clarke, upon "Sin," in which "Deacon Wryface of Hellfire Church," to adopt the letter-writer's very refined and classic style, is made to figure. The letter is a very offensive production, besides being exceedingly shallow. Mr. Weiss's preface runs thus: "Whoever has a great deal of natural piety for sin is advised to pass this communication by." We should say that it would do no harm for a much larger class of persons to pass it by. What claim can he have for a wide and deep knowledge of what is in man, who could write, "I think the thing which ministers mean by *ngsin-n-n-n* (an attempt, we suppose, to indicate what is called a nasal pronunciation) has no more existence than *phlogiston*. I find *sins*, — i.e., *conscious violations of natural right*, — but no *sin*; i.e., no conscious

and intentional preference of wrong (as such) to right (as such), — no condition of 'enmity against God'"?

In Mr. Weiss's choice vocabulary, a candidate for settlement as preacher and pastor over one of our congregations is "an itinerant vender of the gospel." What may be meant by the following, some of our readers may be able to discover. We confess that we are a little at fault. "Men hang his presageful heart on the hooks of their parochial steelyards, and narrowly scrutinize the figures. He pockets his presage, and it makes no difference in the weight." A wharf covered with hogsheads of molasses and boxes of sugar, and swarming with petty thieves, supplies the figure by which those who made the earliest essays in German belles-lettres and theology are brought to our notice. They are "a few boys operating with straws and gimlets, not unseasonably whipped by critical officials." Speaking of the revival of 1857–8, Mr. Weiss discourses in this wise: "Of course, the theology which invokes a Providence to dissipate a whitlow, &c., &c., ascertained that the work was supernatural and special."

It is as impossible for the biographer as it was for Mr. Parker to understand, that men may have difficulties and entertain doubts as students of theology, which, as pastors and teachers of practical religion, they are neither called upon nor at liberty to spread before the people. Of course, if a man who does not believe in "the miracles" affirms a belief in them, and charges those who reject them with infidelity, he is a dishonest preacher, and ought to be denounced; but what if, whilst he has difficulties in receiving some of the signs which are set down in the record, he does believe with all his heart that God was in Christ, and that what the world needs to-day, beyond every thing, is to be regenerated by the ever-living Spirit, which was Christ's legacy to our race? May he not fairly decline either himself to parade his difficulties in the pulpit, or to join with one, who, instead of honestly stepping out upon the village-green, and hurling his missiles at the Church from the outside, avails himself of his place within to break the windows from the inside, not sparing the

poor superstitious folk who unhappily are not out of the range of his stones? Is he to be called a hypocrite because the chief end of the preacher does not seem to him to be a crusade against "the supernatural;" because the miracles are to him objects of faith, if not grounds of faith? There is a vast deal, in the "Life," of that shallow assumption to which Mr. Parker was so often left, — that his brethren who could not or would not go along with him (and such was the case with almost all of them), either knew no better, or, if they did know better, did not dare to confess it. Undoubtedly there were those, who, had they been logical, should have been with him. This might be said, we think, of very many, who, like him, were called Unitarians; and of this our own times afford abundant illustration. But men, even pastors of churches, are not always logical, thank God! Sometimes they are lifted above the sphere of logic, above their barren opinions, into a higher life of thought and feeling; are born into the kingdom of truth and love; and as children of believing fathers, and as subjects themselves of the Divine Grace, can sing and pray and preach out from the abundance of the heart a creed which is superior to their formal statements of doctrine. Moreover, there are those, sturdy men, not to say obstinate, who will cling to their position on an inclined plane all the days of their life, and never realize that their feet are not planted on an even place. The time has undoubtedly come at last, when those who believe in the Word made flesh, and to whom, accordingly, the Scriptures, with their stories of mighty signs, are credible and edifying, are to be separated from those who do not believe in the Incarnation, and who will be compelled to allow that the record and its wonders are neither credible nor edifying. It has been found impossible to separate the human from the superhuman in the New Testament. It has been found that Theist is only Greek for Deist, and that between humanitarian Unitarianism and Deism there is no difference worth speaking of. We live fast, and we have moved on so far as this; but it was not so when the South-Boston sermon was preached. There were those, who, without any consciousness of insincerity, accepted

Mr. Parker's premises, but shrank back from his conclusions, and were neither "amateurs" nor "dilettanti" nor "Pharisees," as the iconoclast and his life-writer charitably suggest. Is there any worse bigotry than the bigotry of liberalism, which insists that all, save a few *illuminati*, are fools or knaves; that it is an offence when a Christian pulpit is closed against one who tells you that the sinlessness of our Lord is but a girl's imagination; and proposes that Christians should come together, and "eat baked apples," instead of receiving from one another the bread and wine of the Last Supper? Are we to have respect for every other man's opinions and feelings and claims, and to have no respect for our own? Unlike Mr. Weiss, we do think it "wonderful" that so sensible a man as Mr. Parker, one who ought to have been so catholic, should have characterized a refusal to exchange pulpits with him as "a timidity to be despised." Was it not just possible that some of his brethren did not approve of his words and ways, did not wish to hear him preach, did not wish to obtrude him upon others, who liked him as little as they did? Am I at liberty to choose my physician, — to be allopathic, homœopathic, hydropathic, as I see fit? and may I not choose my minister? Because he claims to be a Christian, must I ask him to come and preach to me or for me? Are there no other opportunities for discussing the validity of religion, that the hour for worship and for the gospel-lesson must be seized by those who wish to show how the transient and the permanent, the body and the spirit of Christianity, may be deftly separated, and the concrete truth live on unharmed its earthly life? But they who bring new things are to be privileged beyond the rest. Why not? Are we not gravely told that Mr. Parker, at the time of the Burns rendition, "believed more than all the supernaturalists in Boston, and believed it more deeply"? In the chapter which is devoted to that sad matter, there is not a word to show that any other clergyman in the city said a word or prayed a prayer in behalf of the poor fugitive. One word more. Who are or were the "amateurs," that, in Mr. Weiss's irreverent phrase, were "just baring their breasts with *abandon* to the universe,

and calling to the 'over-soul' to come on, when Mr. Parker's sermon of the 'transient and permanent' struck their bellying sails with a sudden dismay, and they [the dismayed sails] were never hoisted more"? Eighteen forty-one was about our time; but we cannot recall the "amateurs" whose voyages came so suddenly to an end.

We had intended to protest against the involved and affected style of this biographer, — a style not to be pardoned in one of such excellent gifts and liberal culture. We cannot understand why a man who has so much to say, and such power to say it withal, should choose to renounce simplicity and clearness, and compel the reader to wind his way slowly and circuitously into his meaning. This may be excused where the writer has the gifts of dryness and dulness; but how shall we suffer it in one so abundantly endowed with imagination and eloquent speech as this biographer? One volume instead of the two, and that a volume revised and composed in a truly catholic spirit, would be a better tribute to Mr. Parker's memory than these octavos, which, had they been written by an "adversary," could not have confirmed, as these must, the unfavorable impressions which qualify the world's estimate of services in so many respects so valuable.

E.

THEREFORE we ought to consider well what man is, and how he is a man; and then we may perceive that a true Christian is not a mere historical new man. As if it were enough for us outwardly to confess Christ, and believe that he is the Son of God, and hath paid the ransom for us: for righteousness availeth nothing, if it be imputed from without; that is, by believing only that it is imputed. But an innate righteousness, or the righteousness born in us, in which we are the children of God, — that availeth.

AND that Christianity doth not consist in the mere knowing of the history, and applying the knowledge thereof to ourselves only, in saying that Christ died for us, and hath destroyed death, and turned it into life in us; and that he hath paid the ransom for us, so that we need do nothing but comfort ourselves with this, and steadfastly believe that it is so.

PAIN.

When all the troop of earthly joys
Affrighted fly from Pain's stern face;
When Love outstretches powerless hands,
That cannot reach my darkened place;
When Sickness weaves her sackcloth garb,
And lays the spirit low in dust, —
I, breathless, gasp one struggling prayer, —
"Through pain my soul would trust!"

And, while earth's long-familiar vales
Are shadowed more and more,
The everlasting mountain-peaks
Rise clearer than before.
By trial-fires of cruel pain
Comes wisdom to discern
The fleeting from the permanent:
"Through pain the soul can learn."

When agony has had its will,
And only rest I crave,
And pray to drop the flesh for aye
Within the painless grave,
The faithless dread of longer years,
All-Merciful! forgive:
Accepted be the Christian truth, —
"Through pain the soul must live."

And when across the transient lull
The storms returning come,
And toss me, weary, to and fro,
But will not bear me home;
Then through the open gate of woe,
My Father! from above
Thou comest; and my soul can cry,
"Thank God! through pain I love."

Ernest Ray.

OUR ANCESTOR THE NORSEMAN.

THOUGH we, most of us, have no pedigree, yet we all of us have ancestors, and very remote ones too; and among them is the Norseman of a thousand years ago. And we are to be known as descendants of his by better proofs than parchments, — by our looks, and by some words which we use even without knowing whence they first came.

The English and the Americans call themselves Anglo-Saxons; but they are as much Norsemen almost, if not altogether: for all the northern and eastern parts of England were colonized by the Northmen. Danes, Northmen, Norsemen, are all nearly the same in early history. And at the conquest of England, when the Normans entered, they were simply Norsemen, the better part of them, grown a little French, though still able, perhaps, to speak their old Norse language, like William, their duke. And also throughout those two-thirds of England, which in the year 900 still remained Saxon, there were interspersed many Danish or Norse settlers. And then, too, from 1003 A.D. to A.D. 1041, the country was ruled by Danish kings. And so the English people are as much Norse as Saxon.

But, indeed, the Saxon is but one of several progenitors of ours. Among our forefathers are ancient Britons and Romans too. For ancestors we have some who had Druids for priests, and Caractacus for king; some who saw the Emperor Severus buried at York, or who dwelt as legionaries at Roman stations, *castra*, — Doncaster, Manchester, Dorchester; and some who were from Germany, and who sailed from the mouth of the Rhine to land in England as guests, but to stay there, though, as victors; and some too, no doubt, who crossed the English Channel from Rouen, and who fought at Hastings, and who shared in the Conquest; and along with these, and as influential as any of them, is our ancestor the Norseman.

He is a man worth knowing, for many reasons. He is one of our ancestors, and he was nearly the last of the Pagans

in Europe. He was a man whose influence is on us at this day, quite directly and very powerfully. Also he is a man worth knowing on his own account. That Anglo-Saxon should be a synonyme for English, is discreditable to historians; because in spirit, and perhaps even in blood, the people of England are possibly less Anglo-Saxon than Anglo-Danish. From almost any History of England it might be inferred that the Dane did little else in England than burn, kill, and steal, and that now there is hardly a trace of him left. But the Dane, the Norwegian, of to-day, wandering through England, finds surviving the influence of his Norse ancestor, everywhere,—from the Houses of Parliament, by the Thames, to the cottages of the peasantry in Northumberland; in the names of towns and villages; in the dialects of wide districts; in the phraseology of the courts of law; in the names of places all along the coasts, ports, promontories, creeks, and rocks; and in the language used in the dockyard, on shipboard, and among fishermen. It is not without Danish influence, that there is trial by jury; and, all over England, it is round the Danish hustings that the people assemble to elect their members of Parliament. Of Danish antiquities in England, there are many,—on the sea-shore, barrows, high mounds of earth, within which the sea-kings were laid for burial; in London, churches consecrated to St. Olave, and to St. Magnus the Martyr, and to St. Clement; at Winchester, in the Cathedral, the tombs of Canute and Hardicanute; and at York, in the Minster, a horn which was given to the church, along with a large estate by Ulph, a Danish chieftain. Also there are in existence thousands of coins, minted in all parts of England, and bearing the names of more than fifty different Scandinavian artists.

The description here given will be of the Norseman as he was between the eighth and twelfth centuries; because he is to be known of as he really was at that time. Though, at an earlier period, he was no stranger in Europe; for his country was known to the historian Pliny, in the second century, as a very large island which had been then lately discovered beyond Germany, and which was called Nerigon, or, as we

should say, Norway. But who the inhabitants were at that time, Pliny did not know; nor do we. Perhaps Norway, Sweden, Denmark, what Pliny calls Scandinavia, was as yet occupied only by the Finns; and the Norsemen were not yet quite arrived. But a while later than this, and they were well known in Europe, and not in England only.

The Norseman was not without his influence on Europe, while Mahommedanism was founding cities and spreading empires in Asia, Africa, and Spain; while the name of Rome was vanishing from the vast space which it had covered once; and while nations were slowly forming out of barbarian tribes which drifted about Europe, among the old cities, helplessly; and while the Catholic Church was diffusing her presence everywhere, and becoming what kings bowed down to and savages were constrained by; while the new and the old were blending in Europe; while tribes were grouping into nations, and new languages were forming among utter strangers become housemates; and while Christian ministers were becoming the holy Catholic Church.

The Northmen came within sight of Charlemagne, who wept as he saw their ships from his palace-window at Narbonne. They possessed themselves for a while of Dublin, and ruled there as kings. They ravaged on the coast of Africa, and they fought once with the Moors in Spain. They established themselves in Italy, and were long the allies of the Pope. They drove the Saracens out of Sicily, and founded there a kingdom of their own. They began a new Russian dynasty at Novogorod; and, in France, of Neustria they made Normandy. At Constantinople, they stood by the throne of the Cæsars; and, with their young hands, upheld for a while the seat of the ancient civilization. They colonized Iceland, and made of it a Scandinavian Athens; and they colonized Greenland with a population a hundred times more numerous than what lives there now; and very likely they were the first discoverers of America.

But whether they did discover it or not, it was by an art of their inventing that Columbus himself was brought to the sight of it; for, as a good authority will have us believe, they

were the first mariners who learned how to sail on a wind, the first men who are rightly to be called sailors. Yes, by more than his language, which is often in our mouths, by more than historical testimony, even by the spirit we are of, — the maritime spirit, — he is our ancestor the Norseman.

Still it may perhaps be thought that he is not worth inquiring about more minutely; for his character is suspicious, and perhaps had better not be asked after. Our rude forefather! Rude! exclaims more than one historian: he was the Dane! a man brutishly ignorant, utterly ruthless, a pirate, a perjurer, a church-burner! Well, so he was; and that was what he looked to the Anglo-Saxons: but also he was a man with a heart in his breast, and a man of poetic sensibility. He was a man of honor, a man of his word, and, after his own way, a very religious man.

He kept no faith with foreigners; but he did with his own countrymen. Yet, notwithstanding this faithlessness with foreigners, we must allow him to have been a man, or we shall not have a human ancestor left to us. For only think what nations and ambassadors and kings and churchmen have done and said as regards hostile communities! He burned churches; but then they were not those of his own faith. He felt about all other nations in the same manner in which the Christians felt towards the ancient Mexicans; and a violent Pagan may well be less repulsive to our sympathy than a cruel Christian.

It must be confessed, that he could not read or write to much purpose; but then he made poems and novels and histories and religious treatises for other men in after-time to write down and read and admire. He had not a law to live by that was written; but then he had what is traceable after a thousand years on the pages of our own statute-book, in its language, distinctions, principles, and spirit.

The Norseman, then, is not to be judged of as we judge one another, but, as well as we can, by the light in which he lived. And by that light he is a true man; a man of very many sins, but sins of ignorance mostly; evidently a man of valor, enterprise, and perseverance; a man of principle and

order; a man with a history of his own; a man not without religion, and of high poetic feeling; indeed, a man with business of his own to mind, with songs to sing and histories to study, with a church of a kind to go to, with three or four festivals in the year to keep, with public meetings now and then to attend, and with a home of his own to live in; and with a wife also, though sometimes with more than one, but whom, nevertheless, he loved in a truer and far more respectful way than the Greek or the Roman manner.

And now this Norse ancestor of ours, let us see him among his own countrymen. The best accessible account of him is to be derived from the "Heimskringla, or Chronicles of the Kings of Norway," by Snorro Sturleson. The "Heimskringla" is a compilation of narratives reduced into prose by Snorro, though largely sprinkled with what probably were the best verses of the original sagas.

Their land is what lies between the sixtieth and seventieth degrees of north latitude, on the outskirts of Europe; no long way from where winter is one long night. They have traditions of their having come somewhere from Asaland. They have some customs which must have begun in the East: their mythology is not without some little resemblance to Brahminism, and their language has Oriental affinities. They are believers in Odin: a valiant life is the chief worship which they offer him; and their hope of a hereafter is to sit among heroes in Valhalla.

They are divisible mainly into four classes, — kings, bonders, unfree men, and thralls.

And first of the bonders. They were the landowners; but theirs was a peculiar ownership, and with something Mosaical in it: for, among these Northmen, land could not be sold out and out, nor be forfeited, nor given away. On the death of a bonder, his land was inherited equally by all his children; and if he had no children, then he was succeeded by other legal claimants, whose rights of succession no act of his could defeat. The bonders elected the king and made the laws. After the message-token, a stick of a certain kind, had been passed from house to house, and the bonders had been legally

convened, they were supreme; and in their assemblies the king was only a bonder with fellow-bonders, — no more. Met together, they were the sovereign people; but, dispersed, they were subjects, though only according to the laws.

These men were very much alike in their manner of living, and they were all of them farmers; and so were their kings. One king was surnamed Land-clearer and Road-maker; and another was called Olaf, the Tree-feller.

Also there was a class of men — nephews, sons, grandsons, or even remoter descendants of bonders — who had a right of reversion in land, some chance of inheritance; and these were called Ting-men, assembly-men, — men to meet with the bonders.

Among the Northmen, kingship was hereditary in one family; but it was a very extensive one, and the son did not necessarily succeed his father. It was in the power of the bonders to choose their own king out of the royal family, and perhaps more kings than one or two or five. Women could be queens, — single women could be; as Queen Sigrid was, who could drink like a king, and who was the death of King Olaf Olafsson by the war which she instigated against him; and of whom it is written, that "she was a woman of the greatest understanding, and too clever in many things." The king was paid an annual tax, which was called *scatt*, and was proportionate to the lot of land on which a man lived; and hence, I suppose, the English phrase in regard to taxation of "scot and lot." The king had to defend the country, and to defray the expenses of certain sacrifices which were offered in the temples. The king had no palace to live in, but went about now and then among his subjects, in guest-quarters; living with one a while, and then with another, and receiving from the neighbors fixed quantities of corn and meat and ale for the maintenance of his court. Perhaps King Olaf was a good example of a Norse king, though more than commonly cruel, Christian though he was. I shall let Snorro Sturleson describe him in his Chronicles: —

"King Olaf was more expert in all exercises than any man in Norway whose memory is preserved to us in sagas, and he was

stronger and more agile than most men. . . . King Olaf could run across the oars outside of the vessel while his men were rowing the Serpent. He could play with three daggers, so that one was always in the air; and he took the one falling by the handle. He could walk all round upon the ship's rails, could strike and cut equally well with both hands, and could cast two spears at once. King Olaf was a very merry, frolicsome man, gay and social; had great taste in every thing; was very generous; was very finical in his dress; but in battle he exceeded all in bravery. He was distinguished for cruelty when he was enraged, and tortured many of his enemies."

The unfree men were those who had no land, nor any chance of any, but yet who were not thralls. Commonly they were mechanics, tradesmen, and sometimes soldiers and sailors. They had no right at the bonders' meeting, no voice in making the laws or electing the king. They were unfree to attend the meeting of the bonders; but otherwise they were free.

The thralls were slaves, — Finns, indigenous inhabitants of the country, some of them, and some of them free men reduced into slavery for crime; some born slaves, some prisoners of war, and some purchases. And they were people who might be killed or kept in any way which their masters might please, so it is said; yet, in the spirit of the times, there must have been what made slavery with the Norsemen be less slavish than it sounds. For one scarce time, about the year 1020 A.D., when corn was prohibited as an export from Norway, one Asbiorn came from the Island of Biarkö to buy from Erling Skialgsson. Erling said that he himself could not sell, but that his slaves could sell him some of their own corn, as they were not subject to law or land regulation like other men. Heathens though they were, yet these Norsemen thought that their slaves did not owe obedience to quarters whence they did not derive protection. How these unbaptized Pagans shame the slave-owners of modern Christendom!

Women had the same rights with men; inherited with them equally; and held property, and even the royal rule, in

their own rights. And the few, who wanted to be inferior in nothing, drank with the men, and fought with them. There were, perhaps, a few instances of their killing themselves in order to be burned or buried with their husbands; but this was not from any custom of society, but only from their own extraordinary attachment. Brynhilda had been betrothed to Sigurd: she killed herself, says one of the more ancient sagas, in order to go with Sigurd; as she said herself, —

> "On his heels, when he enters the blessed Valhall,
> The glittering portals shall not fall;
> For wide the bright doors with the golden ring
> Must gape to admit my following."

Kings, bonders, unfree men, and thralls were the classes of society. For the rest, the social state of the Norsemen was much like our own. They had merchants and smiths and builders and tax-collectors: but the women were their surgeons; and, instead of animal magnetism, they had witchcraft and magic to wonder at.

And now for the way in which the people lived. It was by farming and fishing, and by an excursion, now and then, after what was genteelly called "gathering property."

Inside the house, the most characteristic object was the father's seat, which had the images of the gods carved around it. It is significant of their way of enjoying themselves, that a festival was called an *ale;* and, through them, there were in England, within the last two hundred years, even church-ales, and clerk or clergyman ales. A good sword was an object of great regard. Says the old chronicler, "King Athelstan of England gave Hakon of Norway a sword, of which the hilt and handle were gold, and the blade still better; for with it Hakon cut down a mill-stone to the centre-eye, and the sword thereafter was called Quern-biter. Better sword never came into Norway, and Hakon carried it to his dying day."

This King Hakon, from having been in England, and been brought up as the foster-son of Athelstan, was a good Christian, says the historian; but, as many great people were to be conciliated as well as the common people, he resolved "to

practise his Christianity in private." Something more than a Northman's prudence! But his interment is an example of Norse burial, though, for a Christian! "His friends removed his body to Seaheim in North Hordaland, and made a great mound, in which they laid the king in full armor and in his best clothes, but with no other goods. They spoke over his grave, as heathen people are used to do, and wished him in Valhalla. Eyvind Skaldaspiller composed a poem on the death of King Hakon, and on how well he was received in Valhalla: —

> "But Hakon in the blessed abodes
> For ever lives with the bright gods."

What common life was among these Norsemen, is to be understood from the way in which Snorro Sturleson says that Queen Aasta got her house and her husband Sigurd ready to receive King Olaf and his company who came upon them rather unexpectedly: —

"When the servants told her of King Olaf's approach, and that he might be soon expected, Aasta stood up directly, and ordered the men and girls to put every thing in the best order. She ordered four girls to bring out all that belonged to the decoration of the room, and put it in order with hangings and benches. Two fellows brought straw for the floor; two brought forward cornered tables and the drinking-jugs; two bore out victuals, and placed the meat on the table; two she sent away from the house to procure in the greatest haste all that was needed; and two carried in the ale. And all the other serving-men and girls went outside of the house. Messengers went to seek King Sigurd, wherever he might be, and brought to him his dress-clothes, and his horse with gilt-saddle, and his bridle, which was gilt, and set with precious stones. . . . King Sigurd Syr was standing in his cornfield when the messengers came to him and brought him the news, and also told him all that Aasta was doing at home in the house. He had many people on his farm. Some were then shearing corn; some bound it together; some drove it to the building; some unloaded it, and put it in stack or barn: but the king, and two men with him, went sometimes into the field, sometimes to the place where the corn was put into the barn. His dress, it is told, was this: he had a blue kirtle and blue hose; shoes, which were laced about the legs; a gray

cloak, and a gray, wide-brimmed hat; a veil before his face; a staff in his hand, with a gilt silver head on it, and a silver ring around it. Of Sigurd's living and disposition, it is related that he was a very gain-making man, who attended carefully to his cattle and husbandry, and managed his housekeeping himself. He was nowise given to pomp, and was rather taciturn."

But at some periods there were bad times in Norway; snow-drifts at the house-door in midsummer. The poet Eyvind once was obliged to sell all his movable goods for herrings and other food: —

"Our arms and ornaments of gold,
To buy us food we gladly sold:
The arrows of the bow gave we
For the bright arrows of the sea."

But a shoal of herrings set in upon the fishing-grounds near his house, and out he went with his servants and cottars; and then he sang: —

"Now let the steed of ocean bound
O'er the North Sea with dashing sound;
Let nimble tern and screaming gull
Fly round and round: our net is full.
Fain would I know if Fortune sends
A like provision to my friends:
Welcome provision 'tis, I wot,
That the whale drives to our cook's pot."

Of what a good king was, Olaf Olafsson has already been our example. Of what a good bonder was, Erling Skialgsson is an instance: only he was one of the very wealthiest of his class, not to say the most wealthy. And his conduct towards his thralls is perhaps some evidence of what was their condition: —

"Erling had always with him ninety free-born men or more; and, both winter and summer, it was the custom in his house to drink at the mid-day meal, according to a measure; but at the night-meal there was no measure in drinking. . . . He never went to sea with less than a fully manned ship of twenty benches of rowers. Erling had also a ship of thirty-two benches of rowers, which was besides very large for that size, and which he used in

viking cruises, or on an expedition; and in it there were two hundred men at least. . . . Erling had always at home on his farm thirty slaves, besides other serving people. He gave his slaves a certain day's work; but after it he gave them leisure, and leave that each should work in the twilight and the night for himself, and as he pleased. He gave them arable land to sow corn in, and let them apply their crops to their own use. He laid upon each a certain quantity of labor to work themselves free by doing it; and there were many who bought their freedom in this way in one year, or in the second year; and all who had any luck could make themselves free within three years. With this money he bought other slaves; and to some of his freed people he showed how to work in the herring-fishery, to others he showed some useful handicraft, and some cleared his outfields and set up houses. He helped all to prosperity."

A good man, yet a Pagan, and sometimes a viking! and it is plain, that, as a slave-owner, he was none the worse for not having been a Christian of the nineteenth century.

From the following piece of grim humor, we learn how a Norseman was expected to die, when the worst came to the worst: "Egil was also led to the gallows; and, when the king's thralls were about hanging him, he said, 'Ye should not hang me; for, in truth, each of you deserves much more to be hanged.'" People sang these verses about it: —

"I hear, my girl, that Egil said,
When to the gallows he was led,
That the king's thralls far more than he
Deserved to hang on gallows-tree.
It may be so: but, death in view,
A man should to himself be true;
End a stout life by death as stout,
Showing no fear or care or doubt."

These were the men that dwelt in the valleys of Norway; and such as these were the men of Denmark and Sweden a thousand years ago; and life like that of Erling was what at that time the Northern lights played and flamed above.

(To be continued.)

RANDOM READINGS.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

In 1835, if we rightly remember, we used to go into Boston from Cambridge to hear antislavery speakers, the most eloquent of whom was George Thompson. It was when wealth, respectability, and influence were arrayed upon one side, and truth and righteousness upon the other. In those days it cost something to denounce slavery, and lay bare its iniquities; and Mr. Thompson must have a vivid recollection of the evil passions that surged around him twenty-eight years ago, which were sometimes awed by his rebukes, and sometimes charmed into silence by the magic of his eloquence. If he has not, we have.

Comparing Boston as it was *then* with Boston as it is *now*, in regard to this great question of humanity, must convince Mr. Thompson that the seed which he scattered with such a liberal hand must have taken root, and is now ripening for the harvest. The unanimous and enthusiastic welcome which greeted him on touching our shores, and which was echoed so warmly in Music Hall, will show to him the progress of the glorious idea represented by his name. The chords which he struck so long ago with a master hand have never ceased their vibrations, and now they thrill the hearts of twenty millions of people.

Mr. Thompson's appeal to the conscience of the nation in those dark days of the antislavery cause will be recalled by the following lines, published at the time, we think, in the "Liberator." It was a tribute as graceful as it was just. It was from the pen of Mrs. L. Maria Child: —

TO GEORGE THOMPSON.

I've heard thee when thy powerful words
  Were like the cataract's roar,
Or like the ocean's mighty waves
  Resounding on the shore.

But, even in reproof of sin,
  Love brooded over all,
As the mild rainbow's heavenly arch
  Rests on the waterfall.

I've heard thee in the hour of prayer,
When dangers were around:
Thy voice was like the royal harp,
That breathed a charmèd sound.

The evil spirit felt its power,
And, howling, turned away;
And some, perchance, who came to scoff,
Remained with thee to pray.

I've seen thee, too, in playful mood,
When words of magic spell
Dropped from thy lips like fairy gems,
That sparkled as they fell.

Still great and good in every change,
Magnificent and mild,
As if a seraph's godlike power
Dwelt in a little child.

SELECTIONS FROM WHICHCOTE'S SERMONS.

On the text, "Never man spake like this man," Whichcote says, —

"No sooner doth the truth of God come to our soul's sight, but our soul knows her as her first and old acquaintance; and though they have been by some accident unhappily parted a great while, yet having now, through the Divine Providence, happily met, they greet one another, and renew their acquaintance, as those that were first and ancient friends. . . .

"Terms more fit, equal, reasonable, were never proposed to men. Neither is this all: they are satisfactory to the reason of our mind. For this is found to be true upon experience, that the mind of an impenitent cannot receive satisfaction or consolation in any other way. Should all the men in the world or an angel from heaven speak pardon to an impenitent, *the sense of repentance* would be better satisfied to his mind beyond any foreign testimony whatsoever. Though God should tell me my sins were pardoned, I could not believe it, unless I repent, and deprecate his displeasure. For repentance is satisfaction to the reason of my mind, is necessary to quiet my conscience; and I should not be rational or intelligent in religion, unless I satisfied my mind. . . .

"If there be a thousand men in a party, it is but one opinion; and one single person is as much as a whole party."

From a sermon on the text, "I am not ashamed of the gospel," we take the following: —

"The first motion of religion is to understand what is true of God: the second is to express it in our lives. The former is our wisdom: the latter is our goodness. In these two consist the health and pulchritude of our minds; for health to the body is not more than virtue is to the mind. A depraved and vicious mind is as really the sickness and deformity thereof as any foul and loathsome disease is to the body; and as really as these tend to the death and dissolution of the soul and body, so the vices of the mind tend to the separation of God and the soul.

"The good man is an instrument in tune. Excite a good man, give him an occasion, and you shall have from him savory speeches out of his mouth, and good actions in his life. Religion contains and comprehends in it all good qualities and dispositions of mind. The difference is not more sensible between a man that is weak and one that is strong, a man that is sick and one that is in health, than between a man that is truly religious and one that is falsely so.

"Some think that the hellish state is the product of omnipotency and sovereignty, the effect of God's power; and they think of God as using his creatures as he will, giving no account of any of his matters to principles of reason and righteousness. These are injurious apprehensions of God, and dishonorable to him. They are disclaimed by him everywhere in Scripture. He owns no such power, and doth not clothe himself with such a prerogative. Hell is not a positive infliction; but the fuel of it is the guiltiness of men's consciences, and God's withdrawing because the person is incapable of his communication."

In answer to the old charge, that some do not preach Christ, he says, —

"They do preach Christ, though they do not name him in every sentence or period, who contend for all effects of real goodness, and decry wickedness; for this is the work of Christ. It is not Christianity to use the name of Christ as a charm or spell, or badge of profession, as they do who use it irrationally and insignificantly. The word 'Christ' denotes, as, in one sense, a person engaged for us in a way we well understand and can give account of; so, in another sense, a nature in us which we very well feel and can express."

We select two or three other sentences almost at random: —

"They make not true judgment of religion that take it to be a limitation and restraint upon man's liberty. Yet some are so foolish as to think, that, if God would, we might have lived as we list, and have been released from those many obligations that religion seems to lay upon us; whereas this is as great a lie as ever the father of lies could invent. For religion is not a burdensome and troublesome thing, which, if God had not commanded, might have been forborne, and all things have been as well. No: there is nothing in true religion that is of that nature. And this I dare defend against the whole world, — that there is no one thing, in

all that religion *which is of God's making*, that any sober man, in the true use of his reason, would be released from, though he might have it under the seal of heaven.

"We observe that things are in men according to their temper. What is food, though never so wholesome, if a person be sick? or music to those that are melancholy? What is exercise or recreation to men that are week and feeble? What are the things of the world to him that hath no power to enjoy them? So they that take no delight in the exercise of virtue in this state, if, after this life, God should remove them to a local heaven, they would take little satisfaction in the place, because of an unsuitable frame of spirit: though, when we speak of heaven, we understand rather a *state* than a *place*; a frame and temper *within*, rather than any thing *without*.

"Consider the unreasonableness of not revoking by repentance what a man hath done amiss. For this second evil is greater than the first; for not to repent is to justify the evil that hath been done, and to stand by it. For the first evil something may be alleged; to wit, ignorance, inadvertency, temptation, and the like: but where men continue in evil, and do not revoke it by repentance, this tends to settle them in a wicked mind."

REAL AND APPARENT DEATH.

THE biographer of Mr. Prescott, the historian, relates that after his death, and before his burial, which was four days subsequent, two wishes which he had earnestly expressed were fulfilled. One was, that his remains might rest for a time in the room "where his intellectual treasures were gathered," in his library, where he had spent so many delightful hours: the other was, that "a principal vein should be severed, so that, if life should again be awakened, it might ebb silently away without any possible return of consciousness." This last request was made because he had always entertained a peculiar dread of being buried alive.

Let no one put this down as an idle or superstitious fear. The instances clearly authenticated of premature burials are probably more numerous than most persons are aware of; and they suggest the thought, too painful to dwell upon, of the instances, more numerous still, which have never come to the knowledge of the living. So little do we know of that mysterious transit from this world to the other, which we call death, or what time may transpire between the last sleep and the waking-up amid the immortal scenery, that the tenderest caution and care should be observed, and real death clearly distinguished from apparent.

A late work, filled with quaint and striking things which were

culled from old authors and new, entitled "Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity," has a chapter on "premature interment," citing many cases where apparent death was mistaken for real. It will serve a useful and salutary purpose to refer to two or three. Dr. Paris (the same, we suppose, who was the physician of John Randolph) is given as authority for the fact, that the daughter of Henry Laurens, the first president of the American Congress, when an infant, was laid out as dead. The window of the apartment, that had been carefully closed during the progress of the disease, was then thrown open to ventilate the chamber; when "the fresh air revived the corpse, and restored her to the family." Her father was so powerfully impressed with this circumstance, that, in his will, he directed that his own body should be burnt, and enjoined the performance of this wish as a sacred duty upon his children.

A physician of Paris, M. Bruhier, published many years since a work entitled "the Uncertainty of the Signs of Death," in which he proves, "from the testimony of various authors and the attestation of unexceptionable witnesses," that many persons who had been supposed dead, and been passed through the funeral rites, had been providentially rescued from the grave, and lived many years afterward. He condemns the practice of removing the bed-clothes, and exposing the body to the chill air, as soon as the semblance of death appears. Cases are cited of trance, having all the external appearance of death, which continued seven or eight days, followed by a return to life. Sometimes there is a total insensibility; sometimes the consciousness is not suspended, and the subject knows all that is taking place in the room. The following instance of this kind is given from the "Psychological Magazine:"—

"A young lady, after lying ill for some time, to all appearance died. She was laid in her coffin, and the day of her funeral was fixed. When the lid was about to be screwed down, a perspiration was observed on the body: life soon appeared; and at length she opened her eyes, and uttered a pitiable shriek. She said she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking, and lamenting her death, at the side of her coffin. She felt them pull on the dead-clothes, and lay her in them. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which was indescribable. She tried to cry; but her soul was without power, and could not act on her body. She had the contradictory feeling, as if she were in her body, and yet not in it, at one and the same time. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral-hymns were being sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be screwed on. The thought that she was to be

buried alive was the one that gave activity to her soul, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame." — P. 161.

There are indubitable signs of death, which occur sooner or later; and it is better to wait for them than to incur the awful hazard which such cases warn us against. In 1703, a Dr. Hawes, of the Presbyterian Church, preached a sermon "On the Duty of the Relations of those who are in Dangerous Illness, and the Hazard of Hasty Interment." The facts related in it are sermons in themselves.

Dr. Doddridge, at his birth, was laid aside as dead. One of the attendants, however, took him into her keeping, and warmed the latent spark into flame; and so some of the best hymns in our collections uttered their music on these shores of mortality, instead of breaking first on heavenly air; and some of the most evangelical sermons were preached for the conversion of sinners. The good nurse, whoever she was, deserves a place in the saints' calendar.

COMPENSATIONS OF LIFE.

Henry Ward Beecher thinks that Lord Brougham is no longer responsible for what he says; which means, that he is in his dotage. What he thought and said of the periods of mental vigor and decline, when he was yet Lord Brougham, is of much interest. In his "Discourse on Natural Theology," he urges no mean argument for the immortality of the soul, and its independence of matter. He says that the period of the greatest mental strength and clearness is precisely the one of bodily decline. The strength of the body, its agility, its patience of fatigue, indeed all its qualities, decline from thirty at the latest; and yet "the mind is improving rapidly from thirty to fifty, suffers little or no decline before sixty, and therefore is better when the body is enfeebled, at the age of fifty-eight or fifty-nine, than it was in the acme of the corporeal faculties thirty years before." This doubtless is true; the condition being observed, that neither mind nor body have been abused and prematurely wasted. Moreover, "it is equally certain, that while the body is rapidly decaying between sixty or sixty-three and seventy, the mind suffers hardly any loss of strength in the generality of men; and men continue to seventy-five or seventy-six in possession of all their mental powers, while few can then boast of more than the remains of physical strength. And instances are

not wanting of persons, who between eighty and ninety, and even older, when the body can hardly be said to live, possess every faculty of the mind unimpaired."

These are the compensations of life: so much strength of muscle given up for so much intellect and soul, so much of the body put off for so much of immortality put on.

CULTURE OF THE IMAGINATION IN CHILDREN.

Always true it is, that, where there is no vision, the people perish: they sink into dull, plodding, matter-of-fact, eating, drinking, and sleeping animals. What Sir William Hamilton calls the representative faculty, the faculty which has power to present the absent or the unseen with so much power and brightness as to make it a present reality, is essential to a bright living and operative faith. Any form of religion which does not appeal to this faculty, lift it up, and vivify it, will die out: and it ought to; for it cannot fling the light of eternity over the dusty ways of time. We talk about reason in religion, as if that were the chief means in the discovery of truth. It is only one; and, if separated from the representative faculty, gives us only dead formulas, or, what is worse, barren negations. Reason *and* the representative faculty make the past alive, and bring the future near; making the spiritual world, not a vast inane, but a bright vista of ascending landscapes.

Hence the vast importance of cultivating the imaginative faculty in childhood. There is not the least danger, that, in the Yankee character, it will outstrip and overtop the others. The heresies of the sects arise in part from our plodding literalism, which is totally unfit to appreciate the grand Orientalism of the Scriptures.

Not only the study of grammar and mathematics, but of poetry, should be introduced into the schools, and the passages of the best authors, from Spenser to the Brownings, laid up in the mind as an exercise both for imagination and memory. History should be read; not merely *such* histories as relate past events, but those which make the past present, — under which description come pre-eminently Grote, Macaulay, and Prescott; and Walter Scott and Shakspeare, so far forth as they make the past live again, are better historians a thousand times than the mere annalist who strings facts together, without so grouping and magnetizing them as to make them dramatic.

We hate compilations where the poetry is tinkered, and the imagery enfeebled, to be adapted to children. We have a collection designed expressly for children, which includes "the Sailor Boy." That poem has this line, the most perfect word-picture conceivable: —

"'Tis the lightning's red glare, *painting hell on the sky.*"

This is toned down, despicably, thus: —

"'Tis the lightning's red glare, *flushing far o'er the sky;*"

with a foot-note of apology, that the change was made for fear the original line would present an image which would not be *pleasant* to the children. What nonsense! As if the children, who are crazy for battle-pieces, and spout "Hohenlinden" as soon as they can talk, needed to be put on this milk-and-water diet.

Burns says, that, when a boy, he used to read the "Traveller's Hymn" of Addison; and he tells us how the two lines in particular affected him: —

"For though *in dreadful whirls we hung,*
High on the broken wave."

In a single phrase, the whole scene is presented; the vessel riding the top of one of those awful eddies, hanging from it, and about to plunge into the gulf below. This same hymn is in some of our collections; but this couplet of incomparably graphic power is spoiled in this wise: —

"Though *by the dreadful tempest tost,*
High on the broken wave."

When Burns sent to the publisher "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," the publisher thought it might be improved, and suggested, that instead of the line, "Welcome to your gory bed," it should read, "Welcome to proud Honor's bed." "No," said Burns; "let it stand as I wrote it;" and so saved the noblest of lyrics from being spoiled. We have tried in vain to find a genuine, *bonâ-fide* edition of the "Arabian Nights," containing Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp, the Forty Robbers, and the rest. If some publisher would resuscitate the work, and let us have it, well illustrated, he would, in our judgment, do a better service to the rising generation than those who get up goodish stories of goodish people.

Children have a vein of Orientalism in them, and delight to have the representative faculty roused into exercise; and the danger is, not that thereby the character will lose its balance, but that

it will be lost without it. Reason and imagination complement each other. One is all eye; the other, all wing. With only the former, we see clearly a few feet around us; but only from our mole-hill, where we stick fast. With only the latter, we plunge hither and thither, and see nothing. With both, we rise like the eagle, fronting the sun, all the dominions of noon lying beneath us, all their objects lying in light, their relative distances measured, and all their outlines confessed. S.

PRAYER FOR THE ETERNAL CALM.

FROM among the sweet strains of the "Book of Praise," noticed on another page, we select the following invocation, highly appropriate as a prayer to be breathed by us in these troublous times: —

"Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow:
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon Earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm:
Let thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes: keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet, —
Calm in the closet's solitude;
Calm in the wrestling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health;
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth;
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate thy holy name;

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir, —
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear;

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain."

HORATIUS BONAR. 1856.

REFLECTIONS.

A tragedy, before it is acted, resembles the statue of Pygmalion. It is the genius of the actor that gives it life.

"How many men of shining parts,
To feed their brains, have starved their hearts,
And climbed the heights of Fame to find
They've left their happiness behind!"

The author, like the penman, often obscures what he writes by unmeaning flourishes.

The passages in books which produce the most effect are usually expressed in the simplest language, and thus go straight to the reader's mind and heart.

An author cannot judge how his writings will affect others, until he is cool; for others will be cool when they read them.

Many a brilliant writer resembles a fire-fly, — sparkling, but not enlightening.

Many a thought appears to be original only because it is crude.

Many words often darken what a few would make plain. Superfluous words smother good thoughts.

Most books are written before the decline of life, and therefore do not give men's last conclusions.

To make wise words weighty, they must be backed by an authority which gives the world assurance of their wisdom.

A mere list of words denoting pleasant objects and kind affections tends to soothe the mind.

Words change their meanings from causes too numerous to be mentioned: so that the old and the young often attach different meanings to the same word.

Genius ripens early; wisdom, late.

A man's character shows itself in his dreams, and he may profit by their lessons.

The smaller the mind, the greater the pride in petty distinctions.

Many a title-page is a page of titles spread out like a peacock's tail.

Where there is only one side to a question, some men always take the other side.

If a man lives as he ought, the more he is looked into, the better he appears.

Every one totters, at times, under the burden of life.

There is no discharge from the warfare within us.

The circulation of money is to the State what the circulation of the blood is to the body. E. W.

"HOW LONG WILL THIS WAR LAST?"

One of the most protracted wars in all history was that known as the Peloponnesian, between Athens and Sparta. It lasted *twenty-seven years*, interrupted only by a peace of one year, which was only a hollow truce. It did not close because either party was exhausted, but because a third power, that of Persia, intervened, allying itself with Sparta; when Athens lost her navy, and her capital was taken, and she was subjugated. During much of this time, Sparta, which had no navy, was blockaded by the triremes of her enemy.

It may seem incredible that two contiguous peoples could hold out through twenty-seven years of almost uninterrupted mortal strife; but the secret is soon told. Attica, of which Athens was the metropolis, numbered twenty-one thousand citizens and *four hundred thousand slaves*. Grote does not give the number of slaves and free citizens in Lacedæmonia; but the relative proportion probably was not far from the same. The slaves tilled the soil at home, and supplied the armies with bread; and bread, not money, makes up the sinews at least of defensive war. Hence these two peoples not only fought these twenty-seven years, but, for half a century afterwards, we find them raising armies and equipping navies.

Athens was victorious at first, and continued so, while under the guide of her greatest statesman and orator, Pericles, whose advice and policy always were *concentration of the military force.* After she lost him, she fitted out distant expeditions, and, in attempting to capture Syracuse, lost the flower of her army, and never recovered from the disaster.

Notwithstanding the President's proclamation, the Rebel States hold from two to three millions of slaves. With these to supply bread, and build fortifications, they can hold out twenty years, and more, *unless we beat their armies, and scatter or take them.* So says Jefferson Davis; and for once he tells the truth. Universal emancipation, with victory sharply and quickly followed up, are plainly the only ways of peace. That the Rebel States have become nearly exhausted, and that the war will soon end by mere collapse, is a delusion which will be disastrous the more we indulge it. Spite of our blockade, spite of our ridiculous "anaconda" system of operations, the war will drag on to the next generation, unless the government deprives the Rebellion of its slave support, and annihilates its military force. What has been will be. S.

SIMPLICITY OF DR. M'CRIE'S MANNER.

We were first struck by the great simplicity of his manner. It reminded us of a remark of Robertson's, on his return from his visit to London, immediately after the publication of his "History of Scotland." The extraordinary merit of the work had introduced him to all the more eminent literati of the time; and he was asked on coming back, by a friend in Edinburgh, whether he thought the celebrated men, his new acquaintances, varied as they were in genius and acquirement, had any one trait in common. "Yes," replied the historian, "one trait at least, and a very striking one: all the truly great among them are marked by a child-like simplicity of manner."

The Sunday on which we first heard Dr. M'Crie, was, as we have said, early in the season. There had been a sudden change of weather a few days before, and there was a great deal of coughing in the chapel. We were annoyed by finding some of the pithiest remarks in the discourse broken in upon by some remorseless cougher, and mutilated, so far at least as the listeners were concerned; and the doctor seemed somewhat annoyed too. He knew better, however, than we did, in what degree even coughing lies under

the restraint of the will; he knew, too, what we did not, that, when people are very much surprised, they cease to cough. Suddenly the doctor stopped short in the middle of his argument: every face in the chapel was turned to the pulpit; and, for a full minute, so dead was the stillness, that a pin might be heard to drop. "I see, my friends," he said with a suppressed smile, "you can all be quiet enough when I am quiet." It would be difficult to imagine a better humored rebuke; but certainly never was there a more effectual one. A suppressed cough might occasionally be heard during the rest of the service, but not even the tithe of what had disturbed it before. Simple as the incident may seem, we remember being much struck by it, as illustrative of the peculiar shrewdness of the character. — *Hugh Miller's Witness Papers.*

SYSTEMATIC BENEFICENCE.

Wesley was a good example of "systematic beneficence." He remarked in early life, that he had known but four men who had not declined in religion by becoming wealthy: later in life, he corrected the remark, and made no exception. He himself, therefore, guarded scrupulously against the danger. When his own income was but £30 a year, he gave away £2; when it was £60, he still confined his expenses to £28, and gave away £32; when it reached £120, he kept himself to his old allowance, and gave away £92. The last insertion in his private journal, written with a trembling hand, reads thus: "For upward of eighty-six years, I have kept my accounts exactly. I will not attempt it any longer; being satisfied with the continual conviction, that I save all I can, and give all I can; that is, all I have." — J. Wesley, *July* 16, 1790.

ERRATUM.

Story of Joe. — The author of the interesting narrative (none the less interesting because fictitious) which appeared in our Magazine, under the above title, wishes "to correct a misprint in the last extract from Mr. Ray's journal, before giving any more of his writings to the public. 'Joe's Hymn' was written by my brother, Mr. Ray, himself. It was never placed by him in his journal, but was inserted there by me when I sent the extract to the Magazine. — Henry Irving."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Christian Examiner, whose circular may be found among our advertisements, enters the present year upon its seventy-sixth volume. It has been for forty years the ablest organ of free and liberal thought in America. It has always been the fearless advocate of moral and political reform, and applied itself unsparingly to purge our institutions of their leaven of corruption. It has at no time exhibited the results of more profound and varied scholarship than under its present management. In no American publication do we find a body of such thorough and impartial criticism as the "Examiner" has under its "Review of Current Literature." In the present crisis of our national affairs, it has published articles, which in weight of matter, and dignity of tone, are better fitted to represent us abroad than any thing we have met with, except in the "North-American Review."

We see only one thing to be desired in the "Examiner;" and that is a wider range in its theological discussions. It has given us, without stint, the radical tendencies of German Hegelianism: why not give us also its conserving and renewing influence? We want both. The great movement of thought in Germany, called the Renaissance of the nineteenth century, had a twofold drift, — one to sweep away all the old landmarks and all external authority; the other to penetrate the old theology, and transform it with a new and diviner life. As the "Examiner" is the organ of no sect in religion, but of all free and liberal thought; not of *a* school, but of all schools that are progressive, — we are persuaded, that, by embracing the latter more unreservedly, it would speak to a vastly wider circle of readers, and exert a more decisive influence in the reform of Christian theology.

The "Examiner," with which the present year opens, has an article on Weiss's "Life of Theodore Parker," entirely eulogistic; Uhland, very interesting to all lovers of German song; Arthur Schopenhaur, philosophically profound and discriminating; Our Ambulance System, a plea of humanity for our wounded soldiers; the Two Messages, contrasting the mendacious policy of Jeff. Davis with the emancipation policy of President Lincoln; with shorter articles. The Review of Current Literature embraces twelve pages

of genial and scholarly criticism. These articles are richly laden with thought, in the style, clear and sometimes pungent, which characterizes the writers of this periodical. We wish it all success and an increasing patronage. S.

The Book of Praise, from the best English Hymn-writers, selected and arranged by ROUNDELL PALMER. Cambridge: Sever & Francis.

This collection embraces four hundred and twelve hymns, among which are some of the best sacred lyrics in the English language. They are selected with great care, and after extensive research among works of devotional poetry new and old. The selection is made with excellent taste and discrimination, and embodies some of the tenderest, sweetest, and most fervid breathings of Christian piety. The editor assures us in his preface, that "the text has been verified by collation with the original work of the author or an authentic copy," with some exceptions, which are specified in notes at the end of the volume. This enhances very much the value of the collection. We have now the authentic originals of old hymns which had been mutilated; or where hymns had been recast and adapted by later writers, or where a part only has been taken, we have the fact carefully stated in the notes. So far as theology finds expression in the collection, it is the Trinitarian and sacrificial; but the hymns have the unction of the deepest religious experience. S.

Books for the Camp-fires. Boston: James Redpath. — "On Picket Duty" is a collection of stories of personal experience. "The Rose Family" is a fairy tale. Both by Miss L. M. Alcott, author of "Hospital Sketches." They are pleasant stories, in cheap form, with a good moral tone, well adapted to beguile the vacant hours in the camp or the hospital. The publisher announces three other works in preparation. It is of the first importance that our soldiers should be liberally supplied with reading in this form, to keep out the besetting vices of the camp.

The Color-Guard; being a Corporal's Notes of Military Service in the Nineteenth Army Corps. By JAMES K. HOSMER, of the Fifty-second Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245, Washington Street. 1864.

This is one of the best of our soldiers' books. The writer can handle a pen as well as a musket: indeed, we mean no disparagement of his soldierly qualities when we venture to affirm that he is a better clerk than musketeer. He tells his story well, at all events, and he has a story to tell; and his book, besides its great charm for the time, will have an abiding interest and value as a bit of real human experience in a most eventful time. E.

The Poems of Robert Lowell, author of "New Priest in Conception Bay." A new edition, with many new poems. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1864.

Robert Lowell has done good service in our great struggle by his noble lyrics. These constitute for us the great charms of this beautiful volume, which contains, with the inspirations of a high patriotism, the sweet and faithful words of a genuine poet and a true evangelist. E.

Bertha Weisser's Wish. A Christmas Story. By M. L. B. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co., 106 Washington Street. 1864.

We hope it is not too late to call the attention of our readers to this charming little story-book. E.

Papers for Thoughtful Girls. By SARAH TYTLER. By Crosby & Nichols. Excellent advice by somebody who understands girls. We wish the light-headed ones, too, would read it.

The following are books of smaller size, published by the American Sunday-school Union; they inculcate good moral and religious lessons in the form of narrative: "May Chumleigh," "The Transformed Village," "Leonard the Lion-heart," "The Haunted House," "Daily Life of Childhood."

PAMPHLET.

A Plain Letter to Rev. Thomas Worcester, D.D., in which are recited a few facts touching the author's intercourse with the President of the General Convention, and his connection with and excision from that body. By B. F. BARRETT. New York: Mason & Brothers.

Several articles received from contributors, and omitted for want of room, will appear in the next number.

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THE DECLINE OF FAITH IN PRAYER.

ONE who shall listen to the prayers offered up in most of the "Liberal" churches of the present day, or who shall hear the discussions concerning prayer in ministerial meetings, will hardly fail to come to the conclusion, that there is a widespread and growing disbelief in its efficacy. How little that is really and distinctively prayer, i.e. petition, is ever heard now! The devotional services in most of our churches consist mainly of ascriptions of praise, of thanksgivings, of exaltation of the Divine Being, of acquiescence in his will, with sometimes a confession of sins; but how rarely any earnest supplication, any entreaty of God to give what the heart feels the need of, and knows that it can only have by asking! Now, praise and adoration and confession and submission and thanksgiving ought, of course, to enter into the common worship of the sanctuary; ought even to make a large part of it: but, if they are *all*, then it is not truly and distinctively prayer. In the common language of men, and in the peculiar language of saintly men, to pray is to ask. That is its prominent characteristic; that forms its peculiar value. And asking implies faith that we shall receive in consequence of our prayer. It is not, therefore, simply an expression of our feelings towards

God because duty required it, or reverence prompted it: but it is an expression *for an object;* it is the *heart's way* to attain the good it desires. And this is precisely what so many have lost faith in. They do not believe in this way. They will admit that it is natural and right and good to render homage and gratitude to the Lord of all, to feel our dependence upon him, to acknowledge our errors and faults, and to renew before him our purposes of obedience. Reason can offer no objection to this. Experience seems to show that we are the better for doing it. But asking for distinct blessings, with the expectation of receiving them *because* we ask, — this, to an age calling itself "philosophical," seems only the relic of superstition, or, at best, an unphilosophical way of expressing the fact, that we give to ourselves what we appear to be asking of another. Here, then, the question comes up anew, requiring a distinct answer to meet the scepticism of the present day. What has a true philosophy to object to prayer? Is the decline of faith in prayer to be ascribed to any legitimate philosophical reasons? or is it rather owing to the prevalence of certain errors in philosophy, as well as to a certain *defect* of religious life? To answer these questions in full would indeed require more space than can be given to them here. The two points which it is proposed to make now are, first, that prayer is indispensable to the completeness of spiritual life; secondly, that prayer does not conflict with any thing which we know of God, but, on the contrary, is encouraged and justified by the fullest revelation of him.

I. Once it would have been thought a truism to affirm that a man who never prays cannot be a religious man. But now, in the vain desire to enlarge the province and purpose of religion, there are those who insist that religion is not in the least dependent on prayer: on the contrary, that the best and most spiritual men never pray (in the sense of *asking* any thing of God), but simply acquiesce in the will of the Supreme, and ascribe to him all the glory. But this is falsely supposing that one who prays shows himself by that act to be devoid of submission and resignation to the Divine Will. No such

result follows from true prayer; for the highest end of praying is, that we may be perfectly conformed to the will of God, and brought into the closest possible union with him. It is therefore true, as Schleiermacher says, that "piety and prayer are properly one and the same thing." As it is surely of the very essence of piety to acknowledge one's entire dependence upon God for every thing, so it is of prayer. How could we ask him to give us our daily bread, if we did not believe ourselves dependent on him to sustain both our bodies and our souls? But much more than this: asking implies a filial "confidence towards God." It supposes that we come to him as a father; and such a father who can never be wearied by our entreaties, but whose delight it is to bestow his best gifts upon all that are prepared for them. Now, one of the indirect though most valuable benefits of asking is, that it helps us to keep in mind so constantly the paternal character of God. We appreciate in this way more fully how near the Lord is to us, how full of sympathy and tenderness, how ready to forgive, how "rich in mercy to all that call upon him." Daily and hourly "seeking his face," we can never feel ourselves far from him; we shall be more quick to recognize his hand in the ordering of our common life; we shall learn to associate him with all our joys; we shall feel him to be indeed "an ever-present help in trouble." It was well said by Schleiermacher, "That would be a despotic family where children were not allowed to express their wishes in the presence of the father, because he was wiser than they." And what is prayer but the expression of our wishes before our Father in heaven? Surely the encouragement to do this must incalculably strengthen the bond between us and him, confirming us in the persuasion that he is no hard and stern master, but truly a most loving and gracious friend; a father who pitieth his children, and would have them trust in his willingness to give. But "the life of religion is to do good." How does that depend on prayer? How are works of charity connected with acts of devotion? Alas! have not the latter frequently been offered as a substitute for the former? And what wonder, then, that some philanthro-

pists have been driven to the extreme of disparaging all prayer as mere sentimentalism, and unmanly shrinking from hard work? "Pray less, and work more," would be their charge. "Ask not God to do something for you or for others: go, and do it yourself." There is no such antagonism as here intimated. Work more *and pray more* would be the Christian injunction. We shall work a great deal better (who can doubt it?) when we know that God is working with us, and when we can appeal to him with confidence to supply what our own labor shall fail to accomplish. It would be difficult to find men who ever worked more faithfully for a great cause than Wilberforce and Buxton for the abolition of slavery. Yet what men of prayer they were! How strong in the faith that God would carry out every good work by them or others as his instruments! Prayer was their life: without it, they never could have had the courage and constancy to overcome all the formidable obstacles to their success. They could "ask in faith, nothing wavering;" for asking was never with them a substitute for working, but rather a new incentive to more strenuous and patient toil. The same thing is exemplified continually in common life. The mother devoting herself to the charge of a wayward and disobedient child; the visitor to the poor, seeking to aid them in trouble; the nurse in the military hospital, weary and exhausted with her incessant work; the teacher in the Sunday school, eager to lead his young charge heavenward, yet painfully aware how difficult the task, — how much are all these refreshed and invigorated by an hour of earnest prayer; yea, by even a few pious but inaudible ejaculations to "the Father who seeth in secret"! In fact, nothing can seem more unnatural to a Christian view than the separation of work and prayer. That which we ask God to give us, or to give others, how can we avoid using our own utmost exertions to attain? With what consistency shall one pray for the success of any righteous and humane cause, and yet refuse to do any thing himself to bring about the desired consummation? That cannot be a prayer from the heart which ends *only* in prayer.

II. Prayer does not conflict with any thing which we know of God. It is indeed frequently asserted, that prayer in the strict sense is vain, because God is unchangeable, and cannot be moved by human entreaty; because he is all-wise, and does not need to be informed of our wants; because he is infinitely just, and would not give any more to those who asked than he would to those who did not ask; because, too, he is always perfectly disposed to bestow on every human being the fullest amount of good which he is capable of, and is, in fact, at every moment opening his hand to "satisfy the desires of every living thing." Now, a great deal of the weight which is attached to these objections would be at once removed by the simple consideration, that a finite being cannot *know* what constitutes the infinite perfection of God. If, indeed, prayer depended upon this knowledge; if one had no right to pray until he knew certainly all that pertains to the nature of the Being he prays to, — then no prayer could be justified by sound reason. But this is not so: all human analogies teach us otherwise. To obtain a request from another, we need only to know two things about him: Is he able, is he willing, to give it? What more can we need to know of God, in order to address our prayers to him with confidence? We might, it is true, run into many errors and superstitions, if that were all we knew. The more we can learn of the Divine Being, the more reverently shall we come to him with our petitions. But the true knowledge of God, however it may increase our reverence, cannot take away our trust. Whatever leads in the direction of mistrust, whatever makes us less willing to pray, is by that very fact convicted of error and ignorance. Is this a mere dogmatism, or begging of the question? No: it is affirming in another form what Christ said, "I thank thee, O Father! that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." The intuitive knowledge of God, on which our anti-supernaturalists rely with so much confidence, is not one whit more certain than the instinct which leads all men to pray. We do not more surely know that God *is*, than that "he is the rewarder of all them that diligently seek him." And the practical

inference from this is, that no objections brought from the mere understanding can deprive us of the privilege of prayer, any more than the arguments of an atheistic science can deprive us of God. We are indeed bound to show that prayer is not an irrational act; but if one shall say to us, "Satisfy me that prayer is a 'reasonable service,' and I will pray," the answer must be, "No man can ever be satisfied of its reasonableness on grounds of pure intellect alone." The truth is not to be sounded here by that line. If there is no recognition of its necessity to the soul's hidden life, no consciousness of "heart and flesh crying out for the living God," vain is every attempt to *satisfy* one of the duty of prayer. Let one, however, come *hoping to find so great a privilege true*, yet troubled by many misgivings, and unable to answer many perplexing questions, and to him it may be profitable to hear how these intellectual difficulties can be disposed of. For the sake of such a one, therefore, the attempt shall be once more made to answer those old objections to the efficacy of prayer.

God is *unchangeable*, it is affirmed, and cannot be moved by human entreaty. Mr. Parker, in his lately published correspondence, among many other instances of his contempt for "ecclesiastical theology," mentions the case of the deluded people of Santa Cruz, who, "on Sunday, prayed to the Unchangeable, 'that it would please thee to send us timely and gentle rain.'!" We may as well accept this illustration as any other for an *experimentum crucis*. The intimation, of course, is, that rain is always given or withheld in fulfilment of irrevocable natural laws, — laws established by an all-wise Creator, pronounced by himself to be "good," and therefore never in all time to be interfered with or suspended, however earnestly man in his ignorance may ask it. But *how* is God unchangeable? Not surely by treating all men alike. It is no evidence of wisdom in an earthly parent to follow one uniform and unalterable course towards all his children. Neither can it be a proof of perfection in the heavenly Father to deal with "all sorts and conditions of men" after one and the same measure. The immutability of God re-

quires simply this, — that, in every thing he does, he shall never vary from the dictates of Infinite Wisdom and Love. In other words, it means that he is *never less than God.* If this be admitted, we have no right to say that God can in no instance alter the course of natural law without becoming mutable, and therefore imperfect. It is very generally acknowledged by theists of the present day, that all the laws of the universe, natural as well as spiritual, are only modes of the divine operation. Now, it has been observed through many ages that rain (to recur to this illustration) is the result of certain well-known atmospheric conditions, and that these conditions are apparently quite independent of human character and wants. "He maketh his rain to descend on the just and the unjust." Nevertheless, the appearance may not represent all the truth. Should it come to pass in any case, that some spiritual good might be effected by a change in the more usual mode of operation, the immutability of God would surely not prevent him from making that change. To bestow rain in answer to prayer is not subverting the order of nature, if nature be indeed simply "the art of God." The divine order must include an infinite number of things which lie beyond the scope of our observation; and among these, it is reasonable to suppose, are the spiritual wants and exigencies of man. Why may we not say that prayer introduces a new condition into the problem, and therefore that a different solution is required? Human entreaty cannot properly be said to "move" God; i.e., to incline him to vary from his eternal purposes: but it may make man a subject for receiving from the divine hand such gifts as it was his "eternal purpose" to bestow, whenever the true prayer should be made. These are, indeed, refinements which Christian simplicity shrinks from. Moreover, they are mere suggestions, and no solid and established verities; but, as an *argumentum ad ignorantiam,* they are valid against all dogmatism of unbelief. They go to show that God, though immutable, *may* yet answer prayer.

God does not need to be informed of our wants. Most true; and therefore those prayers (of which there are too

many) that seem to presume such a need in God are impertinent, if not impious. But how shallow this objection, if applied to all prayer! The language of emotion is never didactic. When we say to a benefactor, "How good you were to do this for me!" who would ever interpret such words as intended to *inform* him of his own benevolence? They are plainly the natural expressions of grateful feeling, and nothing more. When the soul, in hours of contemplation, delights to recall the wonders of Divine Love and Wisdom and Power, who would charge upon it an attempt to *instruct* the All-wise, because it breaks out into the ascription, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints"? And so with supplication and prayer. We long to become more efficient in the Lord's service, or we long to have some terrible calamity averted; and we express these longings as prayers to the All-merciful. Is there any pretence of "information" here? Is it not simply asking *that we may receive?* The Hearer of prayer knows it all before; but he would have us express it in the natural language of earnest desire, that so we may be more vividly conscious of our wants, and may learn the more constantly to recognize our dependence for every thing on him.

God is infinitely just and impartial, and would not give one man, merely for his asking, what he denies to another who refuses to ask, — this is also a difficulty which men have felt concerning prayer. Yet, when fairly considered, there is no more difficulty here than there is in any instance of divine punishments and rewards. When God has given men plainly to understand, "This is the way, walk ye in it," how can they complain if it fares not so well with them for refusing to walk in that way? But if one shall answer, "I do not recognize this as God's way, and therefore I ought not to be liable to those penalties which properly belong to wilful transgression," we have only to say, that He who knows the heart knows just how far ignorance is a sin, and will never punish involuntary error. There may be those, who, through no fault of their own, have never learned the duty and the joy of prayer. Who shall dare to say, that from such the heavenly Father will

withhold any needed blessings, though unasked for, though studiously excluded even from the secret desires of the heart? These exceptional cases, however, are no valid argument against the justice of giving according to the asking. Not that mere words of petition constitute any claim upon the divine bounty. We shall not be heard "for our much speaking;" but the desires which those words represent may be the very means to open the heart for the entrance of light and peace and joy. That is the nearest approach we can make to the philosophy of prayer. In default of any other, that should be sufficient to silence the doubts of those who think God cannot be impartial, unless he bestows equal gifts upon those who ask and those who do not ask.

But perhaps no difficulty disturbs the devout mind more than the last of those above referred to. God is always infinitely ready to give whatever man needs. Why ask him, then? Why anticipate his providential care? Why not leave all to him, and let him do whatever seemeth good in his sight? Nay, is it not confessed that the highest prayer is, "Thy will be done"? Why use any other? Perhaps the reply cannot be more briefly and comprehensively expressed than by saying, what to some may sound too bold and almost irreverent, that he who uses *no other* prayer than this never prays at all. That prayer should come from the heart, as the crown and consummation of all others, not as the substitute for all. Does not that submissiveness border too closely on fatalism, which says always, and says only, "Thy will be done"? For how natural the next step, to cease even this prayer, and conclude that his will, of course, *must* be done! We can do nothing to hasten or retard or avert it: "who hath resisted His will?" And, were the consequences of this strictly followed out, why should we not be passive as the Turks, and fold our hands when a fire is raging, because God will accomplish his will, whatever we may do? Now, the practical common sense of men rejects any such consequences from the divine sovereignty. We know that we *can* do something, and *ought* to do something, to quench the flames, and to arrest a thousand other evils worse than conflagration, even while admitting the

supreme power and the infinite love of our Father. We are sure that he means us to work with him. There is a definite value in our work, notwithstanding he worketh all in all; nay, *because* "he worketh in us both to will and to do." Why, then, should there not be a definite value in our prayer also? The love of God, which is urged as a reason why we need not pray, is surely the greatest encouragement to prayer; for from him must come those very longings which lead us to seek his face. It is with no distrust of his willingness to give that we come and ask him to give us our requests, but rather it is in the full confidence, that, for wise and merciful reasons, he has appointed that they who ask shall receive. Nor can it be said to limit the divine benevolence, that God gives upon conditions. Without attempting to penetrate the deeper mysteries of his providence, we can still see how it should accord with the divine perfections to bestow upon every man that good, and that only, which he is prepared to profit by. Prayer *is* the preparation; prayer enlarges the capacity of the soul; prayer turns the face upward, to drink in the light and warmth that flow down from the Fountain of all good; prayer (as the elder poets and divines were not afraid to express it) constrains and pledges God to bow the very heavens, and come down to dwell with us, that we might even aspire to be "partakers of the divine nature," while we gladly and gratefully say, "Of him, and through him, and to him, are all things." W. S.

And thus it is with absolution: what good doth it me for one to say, "I pronounce (or declare) to the absolution of thy sins," when the soul is wholly shut up in sin? Whosoever saith thus to a sinner so shut up, erreth; and he that receiveth it without the voice of God within himself, deceiveth himself. None can forgive sins but God only.

The mouth of the preacher hath not forgivness of sins in his own power; but it is the spirit of Christ in the voice of the priest's mouth that hath the power, if he be also a Christian.

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

IV.

"FREU' DICH SEHR, O MEINE SEELE!"

[CASPAR VON WARNBERG, early in the seventeenth century. It has also been ascribed to Simon Graf. The very favorite melody to which the hymn is set is of French origin, and first appeared in the Calvinistic Psalter of 1555.]

Joy, my soul! O, joy attend thee!
Hence all thoughts of ill and ail!
Christ, to whom I do commend thee,
Calls from out the tearful vale:
From the troubles of the times
Leads he to the heavenly climes;
Bliss beyond the senses' knowing,
Ever living, ever growing.

As we see the summer roses
Through the thorns unfold their charms,
So a Christian worth discloses
Through besetting threats and harms.
As the billows of the sea,
As the windy tempests be,
So our life's uncertain courses
Oft are tossed with troubled forces.

Therefore with what glad persistence
Press I on where thou shalt lead!
Be not, O my Lord! at distance,
Who didst save when thou didst bleed.
Help; that, with thy spirit blest,
I may reach thy glorious rest.
Do not then, O Lord! forsake me
When the shadows overtake me.

V.

"CHRISTUS DER IST MEIN LEBEN."

FROM A HYMN BY ANNA, COUNTESS OF STOLBERG, ABOUT 1600.

Dying.

In Christ my life is hidden,
And it is gain to die:
I stay where I am bidden,
And go without a sigh.

When powers of sense and reason
Are wavering like a light
That flickers a short season
Before it sinks in night;

Then gently come the order,
In silence calm and deep;
And on that trembling border,
Lord, let me fall asleep. H. L. F.

O MERCIFUL God in Christ Jesus! (in my knowledge) I beseech thee, out of thy deep love towards us poor men, which thou hast manifested in me in the hidden man, call us all in thee, to thee. Oh! stir thyself in us yet once in this last trouble: thy anger being kindled in us, do thou resist thy anger in us, lest it swallow us up, both soul and body.

O thou Dawning of the Dayspring of God! break forth to the full. Art thou not already risen? Manifest thy holy city Zion, thy holy Jerusalem, in us.

O great God! I see thee in the depth of thy power and strength. Awaken me wholly in thee, that I may be quickened in thee. Break off the tree of thy anger in us, and let thy love spring forth and bud in us. O Lord! I lie down in thy sight, and beseech thee not to rebuke us in thine anger. Are we not thy possession, which thou hast purchased? Forgive all of us our sins, and deliver us from the enmity of thy wrath, and from the reproach and envy of the Devil; and bring us under thy cross in patience into Paradise again. Amen. — *Jacob Behmen.*

THE SOUL'S BEAUTY.

After procuring the means of satisfying hunger and thirst, and obtaining shelter from the elements, man next endeavors to surround and adorn himself with pleasing forms and colors. As soon as the prime necessities of nature are met, he devotes his first leisure to the pursuit and creation of the beautiful. Alike in the poor sewing-girl, who, in some attic of a crowded tenant-house, dreams of green fields and flower-gardens as she bends over her solitary geranium or heart's-ease or verbena, and in the millionnaire whose conservatory is filled with the fragrance and beauty of rare exotics; in the ancient Hebrews, who, in festival or battle, cheered themselves with the discordant notes of rams'-horns and cymbals, and in those whose souls thrill as they listen to the stately harmonies of Beethoven; in the frontier-settler who relieves the roughness of his log-cabin by training some green vine over its whitewashed surface, and in the architect of St. Peter's who devised the majestic colonnade and the lofty dome, and who adorned the Sistine Chapel with its unrivalled paintings; in the savage who tattoos his skin with uncouth figures, and in the belle whose natural beauty is heightened by the exquisite elegance and appropriateness of her costume; in the rude rhymster who celebrates the events of his neighborhood in halting verse, and in the poet whose soul is in full sympathy with Nature, and understands the meaning of all her voices, — there is the same desire for the beautiful, and the same impulse to create it. They are all akin by their admiration of what is graceful and lovely. No man is content with that which merely serves the purpose of use. He acts with constant reference to certain laws of order, symmetry, arrangement, and color, which, although he may be unable to announce them in a scientific form, unconsciously regulate his conduct. He does not build the rudest edifice without some reference to proportion and regularity. He manufactures nothing upon which he does not expend some labor for

the sake of ornament as well as use. The housewife does not set the table for the plainest meal without paying a spontaneous deference to that neatness, order, and arrangement which are elements of beauty. The farmer does not plant a field of corn without regulating the straightness of his rows, and the shape of his field, by the same principle which guided Phidias when he built the Parthenon, or the sculptor who shaped the form of Venus or Apollo. Nor is it man only that delights in the beautiful: God himself takes pleasure in it. The creation bears witness that the Divine Mind loves that order, regularity, variety, symmetry, harmony of combination, grace of form and motion, which please the human eye. The hues of the rainbow, the whiteness of the swan, the glowing red of the golden robin, the green verdure of the meadow and the rich colors of autumn, the lustre of gems and the light of stars, the majesty of the drifting clouds and the azure of the open sky, the delicate loveliness of the modest violet, the solemn majesty of forest or cataract, are all proofs that the Divine Architect and Artist takes delight in beholding and creating what is beautiful. "To the attentive eye," says Emerson, "each moment of the year has its own beauty; and, in the same field, it beholds every hour a picture which was never seen before, and which never shall be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crop in the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and roadsides, which makes the silent clock by which time tells the summer hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants, punctual to their time, follow each other; and the year has room for all." To me, this affluence of beauty in every place, and at all times, is a striking proof of God's goodness. He has not made our earthly abode a dark prison, but has adorned it with colors and forms inimitable by the painter's brush or the artist's chisel. The inhabitant of the meanest hovel has only to go forth beneath the open sky, and he is

surrounded by a splendor unattainable in the palace of kings. He has only to watch the growth of a single plant, in order to witness a mystery of organization, and a specimen of ingenious workmanship, such as no human genius has produced. Through the beauty of the world, God smiles upon us. He attracts us from musing upon our griefs, solaces us in our labors, affords a field in which the imagination may revel, and the wearied mind obtain that recreation which will fit it to renew its toil.

We are not to suppose, then, that external adornment is abhorrent in the sight of God. In order to be religious, we need not disparage the outwardly beautiful. I cannot doubt that gold, gems, and silks were intended for ornament; and that the man or woman who pleases the eyes of others with appropriate costume deserves to share the credit which we freely give to those who delight us with works of art.

Still, we should rather direct our attention to a beauty, before which outward ornament becomes trivial and mean. There is a loveliness of the soul, a spiritual grace, that far surpasses the splendor of gold and apparel.

The great danger which besets us on every side, and into which the majority of mankind fall, is the exaltation of external things, and absorption in them, instead of using them as a means for the culture and discipline of the immortal part of our nature. As when our thoughts are taken up with schemes for worldly success and acquisition, so, when they are occupied with personal adornment, we forget the most valuable portion of ourselves. If, as seasons return and fashions change, we are asking ourselves wherewithal shall we be clothed, instead of inquiring how shall our characters be improved, how shall we correct our faults, how shall we render ourselves useful, we are defeating the purpose for which God surrounded us with beauty, and abusing for our injury what he designed should make us profoundly sensible of his love.

What are those things, then, which make the soul beautiful, — the imperishable robes of righteousness which form the garments of the just?

First, The highest order of spiritual beauty is not found merely in the intellectual part of our nature. A man or a woman may have vast scientific acquirements, may understand all mysteries and all knowledge, be able to weigh the planets, or carry forward those interesting chemical and microscopic investigations which bring results to us which we should have supposed lie beyond the grasp of human intellect; he may have the inventive genius of an Arkwright or Stevenson, and be able to devise those remarkable pieces of mechanism which perform the work of human fingers; he may have a profound insight into the character of individuals, and an irresistible persuasive power, and a charming eloquence; he may, like Moore or Byron or Burns, clothe his ideas with beautiful imagery, and express them in melodious verse: but if, to all this intellectual ability, he should join a depraved character, should show himself unprincipled, selfish, regardless of others' interests and feelings, desirous only to indulge his own inclinations and appetites, and to execute his ambitious schemes, could we respect or honor him? Could we make him an object of our affections? Could we take him as an example for our guidance? Could we not find in some humble person, with little of what is usually called education and culture, but who should be patient and uncomplaining and disinterested, something far more admirable than in the world-renowned Goethe, who was regardless of social obligations, and the claims of patriotism, when they stood in the way of his own promotion, and who violated the confidence of friendship in order to supply materials for one of his literary works?—than in the equally distinguished Napoleon, who threw away the lives of thousands for the sake of his own glory? I have heard of a poor woman who lives in a rugged and almost inaccessible district among the mountains of New England. She knows nothing of prevalent fashions, nothing of literature or art or social culture; but she has an eye for whatever is good in every person, object, and event. She exercises the humble hospitality of her incommodious dwelling with the largeness of a liberal heart. She possesses that grand principle in the philosophy of living

which the famous and learned have often missed: I mean a cordial interest in the objects nearest to us that will render life attractive. Now, in the eye of God, in the eye of every man who loves what is noble and pure, does not this woman, unknown to fame, and unknown by name to me, possess a higher order of beauty than was enclosed in the graceful outlines of Helen of Greece, or the luxurious form of the Egyptian Cleopatra? Is there not, in her contentment and cheerfulness and kindliness, something more worthy of honor and remembrance and imitation than those qualities apparent in Lord Byron's brilliant but immoral career?

While, then, we do not undervalue spiritual beauty, nor those ornaments which fittingly accompany it; while we heartily acknowledge the great worth of the intellectual faculties, and insist upon our obligation to cultivate and employ them, — we do not find in these departments of our nature the highest order of loveliness.

In the second place, as it has been already suggested, it is in moral qualities alone that true and enduring beauty is found. In fact, no countenance, however regular its features, or pure its complexion, or fresh its color, satisfies us, unless there is in its expression something that tells us that it is not the covering of vanity and pride and heartlessness, but the sweet medium through which are manifested gentleness, modesty, and good-will. The basis of spiritual beauty must be *rectitude of character:* that is the vertebral column by which the whole body is upheld. Let a person's feelings be ever so fine; let his soul glow with reverence and benevolence: still, if self-interest will lead him astray, he becomes like those trees whose foliage is luxuriant, but which are rotten or hollow at heart. The highest standard of moral rectitude presupposes, not merely that a person will surrender his own gain or pleasure at the command of conscience, but that he will withstand far more powerful temptations. He will be faithful to duty, although he receives no human encouragement or co-operation; faithful, though he is met with reproaches, ridicule, contempt, and persecution; faithful, though his cherished aims in life are defeated, and his sweetest affec-

tions separated from their object, by his fidelity. Still, sterling integrity, this rectitude that never turns, either from fear or favor, from the right path, is not by itself lovable. It is majestic. It has dignity. It commands our respect; but it does not win our affection. We regard it as we might look upon the rough granite-ledges which underlie our soil, — somewhat awed by their grandeur and ruggedness, but longing that they should be covered with a more gently undulating surface, adorned with grass and trees. The men of the time of Cromwell, the Puritans who settled New England, were noble persons, whose characters corresponded well with the stern and rock-bound coast upon which they landed; but we need other and more genial qualities to complete our emblem of spiritual loveliness. Firmness against temptation, uprightness, a determination to be faithful to duty, — these are indispensable requisites of inward beauty; but they are not the whole. With them must be associated gentler traits. The graces of Christianity must be united with the virtues, before the character becomes wholly beautiful. A man may be strictly upright, and be puffed up with spiritual pride; he may be severe in the judgment of others; he may trust too much in his own strength, and think too little of his dependence on God. But let him join with this integrity a spirit of docility. Let him feel that his knowledge and his powers are limited; that, to the soul that seeks instruction, each day, each object, each experience, brings a new lesson. Let him seek to derive the highest influences from all the relations of life. Let his joys render him grateful, and his afflictions humble and resigned, and his intercourse with his fellow-men genial, cheerful, and sympathetic, and the rugged dignity of armed virtue begins to be clothed with a drapery which joins beauty to strength. Let him add the ornaments of the passive virtues, — patience, forbearance, gentleness, forgiveness, contentment, tranquillity. Let him be modest and unobtrusive; serviceable, but not anxious for the recognition of his services; thoughtful for the welfare and happiness of others, and not eagerly seeking his own enjoyment. Let him be free from resentment, from envy, jealousy,

and all bitterness of spirit. Let him meet all the accidents of fortune with a tranquil trust in a heavenly Father's wisdom, and do we not have a beauty of soul more worthy of our admiration than the most lovely scenes of Nature, or the most majestic and graceful works of Art? Finally, put on the robe of charity. Animate the heart with that spirit of love, which, as the sun, shines alike on the lively brook and the stagnant pool, — flows out towards every human being, however lowly and however exalted. Let him obtain those dispositions which will banish all censoriousness, and cause him to palliate whatever is evil, and to appreciate whatever is good, and to labor to elevate whatever is worthy, in his fellow-men. Let him have that spirit of self-sacrifice which springs from a profound sense of worth of the soul and its capacities, joined with an invincible trust in God, and a thorough consecration to duty, and have we not brought before our minds a picture of moral loveliness, such as no splendor visible by the outward eye, or devised by the imagination, can rival? In these traits of character, is there not an ideal set before us worth our striving after, and seeking to make real within ourselves? Should we find a person in whom integrity and gentleness, purity and charity, activity and patience, trustfulness in God and love for man, were so harmoniously blended, should we not esteem him worthy of our honor, our imitation, and our love? Yet these characteristics have all been embodied in a human form.

> "The virtues, all in Jesus met,
> With mildest radiance shine."

In our Saviour appear all the qualities which render the soul beautiful. It is the simple statement of a mere matter of fact, a statement that can be made of no one else, that in him there is neither deficiency nor excess. We may therefore befittingly take him both as the object, next to God, of our dearest affections, and as the standard by which to try our own characters, and towards which to strive. In the language of Paul, we may *put on* the Lord Jesus Christ, have our souls arrayed with his dispositions, clothe ourselves with those

qualities which render God himself the fit object of our adoration and love.

The superiority of spiritual beauty over all in the material world that pleases the senses, or satisfies our ideas, in respect to appropriateness and harmony; the superiority of an heroic deed over the grandeur of a cataract or a mountain; the superiority of a lovely character over beautiful form and features and physical grace, — is apparent to any one who knows the meaning of the words *integrity*, *fidelity*, and *self-sacrifice*.

There are three other considerations which enhance the value of these interior ornaments of the soul. First, If we are without them, no external splendor or adornments can make amends for their absence. No personal beauty, no magnificent apparel, no decoration with gems, could make Herod or Judas or Jezebel admirable; while such a man as Paul, or such a woman as Florence Nightingale, wins our homage and affection, and we forget, in our esteem for their virtues, to be curious in respect to their looks and dress. No loveliness of features, however heightened by skilful and befitting decoration, can compensate for the blemish of a vain, haughty spirit; a peevish, irritable temper; a selfish, murmuring disposition; a censorious, calumniating tongue. It only gives us a greater shock when we find that a beautiful body is the sepulchre of a lifeless conscience and a corrupt heart.

In the second place, physical beauty is a rare possession: it is a gift of Nature, and can be acquired by no efforts. That wealth also which decorates beauty with gold and gems can be gained only by a few persons. Not many can have a grand career; not many possess great mental powers, or make vast intellectual attainments. But spiritual beauty is within the reach of all. The poorest laborer may have it as well as nobles and kings. The deformed and diseased may have it as well as those who are healthy and beautiful. All, old and young, may have it. They have only to ask, and they shall receive; only to seek, and they shall find; only to make a diligent use of their daily opportunities, and the

same Power which clothes the lily with grace and loveliness will work within their souls, fashioning them into the divine likeness.

Finally, physical beauty must decay, and all its external adornments be left behind. Care and age and sorrow soon place their defacing marks on the loveliest features, and leave to the aged man or woman only that higher beauty with which sweetness of temper, rectitude of purpose, faith in God, and purity of heart, light up the countenance; but the nobler beauties of the just shall never fade. Shining here upon the earth with beneficent radiance, they shall have a still brighter lustre in a future world. They will leave behind their possessor a hallowing, renovating influence; and they will be the highest cause of his rejoicing in heaven.

What a motive we have, then, to form the order, the beauty, and the love of the kingdom of God within our hearts! What a motive to banish from the soul all that is base, narrow, and hateful! What a motive to cherish all noble and excellent qualities! What a motive to heed the words of Paul, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things"! L.

YET seeing it remaineth true that a true Christian is born of Christ, and that the new birth is the temple of the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us, and that the new man only that is born of Christ partaketh of the flesh and blood of Christ, it appeareth that it is not so easy a matter to be a Christian.

FOR the righteousness of a Christian in Christ cannot sin: for St. Paul saith, "Our conversation is in heaven; from whence we expect our Saviour, Jesus Christ." Now, if our coversation be in heaven, then heaven must be in us. Christ dwelleth in heaven; and then, if we are his temple, that temple, heaven, must be in us.

LONELINESS.

I AM lonely; I am lonely!
O my Father! 'tis not only
That I feel no presence with me drawing near my weary soul;
But it is that very presence,
With its quick and subtle essence,
Touching all the floods of feeling that in anguish o'er me roll.

O my Father! could my spirit,
Mounting upward, thus inherit
Joys of sympathetic nature from a true, accordant sphere,
Oh how swiftly, oh how freely,
Would I flee from all beneath me,
Soaring to the far-off regions and from all that troubleth here!

In that high and sweet revealing,
Touching all the secret feeling
Of my soul's imprisoned nature, here in darkness and in grief,
Should I chance to find the greeting,
In a true and spirit meeting,
Of but *one* who truly knows me, 'twere a sweet and blest relief.

One there must be. And the others, —
Friends, companions, sisters, brothers, —
Small the circle, if congenial, that sufficeth for my peace:
Farewell, then, this earth's confusion,
Social mockeries, heart's delusion!
Come the sweet and satisfying soul's communion and release!

Son of God, too, shall I call thee?
Lo! the sin that doth inthrall me,
Still inviting, still attracting demons foul about my way;
Ah! no solitude so dreary,
And no company so weary:
Break this bondage, blest Redeemer! and I rise to cheerful day.

Not then lonely; lo! above me,
Where the dear ones are that love me,
Gleams athwart my raptured vision, from a bright and blissful shore,

Shadowy forms that hover o'er me,
Lights that glimmer now before me,
Waking in my lonely bosom life and joy for evermore.

Hail, my soul! the blest presentment;
Learn from it the sweet contentment
Of a life so large and noble, spreading forth from sphere to sphere,
That, when earthly joys forsake thee,
Heaven to its embrace may take thee,
In a grand and high communion, free from all that troubleth here.

F. M. W.

OUR ANCESTOR THE NORSEMAN.

(CONTINUED.)

THE life of these Norsemen was what it was from what they themselves were in spirit. There was in the character of these men what might be called simplicity; but it was the simplicity of directness, and not of ignorance. In the old chronicles, it is quite curious how plainly they speak; and often it is admirable, from their direct way of meeting a matter, how simple it becomes. Perhaps they might be called men robust both in body and mind. Indeed, their simplicity was that of men never afraid. They were so simple because they could look men and danger and death in the face fearlessly every day. It was very much from this directness of mind that they were so effective in Europe; and what at home was simplicity of life, abroad has been lastingness of influence. Men direct in word, thought, and deed; able men; good at the plough, the sword, an argument and a feast; Norsemen! — these were they who dwelt and farmed and fished on the shores of Norway eight or nine hundred years ago. And in the winter-nights they listened to the sea, as it roared in the narrow creeks alongside of their farms; and they took from out of their boxes gold and silver ornaments which had been brought from Novogorod and Italy and Constantinople. They talked about the strange

ways and the magical arts of the old inhabitants, the Finns and Lapps; and they told tales of the Arctic seas; and they wondered what the new world was which Leif Ericson had been to and called Vinland. And they rehearsed sagas of the ancient heroes, their wars and crimes and virtues and sufferings and struggles and deaths, — sterner themes than any other poetry had ever the telling of. Of these sagas, these old poems, there is one which promises for the rest, that "they shall endure in all lands," — and it has been so; and that in comparison with what horrors they have to tell of "every man's heart shall be lightened, and every sorrow of woman be assuaged," — as though, those Norsemen, they had had some dim presentiment of what has happened, of the blending of their history with the world's history; and of the going-forth from their homes of an influence, which men of after-times and other lands have been the stronger for.

The farms of these Norsemen, in Norway at least, were between rocks, and could not be enlarged in any way very often; so that, for an increase of population or for enterprise, there was no other outlet than the sea. And so on the sea they fished, and across the sea they traded, and over the sea they went to Iceland and Greenland as colonists; and across the sea they voyaged to Constantinople and other courts, with their axes, swords, and spears, to offer themselves as soldiers. And across the seas, too, they looked towards foreign countries, not like members of the Peace Society. Pirates in their foreign relations the Norsemen or the Danes are commonly called. And so they were: but so, too, were the ancient Athenians; and yet the Athenians are not called pirates. The countrymen of Æschylus and Socrates and Plato, pirates? Oh, no! Deeds that would have been piracy now were not so with them. Very true; and though some of those whom history calls Danish pirates were really no better than pirates, yet there were others, like Erling Skialgsson, for whose viking cruises some other word than piratical should be found. Remember, that these Norsemen were not Christians, but Odinists; and valor, and not love, was what they were to know one another by. Their Odin was

the God of War, and they were not the followers of the Prince of Peace; and yet, Odinists as they were, they were not more bloodthirsty than the Christians of their time often were. They were not more cruel with the Christians than the Christians with one another. Let it be understood that the Norsemen were always at war with the rest of the world, and so considered themselves as being; and then perhaps there is little reason why they should be called murderers by persons who do make distinctions between murderers and soldiers.

But the Northmen were not altogether selfishly valiant. They were heroically valiant, and religiously valiant. They were warriors; because by fighting there was honor to be achieved; because across the battle-field was the way to their heaven of Valhalla; because they could not keep quiet, and because they hated to die in their beds. A life of glory, and then a death on "the bed of glory," — this was their wish; and so, when they killed a man, they only did as they wished to be done by. Said Egil Ullsark, "At one time, the peace had lasted so long, I was afraid I might come to die the death of old age within-doors upon a bed of straw, although I would rather fall in battle following my chief; and now it may so turn out in the end as I wished it to be." And, when a man did find himself dying on a bed, very often he would gash himself with a knife, or would "make himself be marked for Odin with a spear-point;" and sometimes an old man would throw himself from a cliff, and so "fare to Valhalla." War then, with these Norsemen, was another thing than what it is with Christians. It was even their religion; and so it was what some most unlikely virtues might exist with. But, on this matter of a violent death, hear one of the Norsemen themselves. About the latter end of the eighth century, Ragnar Ladbrok was put to death in England; having been shipwrecked on the coast, and so been taken. He died laughing at his enemies, and scorning the fate he died by. A saga, a ballad, was made on his death, that was sung for many a year in every ship and in every house of the North. These are only three out of twenty-five stanzas: —

"We smote with swords. What fairer fate
Can e'er the sons of men await,
Than long amid the battle's blast
To front the storm, and fall at last?
Who basely shuns the gallant strife,
Nathless must lose his dastard life.

We smote with swords. My parting breath
Rejoices in the pang of death.
Where dwells fair Balder's father dread,
The board is decked, the seats are spread:
In Fiolner's court, with costly cheer
Soon shall I quaff the foaming beer
From hollow skull of warriors slain.
Heroes ne'er in death complain.
To Vider's hall I will not bear
The dastard words of weak despair.

Cease, my strain! I hear them call
Who bid me hence to Odin's hall:
High-seated in their blest abodes,
I soon shall quaff the drink of gods.
The hours of life have glided by:
I fall, but laughing I will die.
The hours of life have glided by:
I fall, but laughing I will die."

But this valor which they fought by was what they kept their rights by. This, which was courage on the battle-field, was at home independence that would never brook tyranny. It was to the Norse spirit of his barons that King John yielded Magna Charta at Runnymede. And, in England and here, there is a strain of feeling which is derived to us from men, who, age after age, looked death in the eye steadily, and wrestled with danger indomitably; and who were even glad of some peril to confront, because it made them feel their souls.

That fierce spirit is not altogether admirable in the Norsemen. But this love of peril, this contempt of death, were what in the Norman blossomed into all the beauties and the virtues of chivalry; into the magnanimity of Richard the Lion-heart, and the noble soul of the Chevalier Bayard, and into much of what distinguishes the gentleman of to-day from the merely "just man" of the Romans.

But the Norsemen could work as well as fight. A battle was an honor which a man might come to; but an orderly management of his farm and house was also a great object. By no means were they of an exclusively fighting spirit.

And then, in regard to what they called "gathering property," and what shall here be called viking cruises, they were not all of them prompted by a simply covetous motive. When a Norseman died, a part or the whole of his personal property was buried with him, or burned with him, but only of such property as he had himself accumulated; and this was burned with him, to go with him: for Valhalla was the hall of the select, and there was a proverb that it was "not good to journey poor to Odin." The wealth of a warrior was one certificate of his courage.

But there were those of the Norsemen who were always at sea, and whose sole patrimony was a ship; men with no land of their own, and with only the sea to live on. And such a man as this was a viking; and, if he were a descendant of Harold Harfager, he was called a sea-king. And, says the Yngliga Saga, "They are rightly named sea-kings, who never seek shelter under a roof, and never drain their drinking-horn at a cottage-fire."

Let us stand on a beach at Norway with some young man who is elected a sea-king. He looks to the north, and he knows how —

> "Miserable they,
> Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
> Take the last look of the descending sun."

He looks to the south: it is the direction of vast countries, on the shores of which Norsemen have fought and conquered, and fought and been killed, for ages. He can sing a hundred sagas of heroic lives and deaths; and himself, too, he hopes to be the hero of a saga. He will away and fight in the name of Odin; and be so valiant as to keep Odin's spirit-messengers about him, waiting for his soul against he falls. It is the way of Harold, and Hakon the Good. It is the way either to live or die. It is the way to a living; and, what is

better than that, the chance of an honorable death. It is the way of his ancestors and nobleness and fame and Valhalla. It is a way which he will have sung of, for his own glory in it. And so he and his companions start; and they sail away into danger, very much for the sake of danger. For these men, truly —

> "Their march was on the mountain-wave,
> Their home was on the deep."

And it is from men like these that the nations of the world have learned how to sail. The art of the mariner is from these Norsemen, and from the way they were buffeted by northern waves, and the fearlessness which they got inured to, and the maritime contrivances of their inventing, and the strength and the size of the ships which they had to build. And, at this very time, there is not a ship built anywhere, but the skill of the Norseman helps at it. Nor does a ship sail from either side of the Atlantic, but the tactics of the Norseman are in use to navigate it; and the language of the Norseman is heard speaking in its management.

Yes, and politically he is with us our ancestor the Norseman. It is not so much from the Anglo-Saxon, as it is from the Norse spirit of the people, that English institutions are what they are. Indeed, in England, Anglo-Saxon institutions were much decayed before the ninth century; and Laing asserts, what others, too, have stated, that the Anglo-Saxon spirit had at that time become quite effete, quenched in their ecclesiastical relations and feelings as zealous Catholics.

It should be mentioned here, that the Danes or the Norsemen spoke a language which radically was the same with the Saxon: and this makes intelligible the facility with which the Danes, as they were called, and the Anglo-Saxons, intermingled; and the way in which the old spirit was revived in the Saxons by men of a nation, which, somewhere or other, had previously been in affinity with them.

Of Norman, and therefore of Norse, influence in England, it is a curious illustration, that the royal assent to the bills

of Parliament is given in Norman at this very time. Also those parts of England which were most largely settled by the Danes are those in which, at parliamentary elections, the voters are the most independent and liberal; are most numerously Whigs, and not Tories. The Danes or the Norsemen were largely interspersed among the Anglo-Saxon population of the whole country; but yet it is among the more purely Norse population, that, for the most part, there has been, politically, the highest spirit. It is evident as matter of palpable experience, and even of polling-booth testimony, whence it is that the freest influences in England have been derived.

The Saxon Witenagemote was simply an assembly of certain wise men selected by the king to advise with him when he wanted them. But the Ting of the Norsemen was a meeting held for defined purposes, at fixed places and at regular times, or against emergencies; and it met whether the king wished it or not. Certain large classes of men were members of it by right, and it was by them that laws were made and the king elected. It was the original, I suppose, of certain county and town's meetings in England, and, in the spirit of it, of the national Parliament. There is a good illustration of the mutual relations of the king and the people in what passed at one winter's meeting in one of the districts, when the good King Hakon had been rather violent about Christianity.

When the Ting was seated, the king spoke, and said it was his message and entreaty to the bonders and householding men, both great and small, "that they should all allow themselves to be baptized, and should believe in one God, and in Christ, the son of Mary." A great commotion this proposal made, especially as there went with it the suggestion of a fast-day every week, by which, it was feared, the land could not be cultivated; and this made it be remembered too, and whispered about, "that it was the character of King Hakon and his father, and all his family, to be generous enough with their money, but sparing with their diet." At last, Asbiorn of Midalhouse stood up, and answered the king's proposal: —

"We bonders, King Hakon, when we elected thee to be our king, and got back our udal rights at the Ting held in Drontheim, thought we had got in heaven; but now we do not know whether we have really got back our freedom, or whether thou wishest to make vassals of us again by this extraordinary proposal, — that we should abandon the ancient faith which our fathers and forefathers have held from the oldest times, in the times when the dead were burned, as well as since that they are laid under mounds, and which, although they were braver people than the people of our day, has served us as a faith to the present time. We have also held thee so dear, that we have allowed thee to rule, and give law and right to all the country. And, even now, we bonders will unanimously hold by the law which thou givest us here in the Froste Ting, and to which we have also given our (yea!) assent; and we will follow thee and have thee for our king as long as there is a living man among us bonders here in this Ting assembled. But thou, king, must use some moderation towards us, and only require from us such things as we can obey thee in, and are not impossible for us. If, however, thou wilt take up this matter with a high hand, and wilt try thy power and strength against us, we bonders have resolved among ourselves to part with thee, and to take to ourselves some other chief, who will so conduct himself toward us, that we can freely and safely enjoy that faith which suits our own inclinations. Now, king, thou must choose one or other of these conditions before the Ting is ended."

The bonders gave loud applause to this speech, and said it expressed their will, and they would stand or fall by what had been spoken. When silence was again restored, Earl Sigurd said, "It is King Hakon's will to give way to you, the bonders, and never to separate himself from your friendship." The bonders replied, that it was their desire that the king should offer a sacrifice for peace and a good year, as his father was wont to do; and thereupon the noise and tumult ceased, and the Ting was concluded.

For place and earliness, it was something peculiar in these Norsemen that they could distinguish obedience from subjection. It was in their spirit. Before a battle, they would all advise together with the king in most thorough freedom; but, after the battle had begun, there was no such perfect obedi-

ence as theirs. And so in regard to government: theirs was not obedience like that of most other nations, with whom subjection to the laws was on account of their being ancient or established, or made by wise men or by their priesthood. These Norsemen could reverence laws of their own making, and live by them.

Self-governed men, and not apathetic men either, but men of intense energy; men of earnest, passionate tempers; and yet self-governed men. The French have been free often enough: why cannot they keep so? Because never yet have they been possessed of the spirit which is both free and obedient at once. They can hardly be said to have the Norseman among their ancestors. The English and the Americans have; and, no doubt, it was not without some influence from these self-governed Norsemen that Sir Thomas More died so nobly, and John Hampden felt in the heroic manner in which he did, and that George Washington's is become —

> "One of those great, immortal names
> That are not meant to die."

We have now inquired into what the Norsemen were in life. Let us now think a little of what life was to them. Brave men at least, and sincere men! It is worth while looking into their minds to see how life and the universe and God were imaged there.

From the following passage, we learn the manner of their sacrifices: —

"Sigurd, earl of Lade, was one of the greatest men for sacrifices, and so had Hakon his father been; and Sigurd always presided on account of the king at all the festivals of sacrifice in the Drontheim country. It was an old custom, that, when there was to be a sacrifice, all the bonders should come to the spot where the temple stood, and bring with them all that they required while the festival of the sacrifice lasted. To this festival, all the men brought ale with them; and all kinds of cattle, as well as horses, were slaughtered; and all the blood that came from them was called *laut*, and the vessels in which it was collected were called laut-vessels. Laut-staves were made like sprinkling-brushes, with which the whole of the altars and the temple-walls, both outside and inside,

were sprinkled over, and also the people were sprinkled with the blood; but the flesh was boiled into savory meat for those present. The fire was in the middle of the floor of the temple, and over it hung the kettles; and the full goblets were handed across the fire; and he who made the feast, and was a chief, blessed the full goblets and all the meat of the sacrifice. And, first, Odin's goblet was emptied for victory and power to his king; thereafter, Niord's and Freya's goblets for peace and a good season. Then it was the custom of many to empty the braga goblet; and then the guests emptied a goblet to the memory of departed friends, called the remembrance-goblet."

It occurs to me, just here, that this word "laut" is the same as a similar Greek word signifying the worship of the gods by sacrifice. For the sprinkling of blood, the same word was used in the Parthenon at Athens, and in the temple at Drontheim. Concurrently with some other things, this would argue a connection of some kind between the Norsemen and the Greeks, and perhaps through a common ancestry in Asia, at a time when young nations were still lingering round their respective cradles.

What is known of their religion is through their poets; for priests they had none. Let us, then, understand the position of him I have called poet, and who was so; but who was also a rhyming historian, and a rhymester on almost every subject.

The poet was called a "scald;" and his poems, like the "Iliad" in Homer's own age, had to be learned by heart. For subjects, he had every thing, — theology, family genealogy, national history, battles, adventures, love, magic, and law. The scald was the poet, the novelist, the historian, and, to a certain extent, the theologian, of the Norsemen. He was highly honored. Perhaps a new poem of one of the better scalds was more generally sought after, and more eagerly, than the last poem of Longfellow or Tennyson.

Eyvind Skaldaspiller was a scald who lived at Halogaland; and there, says Snorro Sturleson, "Eyvind composed a poem about the people of Iceland, for which they rewarded him by each bonder giving him three silver pennies, of full weight,

and white in the fracture. And, when the silver was brought together at the General Thing, the people resolved to have it purified, and made into a row of clasps; and, after the workmanship of the silver was paid, the row of clasps was valued at fifty marks. This they sent to Eyvind."

To the Norseman, the scald was the spirituality of life. In the poet was the soul of which their adventures and battles were but the transient expression; but in his words flowed for everlasting remembrance that spirit which in them could only strike a momentary blow, or sustain them in an hour's struggle. Their own great deeds could grow immortal by his soul's speaking through them; and, with his celebration of what was heroic in their lives themselves, they felt akin to immortality.

A great amount of scaldic literature was extant in the centuries preceding the introduction of the art of writing in the twelfth century; and this literature was not in books on a few men's shelves, but in men's memories, and nowhere else. Now, for this literature simply to be remembered, think what mental life there must have been! — how often and often these poems must have been repeated by the father to his son, by neighbors to one another, as they sat by the winter's fire, by seamen at leisure times on shipboard, and by the one "professional man" of that time, — the scald in his place of honor, at the table, on the right hand of the king!

Their literature was not on parchment or in bound books, but in their memories. It was inwrought into their souls. It was what made their country feel alive with what was more than human. With the earnest repetition of their poems, it was as though the old heroes were returned; as though their great forefathers might come in at the house-door again; as though from on high the gates of Valhalla might be heard swinging to with a golden clang.

And they honored the scald for his making them feel these affinities of the soul; and, for that, honor to them!

Of the Scandinavian sagas, the most important is the "Heimskringla" of Snorro Sturleson; and, of the style and matter of this work, some idea will have been gained by the

quotations which have been made from it. And, of the poetry of the Norsemen, the best is perhaps in the "Elder Edda." In this collection there is a poem called the "High Song of Odin the Old." For Scandinavia, it was what the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes were in ancient Palestine. It was the wisdom not so much of religion as of shrewdness and resolution; and yet some of the verses are oddly contrary to the sentiments of the Preacher, who was King in Jerusalem. Ecclesiastes says, "I praise the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive;" but, says Odin the Old, —

"Better are they
Who live than they who are dead:
The living man may gain a cow."

And again he says in the same strain, —

"The lame may ride,
The deaf fight bravely,
The one-handed tend the flocks.
Better be blind
Than entombed:
The dead win nothing."

For industry and goodness, the author of Ecclesiastes thinks only that a man is envied by his neighbor; and that this also is vanity, and vexation of spirit. But, in the judgment of Odin the Old, —

"The noble, the gentle,
Live happiest,
And seldom meet sorrow."

In this poem, some of the verses are pictures of life: —

"One good house there is,
Though it be humble:
Each man is master at home.
Though a man own but
Two goats and a straw-rick,
'Tis better than begging."

What an exact, vivid metaphor is this! —

"Like to dried faggots
And hoarded up birch-bark
Are the thoughts of a man."

In these lines, how thoroughly Norse is the argument, the illustration, and the object! —

"Betimes must he rise
Who another man's life
And goods will obtain.
The sleeping wolf
Seldom gets bones:
No sluggard wins battles."

And how well are expressed in these verses the two great ideas of the Norseman, — life here in fame, and life hereafter according to desert! —

"Thy flocks may die;
Thy friends may die;
So also mayst thou thyself:
But never will die
The fame of him
Who wins for himself good renown.

Thy flocks may die;
Thy friends may die;
So also mayst thou thyself:
But one thing I know
Which never dies, —
The doom which is passed on the dead."

(To be concluded in next No.) W. M.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

While on his visit to Epworth, Wesley says he rode over to a neighboring town to wait upon a justice of the peace, a man of candor and understanding, before whom their angry neighbors had carried a whole wagon-load of these new heretics: but, when the magistrate asked what they had done, there was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgot. At length, one said, "Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and, besides, they pray from morning till night."

The justice asked, "But have they done nothing besides?"

"Yes, sir," said an old man: "an it please your worship, they have *convarted* my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb."

"Carry them back, carry them back," replied the magistrate; "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

CONVERSATIONS OF THE SOUL WITH THE LORD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANCIS THEREMIN, LATE COURT-PREACHER IN BERLIN, AND AUTHOR OF "THE AWAKING," "ELOQUENCE A VIRTUE," ETC., ETC.

XI.

ON THE EVENING OF GOOD FRIDAY.

It was not enough for thee, then, O Lord! with heavenly grace to direct our destinies, to send us rain and sunshine, and to enrich our life with various joys and gifts. Thou hast also been graciously disposed to share the bitterest portion of our lot, brought upon us by our own fault alone, — the pains of natural and of spiritual death, that thou mightest for ever deliver us from the last. And thy body which died upon the cross, thy blood which was shed for us, thou hast left behind for our benefit in the sacrament of the altar; so that even the least among Christians may receive thee, Jesus Christ, in thy fulness, and is, in this respect, more favored than the holiest angels.

This love, which desired not only to load the beloved one with benefits, but also to enter into the fellowship of his dreadful and ignominious sufferings; this love, which thou, O Eternal Son of God, Creator and Ruler of the world! cherishest for the miserable sinners on the earth, — this love, when I desire to contemplate it, rises before me as an image whose height and whose depth my vision cannot reach; and if thy power has no limits, and thy wisdom no bounds, still more unfathomable and unreasonable seems to me thy love!

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" When, therefore, I have extolled thy love, thou inquirest for my love to thee, O Lord! Shall I pass from thee to myself, from the Infinite to the finite, from the Lord of heaven to poor sinful man? Why dost thou desire it? When I can think on thee, then I do not willingly think of any thing else, and least of all of myself.

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Thou askest once again, Lord! Why, then, am I required to give a

decided answer? Why cannot the question remain undecided? The child rests upon its mother's lap; it sleeps on her breast; it throws itself, when frightened, into her opened arms: but whether it loves the mother is a point of which it has taken no account, and desires to take none. Let me be such a child, and do not ask me further.

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" "Lord, thou knowest all things," I reply with Peter. Thou askest of me what it were better that I should ask of thee. I should ask thee whether I love thee; for thou must know whether thou lovest thyself in me. I myself cannot know it.

Yet what I do know I will tell thee. I know that there is nothing that I desire so much, no bliss which I esteem so immeasurable, as to love thee as thou oughtest to be loved. I know that I envy those who even here felt this love burning within them; to whom it was the life of their life; who never acted but from its impulse, and were consumed in its holy fire. I know that I have the wish and the will to love thee.

I know also, that in heaven, on earth, in this vast and boundless universe, there is only one aim for which I strive, one only whom I desire to seek; and this only one thou art! It is thou, Jesus of Nazareth, who wast born in Bethlehem, who didst suffer under Pontius Pilate, who wast crucified, and who on the cross didst exclaim, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!" This can only be true of thee, and by this thou art clearly enough indicated. Thee, and none other, will I seek, if thou givest me grace for it. When a new event occurs to me, I will always put the question to it, What is your meaning? where shall I come out, if I give myself up to your influence? When my fellowmen come into new connections with me, I will ask them, Are you seeking the Lord?—if not, I cannot go with you. When death shall call me away, I will say, Gladly will I follow thee; for thou leadest me to Christ.

I desire also that all whom I love may succeed in coming to thee. I might not venture to say that I loved thee: but I may, perhaps, say that I love them; for I wish them thy

salvation. O thou precious heart of my Redeemer! the iron point of the lance pierced thee, and thou openedst thyself so meekly to it! Open thyself also to my prayers, and cause, through thy almighty grace, that all whom I now name to thee may seek thee with restless zeal and unswerving faithfulness.

And then grant that thou mayest be found of them and of me. Grant that we all may at last behold the face of our Redeemer, and kiss the feet which for us were nailed to the cross. This is now my only prayer: I have no other. Formerly, I cherished many wishes in my heart: they have disappeared; may they never return! Even pious and good men may desire a great variety of things while they are on earth. They wish, at least, to accomplish a great deal for thee and for thy glory. But, what! is it not enough, then, that one is beloved by thee, and that one is striving to reach up to thee? Let me undergo scorn and contempt before the world: if it be only thy decree and no fault of mine, I will submit.

It is my earnest wish to attain to thee; and, happy that I am, I know that I shall do so! With labor and difficulty, the boatman guides his boat to a point which he often misses. I embark upon the boat of faith; and now I have only to say, Let me to the Lord! At once the boat flies in the direction of my prayer; the breath of mercy swells the sail; I arrive at him whom I seek, at the only place where I wish to be; I succeed in reaching thee!

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh to the Father but by me."

Yes: thou art the End, and thou art also the Way. So is a stream both end and way at the same time. Yonder, where the stream pours itself into the sea; yonder, where the Son sitteth at the right hand of the Father, — thither will I press forward. And, in order to arrive there, I set sail with the stream which is my way; and not only a way which leads me, but also a way which bears me. Thus I come to thee through thyself: thou leadest and thou bearest me at the same time.

A GLIMPSE AT THE ARMY, THE HOSPITALS, AND THE FREEDMEN.

DEMOCRACY can no longer boast its pre-eminence over monarchy, that it needs no large armies and no system of passports, since the ballot-box takes the place of the cartridge-box. The capital has become a vast military encampment. Its fortifications remind one of the walled cities of the Old World. The long trains of military wagons which are constantly passing through it, the squads of rebel prisoners which from time to time are marched along its streets, the hospitals which are so prominent among its public buildings, present a picture, which, a few years ago, an American would not have believed possible. And other changes, equally great, have taken place. In Baltimore, the slave-pen, where formerly fugitives from bondage were confined, is now used to imprison Southern traitors; and, though colored persons must still give bonds before entering the cars, a State Convention has been called, and will meet in April, to amend the Constitution of Maryland, and abolish slavery. In Washington, the statue of Freedom looks down upon the secessionists in the capitol-prison, and the Declaration of Independence is no longer a living lie. In Hampton, the residence of the late President Tyler is occupied by teachers and missionaries from the North. In Norfolk, the churches are used as schoolhouses, where the blacks are taught to read; and the plantation of Gov. Wise, divided into farms, furnishes homes for those who have been made homeless by the wanton insurrection of their masters. Thus does the whirligig of time bring his revenges, and swift retribution overtake those who have openly set at defiance the laws of God and man.

Another noticeable fact is, that, the nearer we go to the seat of war, the more ardent and outspoken is the devotion to the Government. At the Union-League Club in New York, the merchants cheered when Gen. Burnside asked for colored troops. In the Border States, there are now but two

parties, — the loyal and the disloyal. That ingenious fiction of supporting the Government, while opposing those who administer the Government, is there unknown. It is only in those places which are farthest from the great struggle that a third party is found, who, without daring to display their true colors, secretly rejoice over every disaster to our arms, and really sympathize with our enemies. We cannot estimate the exertions and the sacrifices which have been made by the patriots in the Border States. On the 22d of February, whilst the birthday of Washington was celebrated with unanimity throughout the North, in the fashionable part of Baltimore very few Union flags were to be seen, though all loyal persons had been requested to display them. In the churches, it is hardly considered prudent to speak manfully for the country. The sympathies of the wealthy and aristocratic are with the South. The friends of our cause have encountered obloquy and derision, and yet they have nobly persevered. Loyalty with them is synonymous with anti-slavery; and it is a singular fact, that those journals which are now dealing the heaviest blows against the institution of slavery are printed in the Border States, and are edited by Southern men.

I. That part of Virginia where our army is now encamped is very much diversified, broken by numerous hills, and intersected by many brooks, which, with the soft and clayey nature of the soil, make it an admirable country for defence, but a very difficult field for offensive operations. The roads, being made across the fields, and solely for the convenience of the army, are rendered wholly impassable for heavy wagons after a rain; and this would insure the destruction of any force which should unfortunately be entangled in them. No villages are to be seen there, as with us; but the houses stand alone in the midst of the plantations, or a very few together, at the most, in which the owners are still allowed to remain, only the deserted ones having been confiscated by our authorities. The fences have disappeared, and the forests are rapidly following them. The soil, ex-

hausted by slavery and trodden by the hoof of war, yields but little for the support of the inhabitants. Virginia has paid dearly for her folly. Devastated by both armies, she has become the graveyard of the nation. The railroad from Washington is guarded by troops throughout its whole length, especially at the bridges; every train of supplies is accompanied by soldiers; all places containing military stores are fortified with stockades; and yet, every day, some of our men are surprised and captured by the guerillas.

The camps consist of cabins, which are constructed of logs and clay, and covered by tents; the chimneys being surmounted by barrels, and built on the outside of the huts, as is customary with the houses in Virginia. The soldiers appear cheerful and happy, having plenty of excellent beef and bread, but suffering from the want of vegetables; the Government being able to furnish only such food as is the most compact, and, at the same time, the most nutritious. There probably never was a more intelligent army in the world. The men are generous and kind to one another; and, in camp, are free from many vices to which they would elsewhere be exposed. No narrow sectarianism can flourish there. War liberalizes all. The old creeds give way. Christianity, it is felt, must be a life. A catholic spirit everywhere prevails, and the men must be addressed on the broad ground of humanity. A true chaplain is fully appreciated by his men. On the chapel-tent of the First Massachusetts Regiment is the following notice: —

SUNDAY	Divine service at 2, P.M.
	Prayer meeting at 6½, P.M.
MONDAY	Singing school at 6½, P.M.
WEDNESDAY	Bible class at 11, A.M.
	Prayer meeting at 6½, P.M.
FRIDAY	Temperance meeting at 6½, P.M.
SATURDAY	Prayer meeting at 6½, P.M.

"Whosoever will, let him come!"

Rev. W. H. Cudworth, the efficient chaplain of this regiment, testifies to a growing seriousness among the men, and to the hallowing influences which many of them have expe-

rienced. And this interest is not confined to the privates. At the headquarters of one of the highest officers of our army, it was no less surprising than gratifying to find a manuscript copy of a recent sermon by the present President of Harvard College, whose words upon the highest themes of Immortality and the Divine Existence were quoted as pre-eminently satisfactory, although the speaker and the writer belong to different communions. Very little rancor exists in the army; and, on either side, there have been comparatively few instances of barbarity. Yet our soldiers have been very brave; and it is the glory of the Second Corps that it has never lost a gun or a color, many of its standard-bearers, after they had been shot down, having been found hugging the national colors to their breast. The Army of the Potomac has fought as bravely as any of our other armies; and it is not the fault of the men that it has not been equally successful. In holding in check the ablest general of the Confederates, it has made it possible that other victories might be gained; and, as the Rebellion cannot be conquered until the army of that general is subdued, our officers would prefer to fight where they now are, rather than nearer Richmond. We do not appreciate enough the sacrifices of those, who, leaving the comforts of home, have endured the dangers, the sufferings, the long marches, and the hard-fought battles, of the past three years. Our peace and happiness have been purchased by their firmness and courage; and their valor is attested by their thinned ranks, the First Massachusetts Regiment having only six hundred remaining out of twenty-two hundred, and the Eighteenth Massachusetts having only one hundred and fifty out of fifteen hundred. These heroes deserve all that we can do for them; and there is not one who has lost a limb, or who bears the scars of wounds incurred in our defence, but should be an object of sincere honor by us all.

And what shall we say of the heroism manifested in the hospitals, — the cheerfulness, the fortitude, the resignation which are there witnessed? The bravest deeds are done not always on the tented field.

"It was noble to give battle
While the world stood cheering on:
It is nobler to lie patient,
Leaving half one's work undone;

Or to stand, still cheerful-hearted,
One among the chosen few,
Who, 'detached for special service,'
Are to suffer, not to do.

For God metes to each his measure;
And the sick man's patient prayer,
No less than ball and bayonet,
Brings the victory unaware.

Eyes that smile on through their anguish,
Sighs on sighs choked bravely down,
All the thin hands folded meekly,
Letting go the wished-for crown;

All the strong hearts learning patience,
All the faint hearts learning trust, —
Cry out loudly, as a death-cry,
'O great God! our cause is just!'

And the King counts up his heroes
Where the desperate charge is led,
But writes 'My Best Beloved'
Over the sick man's bed."

II. The Angel of Mercy that follows in the footsteps of the God of War, binding up the wounds which he has made, is the Sanitary Commission. This peculiarly American charity had its origin in the fact, that though our army is the best cared for of any in the world, yet, in every movement of troops, those who are sick must necessarily be neglected, while those who are fit for duty are first provided for. During a battle, moreover, whilst all energies are devoted to forwarding re-enforcements, the medical department is often paralyzed from the want of stores and transportation. The Government, having so much to do, is unable to attend to cases of individual suffering. The Sanitary Commission, with its own supplies, agents, and ambulances, supplements this work; and, when the Government wagons are detained, it is able to send forward, at the earliest moment, all needful

comforts to the field, and thus save thousands who might otherwise perish from exposure, from wounds, from thirst, from starvation. The Commission also employs sixty Camp and Hospital Inspectors, through whose labors our losses from disease have been considerably less than in any foreign army. The agency for Special Relief, likewise, under its most benevolent and efficient head, by means of which discharged and disabled soldiers are protected from the extortion of swindlers, their back pay procured, those who are sick sent home, those who cannot be removed taken care of, and accommodations provided that their friends may come and visit them before they die, — all these benefits, which are furnished *gratuitously* by the lodges and homes stationed along the Atlantic coast, the Mississippi River, and our inland streams, must be seen to be appreciated; for, in every respect, this agency is the soldier's friend. When the army moves, the field relief-corps move with it, ministering alike to friend and foe, being often exposed to the fire of the enemy, and, as at Jacksonville, being the last to leave the field, even at the risk of capture and imprisonment. On visiting one of the corps-hospitals, it was delightful to hear from the surgeons the acknowledgment of their great indebtedness to the Sanitary Commission for those necessary comforts for the sick and wounded which otherwise they would not have been able to obtain.

Another important department is the Hospital Directory, in which several clerks are constantly employed, the books of which contain six hundred thousand names, and by means of which, after a battle, anxious friends can be informed of the fate of those in whom they are interested. The Commission also aids refugees in coming to the North, sends supplies to our own prisoners, and is always acting the part of the Good Samaritan. By its systematic organization, which overlooks the whole country, every want is relieved, and no contributions of charity are misapplied. Its agents are mostly young men who have been drawn to it by sympathy, and who are heartily interested in the work. Some of them are volunteers, and receive nothing for their services.

There are no more disinterested, discreet, hard-working men than are these gentlemen, who are laboring quietly and unobtrusively, yet constantly and energetically, in this cause. The Commission endeavors to collect and to keep on hand a sufficient number of all things that may be needed after a battle. In addition to these, many articles must be purchased. The money value of the goods issued to the Army of the Potomac, during and immediately after the battle of Gettysburg, exceeded seventy thousand dollars. At Chattanooga, its issues were on a like scale. It is not surprising, therefore, that large sums are needed, and will continue to be needed so long as the war lasts, to procure supplies, to provide transportation, to maintain the lodges and homes, and to support two hundred agents. Yet fifteen-sixteenths of all the eight millions which have been received have gone on to the backs or into the mouths of the soldiers.

Testimony to the value of the labors of the Commission is constantly presented, coming often from the most unexpected sources, and in the most touching way. One boy, who had been brought at night into the hospital, after having been cared for and his bed made comfortable, looked about him in the morning, and exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "It looks as if mother had been here!" And one of the rebel prisoners, who had been severely wounded, sent for the agent of the Commission, and said to him, "I don't suppose I shall live long; but I want to tell you, that, ever since I have been brought among you here, I have been treated with so much kindness, — all my wants have been satisfied, and even luxuries supplied me, — so very different from what I had been led to expect, that I want to make one more request of you. I want you to write to my wife and four little children, and say I died penitent for ever raising my hand or gun against so good a people as you are." Great praise is due to the faithful surgeons and the indefatigable nurses in the hospitals. One of the latter, who was absent from her post, and who was anxious to return to it, remarked, "It's no sacrifice; it's all pleasure. The men bear up so bravely! they will seldom let their friends know how

badly they are wounded; and they generally die happy." The spirit of our brave boys is illustrated in the following incident, related by one who has labored untiringly in the hospitals: —

"Send me home to my mother;
For I am the last of the three!"
Wasted and wan was the blue-eyed boy
Who begged this boon of me:
"Send me home to my mother;
For I am the last of the three!"

No need of words between us,
No need to ask him *when*
I was to send to his mother
Her darling home again;
For the shadow of Death was stealing
Over his face e'en then.

"Where are your brothers, Willie?"
"Killed! both killed in the war.
Two sons has my mother given:
Now her country claims one more.
O mother!" We knelt beside him,
God's peace for him to implore.

Tall and fair and slender,
With the sweetest, kindliest smile,
And a voice whose truthful accents
Proclaimed one "free from guile," —
Oh! what a loss for that mother,
So far from him the while!

Vain, care and skill and tenderness,
Nurses' and surgeons' love!
Racked with pain from wounds neglected,
His back all bruised and raw;
For his bed at Savage Station
Had been coarse, mouldy straw.

And never, without weeping,
Can they who watched him speak
Of the days and nights of torture,
For one long weary week,
Endured with holy patience
By that spirit brave and meek.

Once we asked him, "Tell us, Willie,
If God your strength restore,
Don't you think you've done and suffered
Your part in this sad war?"
"No, sister: if ever able,
I would fight as I fought before."

Oh! but his serene countenance,
'Twas beautiful to see,
When God gave his beloved sleep,
And death had set him free!
And we sent him to his mother;
For he was the "last of the three!"

She wrote, "The Lord has taken
The last of my lambs away;
I am left, in my old age, childless;
Yet 'Thy will be done,' I say:
And, that I soon may join them,
Pray for me, sister! pray."

III. There is, however, another cause which presses its claims upon us, and which it will require all the intelligence and all the philanthropy of our people to meet. The Freedmen are already in great numbers within our lines, and they are rapidly increasing. In Norfolk, four hundred men, women, and children, who accompanied our troops on their return from a raid into the interior, arrived on a single day, and were huddled together in the ropewalk; some of them having but scanty food and clothing, others being sick, and all, for the first time in their lives, being without protection and without support. It was truly pitiable to see how they suffered from the cold, and how anxiously they asked, "Are you the doctor?" Military necessity having required that they should be set free, common humanity demands that they should not be allowed to suffer. Moreover, as they are to live with us in the country, it is for our interest, as well as theirs, that they should be fitted for freedom, in order that they may not become a curse to the nation. What the army is doing for the men who have enlisted in it, the schools and the farms will do for the women and children. These people are, for the most part, worthy and well-disposed; and

it is by no fault of theirs that this war has been brought upon us. On the contrary, they are loyal: they assist our prisoners; and they have fought with unexampled bravery, carrying our flag through the deadliest fire, and planting it on the rebel parapets. In other colonies at the South, they are already self-supporting; and some of them have purchased lands which they cultivate with profit. They all have an intense desire to learn; crowding the schools, men and women poring over their books in stables and shops, and one little boy I met on the road crying out, "M-a-n, *man!*" so proud was he of being able to spell the word. The progress which has already been made by this "inferior race" is indeed wonderful; and it is no exaggeration to say, that for promptness, accuracy, and enthusiasm manifested by her pupils, the school taught by a free colored lady in Norfolk (who was educated at Oberlin) would compare favorably with any public school of the same grade in Boston. The teachers who are devoting themselves to this work are among the noblest men and women in the land. Some of them are sent out by the American Missionary Association, and others by the American Educational Commission. They teach day, evening, and Sunday schools; and as the votaries of the goddess Feronia, who, among the Romans, was the patroness of enfranchised slaves, were said to walk unhurt over burning coals, so these benefactors of this defamed race are sometimes called to encounter hardships and dangers which only their self-denying and philanthropic spirit would enable them to surmount. Our soldiers have cut the way for the army of educators. There is as yet only a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; but the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.

The prejudice against color has always helped to degrade the negro, encouraging the belief that he would neither fight nor work. No other race has been so maligned as this. But as they have waited patiently in expectation of a deliverer, so they are every day proving themselves to be worthy of something better than the house of bondage. There is yet to be a great change in our opinions and treat-

ment of the colored man. A nation is not born in a day. But, as soon as schoolhouses shall have been established throughout the South, slavery will be impossible, labor will be respected, education will be coveted, marriage will be sanctified, the Bible will be read, and virtue and happiness will follow in the train. The present policy of the Government ought not to be interfered with until this great problem shall have been wrought out. Since we have discovered that the negro is a man, let him be treated in all respects as a man. Christianity recognizes no dividing walls of partition. It is to the poor that the gospel is preached. It is the man of a despised race, who has fallen among thieves, that we are bidden to help. It is Jesus who says, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto me."

It is a privilege to live in such an age. The days of the Revolution were less glorious than our own. Christianity was never before such a power in the world. It is not on the decline among us as a people. It is a magnificent testimony to our institutions, that, while the people have clothed the Government with almost absolute power, they voluntarily support so many national charities. In the midst of this gigantic Rebellion, the Capitol is steadily advancing to its completion, rising in proud defiance of those who would gladly raze it to its foundations. The war is fusing us, and making us one people. If the South should succeed, we should become, like Germany, disintegrated, distracted, a prey to domestic faction and to foreign domination. If we restore the Union with freedom, we shall exert an irresistible influence upon the Old World, whilst slavery in Cuba and in Brazil will be doomed to speedy extinction. It is only by our armies that we can accomplish this. The hardest fighting is yet to come. Let those who have freely received freely give, that none of the instrumentalities of the war may languish, but that every State may return, and sparkle with undimmed brilliancy in the national coronet of stars.

E. J. Y.

DEISM AND HUMANITARIAN UNITARIANISM.

RESPECTED SEMI-EDITOR AND DEAR PERSONAL FRIEND, — I have just finished reading your article in the March "Religious Magazine" on Weiss's Life of Parker. I thank you for writing and printing the article; for I was afraid no one of those, whose opinion might be accounted free from prejudice, would speak out the whole truth about it. Your criticism is just, and not more severe than the case required. But you incidentally say one thing that you ought not to have said. Of course, you believed it: but you ought not to have believed it; for it is not true. You say (p. 174) that "it has been found that between humanitarian Unitarianism and Deism there is no difference worth speaking of." Deism denies the special mission and supernatural work of the Lord Jesus: one form, at least, of humanitarian Unitarianism affirms both. Is there no important difference between the two? — no difference worth speaking of between Henry Ware and English Deists, to say nothing of any other country? Pray, set this mistake right in your next number.

READER.

WE are glad to avail ourselves of our friend's permission to print his kind note; and eagerly seize the opportunity to say, that we could not for a moment confound Henry Ware with the English Deists, or with any other Deists. We should have used language more carefully, and with more regard to technicalities. The matter under discussion was the complaint made by Mr. Parker of his Unitarian brethren, as substantially in agreement with him, and yet refusing to acknowledge him as a Christian minister. This complaint seemed to us without foundation. There was a radical difference between himself and them: they could not profitably occupy the same pulpit. Is it so still? Have not the times changed? We think they have. We think that the lines are drawn very differently now. Deism has become less and less what is known as *English* Deism, — less and less antagonistic to Christianity. Deism denies, indeed, that there was any thing, either in the being or character or words or works of Jesus, which stamps his mission as divine in any transcendent and peculiar sense, or that there was any need of such a divine mission. And yet Deism *in these days* would hardly refuse to acknowledge the fact, that the words and works of Christ do help to write the truths of religion very distinctly upon the minds and

hearts of men; and that, under God, he has been wisdom and righteousness and peace unto us in a very high degree, as others in a less degree. Deism *in these days* will hardly refuse to admit that Jesus Christ does speak with authority, and not as the scribes, with the authority that belongs to a soul entirely persuaded, and recognizing the voice of God speaking to the inward ear. Deism *in these days* will claim Christ as humanity's noblest expression, its fair consummate flower.

On the other hand, many who claim to be Christians so interpret the authority of Jesus, and criticise with so much freedom the miraculous element in the Gospels, that the Deist can hardly feel that between himself and them there is any great difference. Moreover, it seems to us that the humanitarian Unitarian is more likely than the Sabellian or the Swedenborgian Unitarian to resolve "authority" into the authority of truth, and to lose hold of the miracles. We may find that incredible, when related of a great prophet, which is quite credible when told of God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. Still we are willing to admit that the humanitarian Unitarian may well find in the divine mission of Christ *a-priori* reason enough for the miraculous element; whilst, on the other hand, we know very well that extreme rationalists are found amongst those who are nominally attached to the straitest sects. Christianity is interpreted and defended by many persons of various denominations so freely, that one can hardly see why those who so adhere to it should not join hands with the *modern* Deist. We ought to say, moreover, that, apart from any specific Christology, the Gospels do impress our mind as substantially true, both in their natural and supernatural elements; and that we should find them of the utmost service in authenticating the truths of natural religion, even if they did not seem to us, as they do, to serve a far higher purpose, — in supplying to the redeeming spirit the means of touching the soul. In a word, what we should have said is this: That there are in our day many, who, claiming honestly and eagerly to be Christians, so interpret and defend Christianity, and so eliminate from it the superhuman

element, that they would hardly think it needful or right to disown fellowship, even in preaching the gospel, with Mr. Parker, were he still with us in the body. It has happened to us, as to others, to observe, that many Unitarians hold views substantially the same with those held by Mr. Parker. It has happened to us, also, to observe, that some who at one time entertained such views, and have since returned to their old convictions as to the miracles and the authority of Christ, have adopted, at the same time, persuasions about the essential nature of the Saviour, very unlike those of the humanitarian Unitarian. We have thought that this coincidence was more than accidental; that it pointed to a vital connection; though we are ready to confess that the swarming of ideologists in the Church of England does not go to confirm our theory. One word more. Love is the fulfilment of dogmas as well as of commandments. Whoso believeth in his heart that the infinite love once incarnate in Christ, now, as of old, redeems the world, is a sound Christian believer, and shall be heard gladly by high and low; and, when he rests from his labors, his works shall follow him. E.

ON THE THREE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

SHAKSPEARE, whose life once filled an English home
With childhood's mirth, and manhood's noble cheer,
What time our fathers to these wilds did roam, —
We hail thee, mighty Bard! without a peer.
To thee did Nature's countless forms unfold
Their meaning, hidden from the common eye;
The earth, the sea, the sky, their secrets told;
And man's deep spirit did to thine reply.
By Avon's banks we tread, — thy home we see,
The church where still in peace thy bones repose, —
Join with the throng that holds thy jubilee,
And guards thy fame, that with each century grows,
No longer to thy native land confined;
For the whole world may claim thy glorious mind.

J. V.

EASTER HYMN.

When shall our longing eyes behold
The glories of the risen Lord?
When from his tomb the stone be rolled,
And he at length our hope reward?

Ah! not to him, to us, the blame
That still our eyes are closed in night:
Are not his love and truth the same?
Are not all precious in his sight?

To us, with shame, dear Lord! we own,
Belong those clouds that hide thy face:
Our sins and faithless fears alone
Have made us question of thy grace.

Yet the more earnest is our cry
To thee, who art full rich to save:
Stretch forth thy hand, Lord! lest we die;
Grant what our deepest longings crave.

Touch but our eyes, and we shall see;
Cleanse, and we shall indeed be clean;
The heavens once more shall opened be,
The earth all clothed in living green.

And thou, who in the sweet spring-time
Fillest all Christian hearts with joy,
Give us with thee to rise sublime,
Where doubts can never more annoy.

Roll thou that heavy stone away
That keeps us still in darkness drear;
Come forth, all glorious, into day,
And in thy living light appear. W. S.

How will he eat that hath no mouth? How will he hear that hath no hearing? Can any man eat that food which is so shut up that he cannot get it? How will he drink that can come by no water?

THOMAS STARR KING.

The Congregational Church is at one again, to speak kind words of our departed friend. We have read no more affectionate tributes to his worth than those which have appeared in what are called "Orthodox" newspapers. Those who would feel bound to dissent, and that vehemently, from his theology, are glad — not compelled, but glad — to bear witness to his faith and faithfulness. They see and say that he had accomplished a long time; and that so to die in youth, whilst the eye is kindled with the hope of other worlds, is altogether beautiful. He had not completed the second score of years. The sun of his life dropped, as it were, from the zenith into our golden west; but how few who finish the fourth score accomplish half as much as our brave preacher and patriot accomplished! His monuments are where he fell. Filled with the spirit of him whose coming was the coming of God's kingdom into our world, he threw all his marvellous energy into the task of building our modern Ophir into a Christian State, binding her to the cause of our Christian democracy, and opening her treasure-house for those who have been wounded in fighting the people's battle in these days, when the few and the many are renewing the old struggle. He could be only on one side, and on that side with no less than his whole heart; and, whilst he labored for the State, he did not neglect the Church, as the beautiful house of God, which he was permitted to consecrate with prayer and Christian discourse, testifies. Long life we should have asked for him; but God knows what is best, and no one of us ever dies a moment too soon, or a moment too late. "*Behold, I, the Lord, do all these things.*"

Our Brother King believed earnestly in the new life which Christ brought into the world; in the second Man, who is the Lord from heaven, and who bears with us the image of the earthy, that we may bear with him the image of the heavenly. This was the saving article in his creed, as indeed it is somehow in every Christian creed; this made him an able

minister of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the spirit; this saved him from being a mere essayist and brilliant lecturer; and, because he himself shared largely in this new life, he found his pleasure in encouraging men and women to do the highest duty of this present hour. Moreover, the fruits of the Spirit in him were a singular meekness and charitableness; a disposition to say of others kind words, if any; hopefulness beyond most persons, and a very disinterested love. Standing, as he once said to the writer, midway between what are sometimes called the wings, right and left, of his denomination, his *media via* was not the middle-way of indifference and coldness and dulness, nor yet of an undiscerning eclecticism; but rather of a very healthy and practical mind, — a mind not too curious about nice points, not too much given to exploring mysteries, but filled with the spirit which is common to human spirits; and therefore more bent upon the "foolishness of preaching" than upon the niceties of speculation. He was glad to live, and labor on earth; he was resigned to the decree which bade him rest from earthly labors; he "died, yet is not dead." What right had we to ask more from him? He had reached and passed that honorable age which standeth not in length of time, and wisdom had become the gray hair unto him. Let us thank God that we have lived in the light and shared in the harvest of a life so beautiful and so fruitful. E.

Do not the changes of feeling which take place in solitude affect the expression of the countenance as much as if they had taken place in company, perhaps more, because less self-restraint is exercised? Milton represents the face of Satan, when he thought himself unseen, as "thrice changed with pale, ire, envy, and despair."

A man with much business on his hands is usually brought into connection with many persons, who furnish him useful information, even if they give him no other aid; so that he can do more from having more to do. E. W.

"DIED TO-DAY."

Telegram from San Francisco to Boston, March 4, 1864.

WHAT sees that soft brown eye?
What hears that quickened ear?
What signal gives that living soul,
Still burning keen and clear?

The everlasting hills,
And the encircling deep,
And the dear love of human souls,
From him no secret keep.

What say they to him now? —
Sweet earth, and thoughts of friends?
God, in them all, gives to his soul
Life where his dying ends.

Fold down the closing eye,
The golden speech seal o'er, —
Organs of clay! the master works
Earth's costly work no more.

Fall gently, now, and lie
By still Pacific Sea:
Thy people in their golden gates
Will hold thee tenderly.

But thou, escaped thy clay,
Our "hearts' desire," now come!
Heaven's golden gates have set thee free
For thy New-England home.

H. S. W.

A MAN of no purpose, no purpose fulfils:
"Weak men have wishes; but strong men have wills."

E. W.

RANDOM READINGS.

LETTER FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

[We do not know that the brother who sent us the following communication intended any part of it for publication; but we are quite sure he will pardon us for printing it, in the belief that it will interest our readers, and, at the same time, serve a useful purpose, as indicating the wants and the spiritual condition of the portion of the army to which his labors are devoted. It will give our readers some idea of the work and influence of a chaplain whose heart is in his calling. We shall see that the Magazine is sent to him.]

Headquarters 5th Regt. Wis. Vols.,
Near Brandy Station, Va., March 9, 1864.

Dear Brother, — Allow me this fraternal familiarity; for, though we are strangers in the body, we have come spiritually face to face, and drank of the sweet waters of life from the same living fountain, with earthly vessels of much the same pattern to measure it withal.

Your "Monthly Religious Magazine" represents me, as a minister of Christ, more entirely than any other publication of our school of doctrine. Its candor and fervor, its devout friendliness with science, its pure, genial spirit of brotherly good-will towards those who honestly hold to different views of religion and different modes of church-administration, all win my warmest sympathy and love. But especially do I admire the reverential boldness, freedom, and good-will with which your Magazine walks so serenely, so confidently, in the very star-chamber of Science, welcoming with greetings of generous gladness every fresh spark of light struck by the steel of scientific research from the vast unquarried flint of Nature. Oh! when will the Church declare her edict of emancipation from the hindering dogmas of the dead past, and no longer cheat the inquiring mind of half its strength by vain crusades against advancing science? as if God did not make Nature first, and man through her, and the Bible through him, and Christ's appearing through them all, and, in his truth, treasure up all the fulness of divine love, wisdom, power, and glory! Is it not a very *materialistic Christianity* that is disturbed with grave unrest at every new utterance of science on the orderly and progressive evolution of created things out of chaos into fulness of distinctive

being? As if God were not in all and over all, to will and to do of his good pleasure! or as if the reality and efficacy of Christ's amazing mission to mankind depended solely upon the correctness of Archbishop Usher's chronology and the historical verity of the first chapter of Genesis! Thank God that we have entered into the knowledge of a better way, where even the realm of Nature becomes a witness for Christ, and clothes him with a more potent divinity.

Well, brother, I intended to write just two or three lines to introduce a little matter of business; and you see what my pen has run to. You New-England Liberal Christians probably, by this time, feel as though such a discussion is quite out of date; but in the great husk-feeding West, where I belong, such are the rifest problems struggling for a safe solution. I have lived all my lifetime where the avowal of such views cost me coldness, distrust, loss of friends, embarrassment, rebuke, misrepresentation, prejudice, and the like; but Jesus abode with me, and all was peace within. By the warm, mysterious joy of a sincere theological fellowship, I have been thus led most unpremeditatedly to indite this strange epistle to a stranger. Your gentle heart, I know, will kindly overlook its unmannerliness, and pardon the obtrusion.

I sat down simply to say to you, that I am now getting regularly about a hundred and fifty weekly papers, of eight different religious denominations, for the men whose views they severally represent in my regiment. There are some five or six men here, inquiring with a larger and deeper spiritual insight into the hidden mysteries of our holy faith, who I think would read the "Religious Monthly Magazine" with devout interest, gratitude, and profit. I know not whether you have any "army-fund" at all; and, if you have not, any old, odd numbers, that may perchance be lying about the office of publication, would do a good and useful work in the spiritual field here. For inquiring minds that come under my special tutelage and influence, I want to get the very best helps I can. My address is Washington, D.C.

We have a chapel, eighteen by thirty feet; have public service, Bible-class, and prayer-meeting on the Lord's Day; class-meeting Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at two, P.M.; social conference and prayer-meeting Tuesday evening, and prayer-meeting Thursday evening. All these meetings are characterized by an intelligent zeal and devout fervency of spirit. On other days and evenings we have lyceum, spelling-school, lectures, Union-league, and regimental-choir practice. Then I keep a regimental library,

and also get liberal supplies of tracts, &c., from the United-States Christian Commission. And the Lord is with us day by day.

I received a few old copies of your Magazine in a package from the American Unitarian Association; but they had been some editor's "exchange" copies, and most of them had been mutilated for "copy."

In the sweet and holy love of spiritual like-mindedness,

Yours most fraternally,

CHAPLAIN
5th Regt. Wisconsin Volunteers.

ADDENDUM. — As I mentioned our chapel, I would add that we built it ourselves of logs and mud, with a cloth roof; and, for our dedication-services, I wrote the accompanying hymn, which I thought you might be pleased to see. It was sung to the good old tune called "Ware," with our colonel (a nephew of Rev. Dr. Allen, of Northborough) as leader of the choir.

Thou God of majesty and power,
Who rulest earth and sea and sky,
Oh! let thy favor crown this hour,
And lift our waiting souls on high.

This temple, poor as we are frail, —
An emblem fit of man's estate, —
O Thou who dwell'st within the veil!
To thee in Christ we consecrate.

Accept it, Lord! and let thy grace
Within these walls be felt and known:
Let souls here meet thee face to face,
And feed by faith on thee alone.

And as thou call'st us forth to fight
Our country's, man's, and freedom's foes,
Lord, lead us, till victorious Right
Shall give our war-worn arms repose.

Oh! grant our righteous cause success,
That still our nightly couch may be
A day's march nearer conquered peace,
A day's march nearer home and thee.

And as thou giv'st us strength to do,
And hearts to dare through gain or loss,
May we be Freedom's soldiers true,
Nor less true soldiers of the Cross.

REFLECTIONS.

A MAN is habitually called learned, only when his learning is more conspicuous than his powers of thought or action.

Common sense is good sense about common things.

Good springs up like grass, wherever it is not trampled down.

"The soul resembles yon balloon,
Inhaling power to rise:
The ties that bind it to the earth
Expand it for the skies."

The old man outgrows the world, and the world outgrows him, until each becomes weary of the other.

Most minds resemble moulds, which do not produce, but only give their own form to what is put into them.

Names are like handles. Short ones are generally more convenient than long ones.

A prudent man will choose a wife
Above the vanities of life;
Who shows her scorn of rich attire
By dragging it through mud and mire;
An humble saint, in silken gown,
Sweeping the sidewalks of the town;
A bee, who loads herself with sweets
Collected from the fragrant streets.

Without self-control, our powers are the slaves of our weaknesses.

Religious emotion cannot supply the place of religious principle.

Providence will not be hurried.

Selfishness sours the milk of human kindness.

Many of our rights will not pay for enforcing.

Bad thoughts restrained are good ones gained.

History is an endless repetition of the same story, with a change of names.

History preserves many flies in amber.

The aged forget new facts, while they ruminate on old ones. The past hides the present from their eyes.

Providence trains men to excellence in different ways; surround-

ing some with examples to be imitated, and others with examples to be shunned.

Imperfect as a man's judgment of his own productions may be, he can seldom aid it much by consulting his friends; for they are quite as likely to express too favorable opinions as he is to entertain them. E. W.

PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

Numerous instances might be cited, well authenticated, of presentiment of death on the eve of battle, entirely justified by the event. Some are given with much circumstantial detail. We select one taken from Cadell's "Campaigns in Egypt." A soldier named M'Kinley came to Capt. Cadell, handing a paper: —

"Captain, here is my will: I am to be killed to-day."

"Nonsense, M'Kinley! Go into action, and do what you have always done, — behave like a brave soldier."

"I will do that, sir; but I am certain I am to be killed to-day, and I request you to take my will."

Capt. Cadell took it to satisfy him, and the soldier fought during the whole day with great coolness and gallantry. In the afternoon, a little before the action was over, M'Kinley was standing unhurt.

"So, M'Kinley," said the captain, "you are wrong this time;" but the soldier fell as he said he should, just afterwards, killed by a sharp-shooter.

Lord Falkland, one of the most worthy and gallant officers of Charles I., is an instance of the same sort.

At the battle of Ramillies, an officer assured his friends that he should not survive the battle. Near its close, as they were pursuing the remains of the enemy, a knot of his acquaintance rallied him, and congratulated him on his safety. "You speak as you think," said he; "I shall die yet;" and immediately fell, struck by the last cannon-ball fired by the enemy. In his pocket was found a slip of paper with these words, written some days before: "Dreamed, or (was told by a spirit), that on May 22, 1706, a departed friend meets me." — *Welby's Mysteries of Life and Death*, p. 169. Similar instances have been recently related, — one of a brave young officer who fell in the battle of Fredericksburg.

On the other hand, without denying that there may be veritable cases where "coming events cast their shadows before," it is unquestionably true, that a strong sense of danger may produce just

that state of mind which is construed into a prevision of death; and it may tend to its own fulfilment by urging to a more careless or reckless exposure, as was the case with Lord Falkland. Then, too, the cases of presentiment *falsified by the event* show conclusively that there is no such presentiment which every one ought to rely upon or regard as any other than self-originated. A correspondent, who was several months in the Crimea during the severest season of the bombardment, wrote, "I can state that many cases of presentiment were fulfilled, *as also that some were falsified.*" Again: "A sergeant wrote home, 'Something tells me I shall escape;'" but the poor fellow did not escape.

Blindness to the future is one of the beneficent laws of life; and the mind, in its soundest state of health, is concerned only with the duties of the present hour, asking not about consequences, but leaving them entirely with that Providence which takes them up, and weaves them into the web of history. Presentiments generally come in through unhealthful conditions; and are to be kept out, if possible. When we come to that high state in which there is no past and no future that give us trouble, or cause any trembling within us, but where there is only repose in the Lord, delighting in the duties of the present hour, we approximate the condition of the angels, with whom "time shall be no longer." S.

GROWING INFLUENCE OF THE YOUNG.

TIME was when the aged, the Nestors and Priams, bore the chief sway among men. Once, too, those in middle life were looked to for counsel, and were deferred to by their juniors. But, with the advance of the world, the controlling power of men and affairs has passed more and more into the hands of our young men. Who of our own people take the van in the broad column that moves, steadily as the hours, into the fresh, untilled regions of the West? And in commerce and manufactures, in the coercion of fire, water, wood, and iron, to the enhancement of private and public wealth, who take the lead? Our young men. I have no question, that, of the ten thousand inventions and "patents" of the day, the major part are the work of those not yet on the summit of life's hill. It is so in all occupations and pursuits, — manual, intellectual, moral, and religious.

He, therefore, who would do much for his race now, must

address himself primarily, not to the aged, nor yet to those in the meridian of life, but to the class just approaching the stations and responsibilities of manhood. He must so arouse them to a sense of their commanding position, and so impress them with a sense of loyalty to God as well as to man, that while they are stimulated, they shall not be intoxicated, by the grandeur of their power and prospect; but they shall be not only bold to embrace, but wise to pursue, their glorious opportunity; and, while they go resolutely forward, shall be willing to take counsel of their elders, and to energy join prudence and discretion. A. B. M.

MISTAKES AND ERRORS HELPS TO THE GOOD AND TRUE.

Even the ignorance and mistakes of men have their uses. For centuries, it was the received opinion, never doubted by the greatest minds and ablest thinkers of each successive age, that Hebrew was the common source of all the known languages in the world, — Latin, Greek, Persian, Coptic, Arabic, with a host of others. Many and learned were the books and dissertations written upon this subject, each trying to prove the theory correct, but none succeeding. Always there was some screw loose, some hinge ill fitting; until at length, as the result of this unsatisfactory labor, people began to question why Hebrew *should* be the source of all languages. Then followed, upon this new basis of doubt, unprejudiced and dispassioned investigation, until the false theory which had warped the intellect of the ages, and locked the door of truth for long centuries, burst with a crash which startled the world.

So also with the formerly received opinion, that the earth was the fixed centre of the planetary system. The want of symmetry in the movements of the celestial bodies, and the consequent derangement of the universe involved in this theory, was the great foundation of a doubt of its correctness. Upon this doubt, Copernicus, instigated perhaps by the "happy guess" of Philolaus, an ancient Greek philosopher, built his startling and sublime theory, scouted at the time, but which is now taught to every schoolboy as one of the grandest truths of astronomy.

And as it is in the mental world, so it is in the moral. When the apostle says to us, "Hold fast that which is good," he prefaces it with the injunction, "Prove all things;" thereby recognizing the great principle underlying all hold upon spiritual truth. How

many quicksands of danger, how many shoals of error, how many rocks of temptation, lie in the way to a realization in one's self of that sublime result which St. Paul calls the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ"! But through them all, and out of them all, alone is evolved this colossal greatness of soul; if indeed it is ever attained to in this life by our poor humanity, — poor in its many combinations of infirmity and sin, but rich in its undying relations to God its Maker, and Jesus its Hope, Redeemer, and Purifier. C. A. M.

POPULARITY.

Somebody says that popularity is really a test of merit, and that only those persons succeed who deserve to. Take, as a comment on this, the popularity of Dr. Cummings, the great preacher of London. An edition of thirty-five hundred copies of his last book, "The Great Consummation of the Millennial Rest," was printed in London, and "the trade" at once subscribed thirty-three hundred copies. Now, we happen to have nearly all Dr. Cummings's works; at least, much more of them than we wish we had. We have never found an idea in them yet, though we have read his "Lectures on the Apocalypse" with considerable interest. They drew large crowds; and it is curious to see how at this day the multitudes feed on the very east wind of theological nonsense. If somebody will take our ten "popular" volumes off our hands, making believe that they are the pure gold of religious truth, and not pinchbeck infinitely hammered out and attenuated, we shall think it a rare speculation.

The truth is, that immediate and superficial results are produced by tinsel and mannerism: deep and lasting results are only produced by ideas. Whitefield was immensely popular, but without ideas; as his published sermons will show, if you can read them: Wesley was a man of ideas. Whitefield's influence died with him: Wesley, though dead, yet speaketh to multitudes vastly more numerous than those which thronged him when alive. S.

The anxious take much trouble to avoid a small risk, and the careless take much risk to avoid a small trouble. E. W.

PEACE THROUGH CONFLICT.

HERE is another gem from Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise:" —

The world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
The peace of God which Christ has bought, —
The peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consumed
Whilst God remained there:
The Three, when Jesus made the Fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And, though he does not always smile,
He loves unto the end. — *From John Mason.* 1683.

REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE.*

[From a little book which abounds in spiritual wealth, and of which we have given the title below, we make the following extracts. — E.]

"OUR good Lord shewed him to his creature in diverse manner, both in heaven and in earth. But I saw him take no place but in man's soul. He shewed him in earth in the sweet incarnation and his blessed passion, and in other manner he shewed him in earth, where I said I saw God in a point [with exactness, with precision, to a nicety]. And in other manner he shewed him in earth, thus as it were a pilgrimage: that is to say, he is here with us leading us, and shall be till when he hath brought us all to his bliss in heaven. He shewed him diverse times raigning as it is aforesaid, but principally in man's soul: he hath taken there his resting-place and his worshipful city, out of which worshipful see he shall never rise, ne remove without end. Marvellous and solemn is the place where the Lord dwelleth. And therefore he will

* Sixteen Revelations of Divine Love, made to a devout Servant of our Lord, called Mother Juliana, an Anchorite of Nomikh, who lived in the Days of King Edward the Third. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

that we readily entend to his gracious touching, more enjoying in his whole love than sorrowing in our often fallings. For it is the most worship to him of any thing that we may do, that we live gladly and merrily for his love in our penance; for he beholdeth us so tenderly, that he seeth all our living here to be penance. For kind longing in us to him is a lasting penance in us; which penance he worketh in us, and mercifully helpeth us to bear it: for his love maketh him to long; his wisdom and his truth, with his rightful head, maketh him to suffer us here. And in this manner he will see it in us; for this is our kindly penance, and the highest to my sight. For this penance cometh never fro us till what time that we be fulfilled, when we should have him to our meed. And therefore he will that we set our hearts in the overpassing; that is to say, fro the pain that we feel into the bliss that we trust.

"But here shewed our courteous Lord the moaning and the mourning of our soul; meaning thus: '*I wot well thou wilt live for my love, merrily and gladly suffering all the penance that may come to thee; but, forasmuch as thou livest not without sin, therefore thou art heavy and sorrowful. And, if thou mightest live without sin, thou wouldst suffer for my love all the woe that might come to thee; and it is sooth: but be not too much agrieved with sin that falleth to thee against thy will*' (*that is, not maliciously*). And here I understood that the Lord beheld the servant with pity, and not with blame; for this passing life asketh not to live all without sin. He loveth us endlessly, and we sin customably; and he sheweth it us full mildely, and then we sorrow and mourn discreetly, turning us into the beholding of his mercy, cleaving to his love and to his goodness, seeing that he is our medicine, witting that we do (*nothing*) but sin. And thus by the meekness that we get in the sight of our sin, faithfully knowing his everlasting love, him thanking and praising, we please him. '*I love thee, and thou lovest me, and our love shall never be departed on two; and for thy profit I suffer.*' And all this was shewed in ghostly understanding, saying this blessed word, '*I keep thee full sikerly.*' And by the great desire that I saw in our blessed Lord that we should live in this manner, — that is to say, in longing and enjoying, as all this lesson of love sheweth, — thereby I understand that all that is contrarious to this it is not of him, but it is of enmity. And he will that we know it by the sweet gracious light of his kind love. If any such liver be in earth which is continually kept from falling, I know it not; for it was not shewed me. But this was shewed, that, in falling and in rising, we are ever preciously kept in one love (*by which we were chosen before others from all eternity*).

"For, in the beholding of God, we fall not; and, in the beholding of our self, we stand not. And both these be sooth as to my sight. But the beholding of our Lord God is the higher soothness. Then are we much bound to him, that he will in this living shew us this high soothness. And I understood, whiles we be in this life, it is full speedful to us that we see these both at once. For the higher beholding keepeth us in ghostly joy, and true enjoying in God: that other, that is, the lower beholding, keepeth us in dread, and maketh us ashamed of ourself. But our good Lord will ever that we hold us much more in the beholding of the higher, and not leave the knowing of the lower into the time that we brought up above, where we shall have our Lord Jesu to our meed, and be fulfilled of joy and bliss without end."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Meet for Heaven. A State of Grace upon Earth the only Preparation for a State of Glory in Heaven. By the author of "Heaven our Home." Second edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The state of grace is first described "objectively" in two chapters, which unfold views of God and Christ as the authors and givers of grace. Then it is "subjectively" considered; that is, as a matter of human experience. A state of glory, into which the saint passes from a state of grace, is then described in four chapters. These make Part I. of the volume. Part II. describes the analogies between a state of grace upon earth, and a state of glory in heaven. Views of Christ, of the Christian experience and rewards, are described in a very devout spirit, and with glowing imagery. The underlying theology is thoroughly Orthodox, though it appears nowhere in dogmatic form. Those who accept that theology will enjoy the book, and find their piety nourished and refreshed by it. We think the author has not insisted sufficiently upon life, — upon doing the will as a means of higher subjective experience; and that he has unwarrantably applied to the Saviour the imagery of Solomon's Song. But the state of glory hereafter is described as one of progress, of activity, and not passivity; as one conferring no new faculties, and taking none away; and the book is well adapted to remove irrational fears of death, and impart higher and better views of the future life. S.

Sordello, Strafford, Christmas Eve, and Easter Day. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864.

We have read only the last two poems, — "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day." They are rich in high thoughts, and breathe a very true and tender spirit of faith and love, and cannot be read without pure and profitable enjoyment; but we could not help wishing all the while for more clearness and completeness. Dr. Johnson was undoubtedly right, though crustily and savagely so, when he declined furnishing brains as well as reasons to the reader: nevertheless, the simplest things are the best and the most satisfying. But perhaps one who is not a poet ought not to say any thing about poetry. E.

Hours with the Evangelists, by I. NICHOLS, D.D. In two volumes. Vol. II. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1864.

This will be an exceedingly welcome book to a large number of persons, parishioners and friends of the late Dr. Nichols. "Being dead, he yet speaks" to them in other and better ways than through the printed leaf. He is still heard from his pulpit, and he still comes to them in their hours of sadness; and there are festal days when they wish that he were with them as of old: but they will be glad to have the letter as well as the spirit. Yes, the letter will be all the more precious, because the spirit will interpret it again for them, and recall familiar thoughts. They are wise and faithful sayings which are here recorded, and the form is all that could be desired by the most fastidious reader. E.

Familiar Quotations. Being an Attempt to Trace to their Source Passages and Phrases in Common Use. Chiefly from English Authors. With a Copious Verbal Index. Fourth edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1863. — There are some dozen books which one wishes to have near his hand as he holds his pen or revolves his theme. This is one of them. It has been tried, and found satisfactory; and it comes to us, in this fourth and enlarged edition, more serviceable than before. E.

Poems in the Dorset Dialect. By WILLIAM BARNES. — A volume of very sweet and very simple poetry. We cannot say that the peculiar dialect interests us greatly. E.

ERRATUM. — In the poem on "Loneliness," page 226, first line of the third verse, for "*sweet* revealing" read "*deep* revealing."

THE

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MEMORIAL OF REV. JARED M. HEARD.

PREACHED AT HIS BURIAL IN FITCHBURG, MARCH 24, 1864.

BY EDMUND H. SEARS.

John xi. 25, 26: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

PERHAPS our Christian faith is never so strong and clear as when we stand by the coffin and the grave. For how great is the contrast between yesterday and to-day! — yesterday, when life was so full and abounding; to-day, when nothing is left with us but the pale garments of mortality which it wore. Therefore we say with tenfold assurance, These were not the friend which we cherished and loved. He has risen out of them; he has cast aside this circumstance of clay, that he may enter more completely into life. We cannot think of him as dead: a spirit that throbbed with so much fire and energy, and was so swift to do the Master's will, has only been relieved of its clogs and fetters, that its activities may go on without hinderance. The summons came to him sooner than to most of us, — the summons to higher ministries in the kingdom of Christ. He has gone from us because there was some vacant place for him to fill, some other service prepared for him to do; for, if we could look through all the shining

ranks above us, we should see that God never summons his servants too late or too soon, but in his own divine and beautiful order.

And yet the parting is hard to bear. When the old man dies who has outlived his generation, and life has run its full course, it is sweet and pleasant to lay down its load. We feel then that there is no mystery in death. There is nothing to be explained. It was not so with our friend and brother. His plan of life had been fondly marked out, and he had entered with ardor upon its execution: its ties were woven about him in all their strength and tenderness. We were rejoicing with him and with you in the prospect of an energetic and successful ministry, stretching on through happy years; and our disappointments are as grievous as our expectations had been bright. And our grief is more deep and bitter, because these are times when young men are worth so much to us, and it is so hard to spare them. The tidings from the Pacific coast had just smitten us with unwonted sadness, and the news of your bereavement fell upon hearts already afflicted. Your loss, too, is the loss of the whole community; for it is so much zeal and youthful energy devoted to noble ends taken from us in the hour of its brightest promise and our greatest need. Death has come among you, robed in solemn mystery, — mystery, undoubtedly, which would be explained to us, could we look from the other side, and see those higher and wider ministries to which our brother has gone.

In the brief space which I shall occupy, let me bring before you some of the facts which best embody his life and character. Perhaps they will help you in laying up his memory in your hearts, and keeping it as the treasure of future years.

Our brother had just completed his thirty-fourth year. This short life was begun at Wayland on the 16th of March, 1830. There his childhood opened; there he became familiarized with the fields and streams, and drank the spirit of the hills. Perhaps you knew his love of Nature, and his enthusiastic studies in natural history. These he learned first amid the quiet scenery on the banks of the Sudbury River, where he grew

up. There, while he imbibed health, and strength of mind and muscle, he had an open eye for all the processes of Nature. He loved books, and was one of the best scholars in the school: I think he loved the open book of Nature somewhat more. As his mind unfolded, he studied the habits of insects, watched them in their transformations; studied the habits and diseases of plants, would discourse of them by the half-hour; entered enthusiastically upon comparative anatomy, and preserved skeletons to explain it. Had he devoted himself to these pursuits, he would have been such a disciple as Agassiz would have delighted in. He loved to study natural scenery minutely, as if it were the lines of a human face. He would not leave a grand mountain prospect till he could close his eyes, and still see it photographed upon his memory so as to be sure he could carry away the picture; and, as Wordsworth says, have it "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

At the age of nineteen he entered Brown University; passed honorably through its course of studies, and graduated in 1853. In that year, and only a day or two previous to his commencement, an event took place which shaped his whole future course, and exerted a plastic influence over all his spiritual life. You that never had it can never know that priceless treasure of a household, — an only sister or an only daughter. Such our brother had, — a sister, a little younger than himself, who, in beauty, affection, and sweetness of spirit, was all that could draw forth a brother's devotion and love. But the angels beckoned her, and she went away. On the day that she was to start for Providence to strew flowers upon her brother's opening path, she closed her eyes upon this world for ever, and the flowers were strewn upon her grave. Grief takes the deepest hold of the strongest natures. The brother's heart was well-nigh breaking, for his affections were exceedingly strong; and for a long time he could see nothing but that blank spot in the household, and that one grave in the old churchyard. For days and weeks, the charm of life and the charm of Nature were completely broken; for all her sights and sounds had been associated with a voice now

hushed for ever, and he could only answer to them in the words of bereavement: —

> "The wild bee with his buglet fine,
> The blackbird singing free,
> Break both thy mother's heart and mine:
> They speak to us of thee."

He went to Susan's grave, and kneeled upon it, and prayed for light and peace. The light and the peace came at length, and ripened into high resolves, lofty aims, and holy vows. Here was illustrated that beautiful law of the Divine Providence, which we do well to remember at this hour, — the law of compensation, that God never takes treasures from us without giving treasures in return. Our brother's attention was now turned with great earnestness to the themes of immortality, the mystery of death, and the meaning of life. The yearnings of the heart directed him to these themes, and he brought to them his powers of logic and argument. A self-consecration to the work of life more entire than ever before, and a religious earnestness and zeal which never ceased to burn, came to him from this great sorrow of his father's house. These ripened into resolves so distinct and clear, that they became a voice within him that called him to the ministry of Christ. "I hear it," he would say, — "I hear it, urging me on; and I dare not disobey it."

Let me read an extract from one of his letters on that memorable morning in his experience, when the Divine Grace seemed to dawn like a new sunrise upon his soul. It will show you how he had come to regard death, and how he would exhort us to triumph over it now. "I visited the spot," he writes, "where she lies, the morning that I left home. The rising sun had bathed the whole firmament in a flood of liquid gold; and that holy quiet which rests down upon every thing in the country between the hours of day-dawn and sunrise threw its peculiar charm over my spirit, and I felt happy. I could not refrain from exclamations of thanksgiving and praise. My soul instinctively bowed in adoration to the God of the morning, to the God of the resurrection, of whose morning the gilded sky was such a perfect symbol. I kneeled

at the head of Susan's grave, and offered an earnest prayer for wisdom to teach me, strength to assist me, as I was again to start from the quiet haven of home upon the boisterous and deceitful ocean of the world. Into that short half-hour were crowded pleasures unspeakable, whose elevating influence even now hangs around my pathway." Such was the spot where he took his consecrating vows. How nobly he kept them!

Before entering upon his chosen work, he went to Providence as a teacher of one of the public schools. But a new trial awaited him, — one of the hardest trials to a mind ardent and active like his. A partial failure of health compelled him to quit his school, and give over his plans. But friends who prized his worth, and saw the power that was in him, and the good he could do, always crossed his path. A sea-captain generously offered him a passage to the East Indies, and he sought the restoratives of a sea-voyage. On his return, he entered the Theological School at Cambridge; but, before completing the three-years' course, was compelled to leave his studies, and return to Wayland. His mind chafed under these restraints and disappointments, and preyed upon itself. To have the prizes of life snatched away as he was ready to grasp them, because of some thorn in the flesh, some nerve that would get of tune and play its discords, some rebellious lobe of the brain that refused to do its office, — this for some months was his painful experience. But the hour at length came, and he rose out of this depression into the clear spiritual activity for which he was longing. An invitation came to him from the society at Clinton to supply their pulpit. He went joyfully, and breathed all his enthusiasm into his work. The body, touched and magnetized by an indomitable will, refused no longer to work in harmony with the spirit within.

He preached at Clinton with great acceptance; where he was ordained Aug. 25, 1858. His active ministry there of five years was remarkably successful. His parish honored and loved him. His voice, I believe, was gladly heard, not only in his own pulpit, but in the whole circuit of his ex-

changes. The town appreciated his talents and worth, and selected him as its representative in the Legislature during the session of 1862. Though one of the youngest members, it was not in his nature to be an inactive one. One of the most important acts of the session — that of the famous river-meadow case — affected vitally the interests of his native town. He studied it, and possessed himself fully of all its merits; and, when it came up for debate, he urged his argument with a fulness and clearness, which, a member told me, left nothing to be said upon that side.

In the prosecution of his successful ministry at Clinton, your invitation came to him to be your pastor. It was a severe trial to part with his people, with whom his relations had been so kind and harmonious; but he felt that he must do it. He went there with no preparatory experience, and he saw that the exhaustive draughts upon the mind and brain could not be borne much longer. Doubtless he decided wisely; and he came among you, resolved to use the results of his five-years' labor, and begin his ministry anew. With how much self-devotion and ability, in the pulpit, in the parish, in the Sunday school, and how these promised to your society a new era of increase and prosperity, you know yourselves; and you manifested to him your appreciation of his worth by tokens of kindness and generosity which he felt deeply and gratefully. One short year of his ministry had revealed him to you, and endeared him to your hearts.

His whole ministry is embraced in a period of six years; and few within so brief a time have given more decisive promise of a character calculated to impress itself deeply and beneficently upon society around. He brought to his work a combination of gifts that were the earnest of an ever-increasing success, — a clear and logical mind; brain-power of large volume and electric activity; zeal that never flagged; a voice of clarion fulness, that commanded audience, obeyed the rapid movement of his thought, and swept the largest congregations with the utmost ease; rare extemporaneous gifts when minded to put them forth, which made his unstudied efforts most impressive; an eye and countenance that spake and

answered quick to the kindling of his thoughts and emotions; a purpose to train these elements of oratory, and consecrate them; sympathies warm and tender; a love of the young, and a power of adaptation to their wants and ways, by which he touched and quickened the life of every Sunday school with which he was connected; a love of constant action so intense, that rest became irksome, and work was turned into play; ready sympathy with the sick and the suffering, so that in the sick-room he was quick to see what was needed almost as a nurse or a mother; charity to the poor, whom he sought out with open hand; humanity, large and inclusive, embracing his country and his kind; above all, a conscientious devotion to his Master's cause, that kept unbroken its early vows. These gifts, we believed, when in their full development, and freed from those early clogs and limitations, would have given him a growing power and influence for good in the community, which few of his profession have attained. Alas that the ordination-vows and congratulations should be followed so soon by our sorrows around his bier!

But he has gone to that higher ministry in the kingdom of God in the full bloom of his faculties, and we resign him without a murmur. Questions which he had pondered and prayed over are now resolved by open vision. He brought to the investigation of all subjects a good deal of argumentative power and dialectical skill, trying to separate the dross of error from the gold of truth. These he brought to religious themes, always afraid of having his understanding imposed upon; resolved that the reason and the heart should both be satisfied. Even in the last hour, when the shadows of death were gathered thickly around him, and this world was fading from his sight, he roused his faculties for a moment, shook off the gathering unconsciousness, and enounced the syllogisms on which he rested his faith. Said he, rising from his pillow, and speaking in the deep, full tones of his voice, "Immortality! how they perplex and mystify!" And pressing his hand upon his breast, "Here is the proof; here is demonstration." He added, "I am; *therefore God is.*" This is almost identical with the famous argument by which Descartes

sought to demolish the strongholds of atheism, and revolutionize the philosophy of his times. He turned to his dearest friend with a smile which might be regarded as a farewell benediction and a smile of triumphant faith, and then sank again into the embraces of death. The smile lingered on the countenance after the spirit had gone, giving it the appearance of tranquil slumber. These were the last flashings of his clear and vigorous mind, and the total darkness immediately followed, — total on our side: on the other side, where the heavens opened, and the earth receded and was no more, it was the pale twilight of our earthly guessings and gropings exchanged for the open splendors of noonday.

His vigorous intellect, however, was not nourished at the expense of the heart. This is already implied in the incidents of our biographical sketch. It is hardly possible to conceive of home-affections more ardent and clinging than his. There was good reason why they should be so. No son was ever more signally blessed in the fondness and faithfulness of parental love. All that he was, and all that he hoped to be, he was never weary of ascribing to its guidance and care. His letters breathe the very fragrance of filial piety. No husband was ever more careful of the treasure of his heart and home. These domestic ties woven about him so fondly, bringing out the most beautiful shades of his character, whether you regard him as the husband, the son, the father, or the brother, give, I know, a tenfold sharpness to the bereavements of this hour. I wish that any words of mine could assuage the wounds of these lacerated affections. I am very sure, that, if prayers out of the deepest places of a thousand hearts could save to the bereaved mother the little Mabel of her desolated home, she should be saved. To the widowed wife, who was the light of his house, to the afflicted parents, one of whom is watching now for the angel summons, to the brothers whose minds are thronged with so many sad and sweet memories from the old familiar places, we commend this precious truth, one of the beneficent laws of the Divine Providence: "What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." God is not revealed before

us, but ever behind us; and somewhere in the future, perhaps not far off, you will see the clouds of this darker hour lighted up with the glories of the Everlasting Love. Remember that the same Saviour who stood by the grave at Bethany stands also by this grave; and that his words are addressed to our human nature, bereft and bleeding at the touch of death: "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Brothers and sisters of this church and society, we sympathize deeply with you in your bereavement. You had welcomed your young pastor to your homes and hearts with a unanimity and cordiality which promised abundant and precious fruits. Do not imagine that death has reaped them all. Do not imagine that your pastor's ministry has ceased among you. Some one has said very touchingly, "We never know that an angel has been with us till we behold his parting wing." Certain it is that the virtues of those whom we honor and love never live in our memories with such immortal fragrance as when death has placed upon them his sanctifying seal. Never do the words which have truly moved us, and cheered us on, speak to us so eloquently as when the tongue that uttered them is still. Never does the example of a life that was true and brave shine with so bright a lustre as when the spirit that inspired it has put on its immortality. The message of your pastor I doubt not would be, if those sealed lips could once more have language, "Remember the words that I spake unto you, being yet present with you." You will remember them all the more vividly now that you are to see him no more. In many an hour of thought and contemplation, they will start up in your memories, and call you to duty and to God. May they call with tenfold urgency and persuasiveness, now that we feel more sensibly at how slight a touch the strongest man may drop these coverings of mortality, and enter upon the great retribution! Now that the shepherd is smitten and taken from you, may the Great Shepherd be nearer to you, and gather you more tenderly into his heavenly fold!

It would be wrong to close these meditations in any other

strain than that triumphant faith with which our brother closed his life. We do know that we are immortal, because of these yearnings and aspirations towards the better land. It is not evidence that we lack, nor a revelation to us of its scenes and employments, but minds and affections brought into blissful harmony with its heavenly state. With these, heaven will be to us, not a dream, but a great reality; and the death of those we love will only bring it nearer and nearer. Let it be revealed as it may outwardly, it will only be to us an unsubstantial vision, so long as the attractions of this world only draw us to itself. But when we love the same employments which they love, follow the same ends, adore the same divine Saviour, we can say indeed, "I know that I am immortal," for the attractions of the world to come are then all-prevailing; and the voice will ever fall down to us from the innumerable multitudes, Come where the conflict has ended, and the wicked cease from troubling; come where the clouds and the thunders roll far beneath you; come where the leaf never grows yellow in the bower, and the changes are only from glory to glory; come where the walls of sect have fallen down, and the chorus of the one catholic Church, embracing all the good of all the centuries, ascends around one Lord and Saviour in one anthem of praise; come where the fellowship of saints is open as the noon, and human friendships and ties have no breaks and no farewells. These will be the invitations ever heard above us, more distinct and full with every new friend that has passed on. Then, like our brother, you will know that you are immortal; for, in all your cares and duties and sorrows, you will hear murmurs in the soul like the music of heaven, mellowed by distance, —

"As travellers hear the billows' roll
Before they reach the sea."

Be not ashamed to be helped; for it is thy business to do thy duty like a soldier in the assault on a town. How, then, if, being lame, thou canst not mount up on the battlements alone, but with the help of another it is possible?

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

VI.

"JESU, MEINE FREUDE."

[JOHANN FRANK, 1653. Formed out of a love-song, "Flora, meine Freude," something like Watts's psalms from Solomon's "Song of Songs." It soon spread over Germany and beyond it, though not without objection. Peter the Great ordered its translation into Russian in 1724.]

JESU, my joy-giving,
My heart's pastured living,
Jewel I most prize:
Ah, how long 'tis dreary,
And my soul a-weary,
While for thee it sighs!
I am thine, And thou art mine,
Lamb of God! Oh! nothing earthy
Shall henceforth look worthy.

Under thy defending,
I from all the rending
Of all foes am free.
Let the thunders rattle;
Tempests blow their battle;
Jesus stands by me.
Though earth's ball To ruin fall,
Though both death and hell affright me,
He will shield and right me.

Though my sin and error
Quail at Sinai's terror,
I my peace have got.
Let all perils hound me;
Fatal nets surround me;
Jesus fails me not.
Fears away Of judgment-day!
Joyful in the vision given,
Look I up to heaven.

Hence, ye vain possessions!
I have ever fresh ones, —
Jesus my supply.
Hence each empty honor,
With her pride upon her!
Glad I pass you by.
Miseries, straits, And pains and fates, —
Howsoe'er I must endure them,
He is nigh to cure them.

All the hollow, fleeting,
Men are seeking, greeting,
I for me resign;
And your pleasant vices,
Towards which it entices,
Fill no cup of mine!
Last good-night To proud delight!
To a life by conscience chidden
Last "good-night" be bidden!

Spirits of disaster
Vanish! for my Master
Turns to me his feet.
What are tears and sorrow?
When his grace I borrow,
Troubles must be sweet.
Bear I here Scorn and fear;
Thou art with me in my grieving,
Jesu, my joy-giving. N. L. F.

REMEMBER, that to change thy opinion, and to follow him who corrects thy error, is as consistent with freedom as it is to persist in thy error; for it is thy own, the activity which is exerted according to thy own movement and judgment, and indeed according to thy own understanding too.

WHEN another blames thee or hates thee, or when men say about thee any thing injurious, approach their souls, penetrate within, and see what kind of men they are. Thou wilt discover that there is no reason to take any trouble that these men may have this or that opinion about thee.

JESUS BECOMING VISIBLE.*

THE publication of the book, the title of which is given below, is very timely. Especially should we be glad to send it wherever Renan's "Life of Jesus" has gone; for it contains much which is fitted in a very high degree to correct the impressions of that (to us) most unsatisfactory volume. The time has been, when those who love old things better than new took up Dr. Furness's books with a strong feeling of anxiety. We do not know that we are one whit more at one with him in our thought than we were then; but the destructive critics have gone so far and so fast in these last years, that one finds himself thankfully rejoicing in our Philadelphia divine as a defender of our dear old sacred stories. He seems to us a singularly fair advocate, and not to be misled by a fear of prejudice into great injustice towards old opinions. Most wisely does he write, "So strong is the disposition at the present day to cast doubts upon the Gospels, considered as credible histories, with so much acuteness and learning has it been attempted to undermine their historical authority, and so little has been done to cause their intrinsic truth to be seen, save in defensive resistance to such attempts, that it is not at all easy to keep a perfectly fair mind unswayed by any bias unfavorable to a perception of the actual truth." Dr. Furness has thoroughly studied the Gospels themselves; and in him is abundantly fulfilled that promise which ought to set at rest all controversies between a spiritual and an historical Christianity: "He [the Holy Spirit] shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you." We are indeed quickened and guided by the invisible Spirit; but the Spirit takes of the things of Jesus, and with these stirs and directs us. We do not know where we should look for a more living image of our Lord than is set before us in these pages, whilst outline and coloring are as delicate as they are

* The Veil partly lifted, and Jesus becoming Visible. W. H. FURNESS, author of "Remarks on the Four Gospels," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. Sold by W. V. Spencer, 184, Washington Street.

vivid. Especially noteworthy is the testimony supplied by this book to the fact, that a faithful study of the humanity of the Saviour is the best way into the mystery of his transcendent being. Thoroughly human was the life of the Lord, as Dr. Furness expounds it; and he is strictly Orthodox here. "Very *man*," saith the Creed, as well as "very *God:*" not phantasmal, but really, truly human, was that manifestation; and yet so wondrously human, so permeated with the Divine, so sure to carry us up into the heavenly seats, so sure to lead in the most natural way to Dr. Furness's own statement, "that, in the history of Christ, we have an account of a new, original, unprecedented development of spiritual force, a new communication of the life of God to the soul of man." We are lifted beyond our sphere up into the unfathomable, almost as surely and swiftly as by the course of thought which makes the tenth chapter of Dr. Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural" so very striking and edifying. Dr. Bushnell argues from the perfections of Jesus, that he could not have been human; and yet he does describe the *veriest* of men, after all; that is, there is nothing which the present God might not bring into the light of our life under human conditions and in human circumstances. Our readers will find it, as we have found it, at once very interesting and very edifying to read the pages from Dr. Bushnell to which we have referred, in connection with this book by Dr. Furness. Both writers help us to reverence and love Jesus in a real, living way. They do not talk about him in vague superlatives, and the phrases of conventional piety; but they actually bring us again into the presence of our glorious and dear Master. To the one he is "very God," almost to the neglect of the fact that he is "very man:" to the other he is "very man;" but we see, just where it was meant we should see it, the light of the glorious Father shining out of the human face.

We wish to set down distinctly what we have already implied, — that we cannot go along with Dr. Furness in his handling of the Christian miracles; but we wish also to say, and just as distinctly, that he seems to us to have written an

eminently Christian book, — a book which will help men, women, and children to be earnest disciples of Christ, and enable them to understand how independent the Gospels are of a merely dogmatic and ecclesiastical Christianity. When the life of Jesus is so written, the Master takes hold of the world, as when he was with us, through his *character:* and, when we say "character," we exclude neither words nor works, neither doctrine nor miracle; for the doctrines and the miracles were the expressions of his character, and wondrous illustrations of his moral life. There is great advantage in Dr. Furness's reception of the miracles, even upon his peculiar theory, that so the Gospel stories are preserved for him in their integrity and as histories, not resolved into theological treatises composed with dogmatic intent, and illustrated by accounts selected for a purpose. Nothing can exceed the uncertainty as to the New-Testament writings (if we except a few of St. Paul's Epistles) in which we are left by some modern critics; the Tübingen scholars, for example. It is refreshing to see again where we are, and that we are somewhere amongst those who do not need to have their dishonesty as writers ingeniously excused. We have dwelt upon this book rather beyond our usual measure in such notices, because we have been penetrated and helped beyond our usual measure by its pure and heavenly spirit, and because it has been so good to turn from the sentimentalities and the shallownesses and the inconsistencies, and withal the fine writing of Renan, to these sweetly simple paragraphs, as refreshing as to turn from an affected and over-dressed and made-up fashionist to the quiet yet glowing face and the modestly-robed figure of one whom it is an offence to call a Quaker, so truly and entirely is she a Friend. Let these inadequate words witness for, though they cannot repay, an obligation which is truly personal. E.

WHATEVER any one says or does, I must be good; just as if the gold or the emerald or the purple were always saying this: "Whatever any one does or says, I must be emerald, and keep my color."

THE IRON COLLAR.*

Away with it! — it doth profane the holy noonday light;
Its dreary presence jars the sacred harmony of right:
The tale of ruthless tyranny its cruel circuit tells
Were fitter told in charnel-vaults to sound of funeral-bells.

It should, like wingèd thunderbolt, arouse the indignant land;
Its touch, like living coal, should sear a soldier's honored hand:
'Tis worn and rusty with the flow of countless human tears,
And sums within its frigid round the agony of years.

Ah! (must I speak the scorching words?) a woman's form I see! —
A form God made and quickened for the holiest destiny;
A youthful, maiden form, bowed down and manacled with chains,
And crazed with wrongs that set at nought the body's deadliest pains.

'Tis branded with the owner's mark; 'tis soiled with dungeon-damp;
'Tis scarred with being set, a goal, for bloodhounds in the swamp:
But 'tis the same on Jesus' feet the precious oil did pour, —
The same on Judah's storied hills that Mary, mother, bore!

O God! of what crushed lives this iron circle is the sign!
No human life elsewhere but has some ministry benign;
Some genial, loving, fireside hope for toil to lean upon;
Some joy that mirrors heaven before the golden gates are won.

Away with it! — or, better far, hammer and anvil bring,
And, blow on blow re-echoing, make it a shapeless thing;
That strangers passing shall not care to question whence it came,
And all its mournful history shall have nor place nor name.

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* The readers of the "Religious Magazine" are many of them familiar with the fact, that there was on exhibition during most of the winter, at the store of Williams & Everett, in this city, where it had been deposited by Gov. Andrew, an iron collar with three long prongs, that had been filed from the neck of a slave girl in Mississippi by the colonel of a Massachusetts regiment. He found her in a dark, loathsome dungeon, where she had been confined until her reason had begun to give way. The collar had worn through the skin, and was bedded and festering in the flesh. Her offence, as told by her mistress, was that she had "runned away."

And cheer up, weary one! — the stars that note thy misery
Crown with their silver light a million martyrdoms for thee:
Cheer up! — in storm and midnight wild the veil was rent in twain;
And, lo! a morning dawned beyond, that never set again!

Cheer up! — thy proud possessor, love and mercy hath denied:
A truer, tenderer Master comes; thy dungeon walls divide!
He leads thee by his golden lamp beyond the fiery sea:
Hold firm his hand; his touch is love, his law is liberty.

E. D. H.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

JOHN WESLEY AND METHODISM.

"Go out into the highways and hedges," said the king in the parable, "and compel them to come in." Our Saviour thus described the course which his apostles should pursue, and the classes among whom they would be most successful. As the guests first invited excused themselves from attendance at the marriage-feast, and the privilege designed for them was conferred on others; so the invitation of Christianity, disregarded by Jewish priest and Pharisee, became a blessing to the publican and the sinner, to the Samaritan and the Gentile.

Thus has it been often since. Great reforms have seldom made their first progress among those classes of society that are considered the most favored. The learned and the wealthy receive their suggestions coldly; being either satisfied with the existing state of things, or rendered timid by having much to lose, and by the knowledge their position gives them of the difficulties to be encountered. From this class, the earnest pleader for the glory of God, or for the rights of man, turns to the common people. He finds them in the highways and by the hedges, in the walks of their every-day employments; and not with the well-turned periods of the cultured orator, but with the manly eloquence of strong feeling, he "compels

them to come in," and unite their efforts for the advancement of the cause he advocates.

So it was, when, near the middle of the last century, formalism and indifference divided the sway of men's minds in the Church of England, and, to some extent, among the Dissenters also. The great and good men whom Providence then raised up to speak again the inspiring word, and kindle the hearts of their hearers as with fire from heaven, were but little regarded among the educated and the refined; were sneered at in the halls of Oxford, and excluded from the churches of the Establishment: but they went forth thence among the ignorant and the neglected, among hard-handed ditchers and grimy colliers, and there began a religious and moral reformation, whose influence has since been felt through every circle of society in England and America.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the Protestant sects, uniting for their deliverance from a common enemy, had learned to look upon each other with toleration. It was a period, not of grand exertion nor of heroic endurance, but of moderation and good sense. The Church of England, under the primacy of the gentle Tillotson, had laid aside, as alike hopeless and unjust, the attempt to enforce uniformity of opinion; and the Dissenters, listening to the earlier strains of Watts, began to forsake the thorny ways of controversy for the pleasant paths of devotional and practical piety.

The lesson of toleration thus learnt was never quite forgotten. There was indeed a partial re-action in the reign of Anne, and the High-Church party began to speak again in a style that brought to mind the days of the Charleses; but a single incident may show how much the temper of the times was changed. The celebrated De Foe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," published a pamphlet, in which, with mock gravity, he advised the authorities of the Church to commence in earnest a prosecution of all Dissenters. The satire was deeply felt; and, instead of the advice being taken, the book was declared scandalous, and its author placed in the pillory. Even this small piece of persecution

was a failure; for the feelings of the people were with De Foe, and his intended punishment became a triumph.

But times of quiet have their danger as well as times of strife; and, as years passed on, the religious mind of England, no longer excited by the contentions of sects, collapsed into comparative slumber. Scepticism prevailed among the higher class; and, to meet it, the few distinguished writers whom the age produced devoted their abilities to various works upon the evidences of religion. These were read by men of education and of leisure. The services of the parish church and the dissenting chapel were steadily attended; but in neither was there much to engage the hearts of the young, or arrest the course of the hardened sinner. Many were content with a religion of decent forms; and thousands of the less-favored classes seemed satisfied with no religion at all.

It was in these days of outward prosperity and harmony, but of indifference and growing worldliness, that a boy of seventeen, named John Wesley, became a student at Oxford. He was descended from religious ancestors. His great-grandfather and grandfather had been clergymen. Both had suffered ejection from their pulpits, and the latter imprisonment, for nonconformity. His father also was a clergyman, and, in those more moderate days, held peaceably a place in the Established Church. The mother of Wesley, herself the daughter of a nonconforming minister, was a woman of strong mind and of strictly religious character. She at one time offended against the tame proprieties of the age by conducting a religious meeting on Sunday afternoons in her house, when her husband was absent, and there was no afternoon service. An account she had read of the Danish missionaries had encouraged her to this effort after Christian usefulness; an instance, with many others, of the spirit of religious zeal kindled in a land from a distant source.

The childhood of John Wesley had been marked by singular events. When he was six years old, the house was set on fire at night by some wretches, who in this way tried to punish their pastor's faithfulness in telling them of their

sins. The family were in great peril: but all were saved, John being taken from a window, by a man raised upon the shoulders of another, but a moment before the roof fell in; an incident which led his pious mother to the resolution, to take especial care for the religious training of the child who had been so wonderfully rescued.

Some time after, the house of Mr. Wesley was the scene of some curious phenomena, which derive interest from closely resembling those known in our age by the name of "spirit-rappings." Unaccountable noises were heard, strange knockings, and dismal groans. Dr. Priestley, who had no faith in such manifestations, remarked, that the account of these was, perhaps, the best authenticated and best told story of the kind that was anywhere extant.

At college, young Wesley was noticed for his attainments in learning; but his heart had already turned to what was of still more importance. His religious thoughts were assisted, and his doubts cleared up, by the letters of his sensible and religious parents. His mother wrote to him thus, respecting the use of pleasure: "Take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, — that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

After reading Taylor's excellent work on "Holy Living and Dying," "Instantly," he says, "I resolved to dedicate all my life to God, all my thoughts and words and actions; being thoroughly convinced there was no medium." He was ordained in the year 1725, and was soon after elected to a fellowship in the university. For a time, he officiated as curate for his father; but, after two years, returned to Oxford, and resided there as fellow and tutor. John had before been joined at Oxford by his younger brother Charles, and had endeavored to lead him in the same path of strict religion which he had chosen for himself. He seemed at first to meet with little success; but, on returning from his curacy, he found that Charles had not only followed his counsels, but

had gone beyond them. He had associated himself with a few other undergraduates for the purpose of religious improvement. They lived by strict rules, one of which was to receive the sacrament every week. Such an association at Oxford, in that age of lukewarmness, could not but excite ridicule. They were called by many contemptuous names, — the Sacramentarians, the Godly Club, and the Methodists. This last name, since become so famous, was evidently derived from their methodical life, with some reference, perhaps, to an ancient school of physicians so designated. On the return of John Wesley to Oxford, the club placed itself under his direction. Among its members was another, scarcely less distinguished in the history of Methodism than himself: this was George Whitefield.

Whitefield had heard of the Holy or Methodist Club; and, in spite of the general contempt, felt himself drawn towards them. He was held back, however, by a sense of his inferior condition: for he was a servitor; that is, a poor student, who paid for his education by menial services. At length, an incident occurred which introduced him to them. A man had attempted suicide; but, from some cause, did not succeed in his deadly purpose. Whitefield sent to request Charles Wesley to call on the poor deluded sufferer, and converse with him. The woman who bore the message was charged not to say who sent her; but she told the name, and Charles Wesley invited the young servitor to breakfast with him the next morning.

It is probable that this society of earnest young men went in some respects beyond the bounds of prudence and modesty. The precept of our Saviour, not to pray standing at the corners of the streets, might have deterred them from going in a company, through a gazing crowd, every Sunday to receive the sacrament. But that crowd were not only gazing, but scoffing; and the young men felt that they were not displaying ostentation, but bearing the cross of shame. A better development of their religious life was in acts of charity. The father of the Wesleys advised them to obtain the approbation of the bishop for visiting the prisoners; and

this advice was carried out. They received encouragement and direction at this time from the excellent William Law, the author of "A Serious Call to a Religious Life." He resided near London; and, to visit him, they travelled on foot, that they might save the more money for the poor. Not to lose time from their studies, they accustomed themselves to read while walking, and to converse together in Latin. In order to save money for charity, John Wesley also gave up the fashion, then prevalent, of having the hair dressed; and wore it, thenceforth and through life, long, and flowing upon his shoulders.

He was now desired by his elder brother to apply for appointment as successor to their father, whose health was failing. There were strong reasons in favor of it; but John felt that the field of usefulness before him at Oxford was such that it ought not to be relinquished. The father soon after died at a good old age, and with the happy death of the faithful Christian. The family were left in poverty. Among the means to which they looked for support was the publication of a work, which Mr. Wesley had left in manuscript, upon the Book of Job. John was charged to present the volume to the queen, in order to obtain her patronage.

When he was introduced, the queen was engaged in some sport with her maids of honor. He knelt on one knee, and presented his volume. She took it; said, "It is very prettily bound;" laid it in a window, unopened; and resumed her sport, after some kind words to the bearer.

It was at his visit to London for this purpose that he was desired by Gen. Oglethorpe, the founder of the new Colony of Georgia, to go thither to preach to the settlers and the Indians. At first, he strongly objected; but his objections were answered, the opportunity of usefulness seemed great, and his only doubt at last was with regard to leaving his aged mother. Her answer removed this objection: "Had I twenty sons," said she, "I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more." He accepted the offer, therefore; and sailed for his new field of duty, accompanied by his brother.

On board the vessel which bore them to the shores of Georgia, the Wesleys found a company of Moravians; and the lessons he learned from that singular people make it proper that a few words should be said respecting them.

The Protestant natives of Moravia, a province in the east of Germany, had suffered for a length of time from the oppressions of an intolerant Catholic government. Numbers of them left their country; and at length, in 1722, they found a place of rest on the estates, and a protector and ultimately a leader in the person, of Nicholas Louis, Count of Zinzendorf.

This nobleman had, from early youth, given himself, heart and soul and fortune, to the service of God and man. He had bound himself by a vow to labor for the conversion of the heathen, — if not personally, by assisting those who should be qualified. He was but twenty-one when the Moravian exiles came to him with their petition for a place of refuge. He received them as brothers, granted them all they sought, prayed with them, and blessed God for their coming. He travelled to Moravia, and obtained from the Austrian Government leave for the emigration of their persecuted brethren still resident there. Subsequently, the count became fully identified with the exiles. Laying aside for a time his rank, he studied divinity, received ordination, and became a bishop of the Moravian Church. Under his guidance, the colonists on his estate formed a body, combined together by ties so close as to resemble rather those of a peaceful family than of a state; making religion not only the directing power, but the main business, of their lives. To the missionary work especially they early devoted themselves; and their efforts not only won triumphs for the cross in Greenland, and among our own Indians, but have contributed greatly to awaken in other denominations that spirit which has been so brightly manifested in our times.

From his Moravian fellow-passengers the mind of Wesley received a new impulse. Their conduct on board presented an edifying contrast to that of the English colonists. Under provocation, they were meek; in danger, self-possessed.

They said that even their women and their children were not afraid to die. On the arrival of the vessel at Savannah, Wesley met the Moravian pastor already resident there, and was deeply impressed and even awed by the apostolic plainness of his searching questions. John Wesley remained at Savannah: Charles took up his residence at Frederica, a settlement further south.

The ministry of the Wesleys in Georgia has had its softened resemblance in that of many a young minister, who, full of zeal, has carried his people with him at first; but, not tempering that zeal with discretion, has seen the bright promise of success changed into mournful failure. One of the first efforts of the older brother was to check the spirit of display which he found among his hearers; and, in a short time, the congregation laid aside gold and costly apparel. In a school which he taught, he gave another lesson, of which, if we think it unseemly, we must remember the trial it must have been to the refined graduate of Oxford. Observing that some of the boys looked down on others who went barefoot, he went barefoot himself for a time, to teach them humility.

These things were endured, and with them some High-Church practices which Wesley at a later period condemned; but they contributed to undermine his popularity, and a most unhappy affair of a private character completed the destruction of his usefulness in Savannah. His high ideas of church discipline led him to exclude from the communion a young lady, under circumstances which subjected him to the suspicion of using his official power to gratify private ill-will. Against the imputation of such sacrilegious baseness and malignity, Wesley's whole life is to us a sufficient answer; but, of that long and holy life, only thirty-four years had yet passed. He had acted injudiciously and harshly enough to alienate most of those around him; a prosecution hung over him; and it was time, both for the good of the colony and his own, that he should return to England.

The ministry of Charles at Frederica had met with trials outwardly more severe, though not so painful to the feelings; and he also left the shores of the New World.

The brothers were succeeded in their mission by Whitefield. As the ship which brought John Wesley back to England entered the harbor, that which bore Whitefield was departing. Wesley had time, however, to send him a message; and it was a very singular one. He had, with a presumption which cannot be justified, though his peculiar religious views may extenuate it, drawn lots for his friend; and, when the lot came out that Whitefield must return to London, Wesley sent it to him as an order from the Lord. Whitefield, however, had sense and independence enough to pursue his intended course; and the success he met with in America proved the rashness of his colleague's effort to penetrate into the counsels of the Most High.

Whitefield had, in the interval, passed through a memorable experience. He had sought to serve God by a course of severe austerity. He chose the worst food, and affected mean apparel. He exposed himself to cold, and, as he says, spent whole days and weeks in lying prostrate on the ground in silent or vocal prayer. He thus brought upon himself severe illness; and, at its conclusion, his doubts passed away, and he believed himself sealed by the spirit of adoption. Full of joy, he felt that his sins were pardoned; full of love, he hastened to communicate to others the glad tidings of salvation. He received ordination, and began to preach. The enthusiasm that filled his soul was aided by a voice, one of the most powerful, winning, and pathetic that God ever gave to any of his chosen instruments. After his first sermon, a complaint was made to the bishop who had ordained him, that fifteen persons had been driven mad by it. "I wish," answered the good bishop, "that the madness may not pass away before the next Sunday."

He preached in London, and crowds came to hear him. The path to the highest preferment was open to him; but his heart turned towards the scene of Wesley's labors in America. His friend had written, urging him to join him; and the trustees of the colony willingly accepted his offer of service.

While waiting the time of sailing, he continued his work.

At Bristol, all denominations flocked to hear him. The churches were as full on week-days as they used to be on Sundays; and, on Sundays, crowds went away for want of room. At a second visit, multitudes met him, saluting and blessing him as he passed along. He preached five times in the week; the crowd being so great, that he could hardly make his way to the reading-desk. At his farewell sermon, high and low, young and old, burst into tears; multitudes followed him home, weeping; and the next day, from morning to midnight, he was employed in giving spiritual counsel to those who came to see him. Similar enthusiasm greeted his re-appearance in London.

It cannot be wondered at that such "turning of the world upside down" created some uneasiness in those who were far from sympathizing with the popular excitement. Complaints were made that the crowds that followed Whitefield left no room for the parishioners, and spoiled the pews. Some disliked his doctrine, especially in its views of the New Birth; others were displeased at his familiarity with Dissenters. The clergy were beginning to talk of refusing the use of their churches, when the young apostle departed for America; and, on the same day, his older associate, John Wesley, returned to England.

(To be concluded in our next.)

About pain: The pain which is intolerable carries us off; but that which lasts a long time is tolerable; and the mind maintains its own tranquillity by retiring into itself, and the ruling faculty is not made worse. But the parts which are harmed by pain, let them, if they can, give their opinion about it.

How can it be that the gods, after having arranged all things well and benevolently for mankind, have overlooked this alone,— that some men, and very good men, and men who, as we may say, have had most communion with the Divinity, and, through pious acts and religious observances, have been most intimate with the Divinity, when they have once died should never exist again, but should be completely extinguished? — *M. Aurelius Antoninus.*

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

So much has been said about Continental desecration of Sunday, that, very likely, one has ungrounded anticipations. The usual process of exaggeration is well known, and it cannot be thought strange if the usual effects have followed. Charges repeated hundreds of times, year after year, by writers, each of whom must be a little stronger than his predecessor, come at length to be ludicrously at variance with the facts. Then, when once the suspicion is started, that things are not as bad as represented, a mantle of apology is unfolded rather more ample than discriminating. The greatest sin and sinner can creep under it.

> "Poi quel proverbio del Diavolo è vero,
> Che non è come si dipigne nero."

With its general suspension of secular business, with its closed shops, with its streets thronged with church-goers, and with its churches filled with worshippers, Sunday in Paris, in the forenoon, seems to be as religiously kept as it is in Boston. It is true, that occasional repairs upon streets too crowded on week-days for this work to be done, and, in summer, the hurrying of thousands of people to railway-stations for excursions out of town, jar upon the quiet of the day; but would there be less of this kind of bustle here, were Boston as large as Paris?

This is a matter of opinion; and, if there be some who would exclaim against the above statement as too strong, there are others who would affirm that it is not strong enough. Something depends upon an intimate knowledge of Parisian life which would correct the hasty judgment of a transient observer. A dozen weeks in the French capital continually increased my respect for its outward observance of Sunday.

The churches offer to the traveller a wide field for the indulgence of individual taste and conviction. At the American Methodist Chapel one will have generally a good sermon, and always those simple services endeared to us by habit. The American Episcopal Church, whose present scanty accommo-

dations will soon be enlarged by the erection of a house of worship, invites those who prefer a liturgy. As to the indigenous churches, one may well hesitate between the sumptuous rites of the Madeleine, the exquisite music of St. Eustache, the historical attractions of St. Germaine l'Auxerrois, or the grand old pile of Notre Dame.

These and a hundred other churches of less note will probably be found crowded full of worshippers, who show a cheerful earnestness and marked satisfaction in their devotions. This is one of the most obvious and grateful impressions made on a visitor's mind. By the eager motions and gratified looks of a thousand persons around him, he is sure that he is with those who enjoy their religion, and who enter into its solemn services with spirit and life. The difference always reveals itself at once to the eye between those who go to worship "by custom led, by conscience dragged," and those who exclaim, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go up to the house of the Lord;" and, if much that is here seen may be attributed to the character of a vivacious and demonstrative people, it is none the less pleasing, and soon has a contagious and winning influence.

At the Church of the Oratoire, with which I became most familiar, the attractions were simple services partly liturgical, a Protestant faith expounded in a noble and generous spirit, and the eloquent discourses of the two Coquerells, father and son.

Beyond its central situation, their house of worship has nothing to recommend it. Erected more than two hundred years ago for Roman-Catholic worship, converted into a place of public meetings of all sorts in the stormy times of the Revolution, it was fitted up, half a century since, for the use of a Protestant congregation, by abridgments and partitions which have deprived the interior of all symmetry and grace. To see the slicings and clippings which the large antique edifice has undergone, makes one shiver like the sight of the maiming of a human body. A plain partition cuts off the chancel as a library and parish-room; the narrow lateral naves, in their lower half, are thrown into corridors; the central

nave and the upper part of the side naves form the auditorium; while movable settees and innumerable chairs disturb all our pew-derived ideas of order and uniformity. Add to all, the whole interior has a battered and shabby appearance.

But one becomes quite indifferent to all this in the presence of a congregation of ten or twelve hundred hearers, profoundly attentive to a discourse delivered without notes, and with a vivacity of look and gesticulation to which nothing with us can be compared, though it is quiet and chaste by the side of an Italian preacher's manner. By his fluency of utterance, his graceful elocution, his high-toned Christian character, his courteous and generous spirit, his respectable attainments, more direct and practical than speculative and philosophical, M. Coquerell would be a man of mark in any community. At the age of seventy, he is the oldest Protestant preacher in Paris. He has been for many years widely known for his eloquence, and for important services in other than strictly professional walks of usefulness. Under the presidency of Louis Napoleon, he was for some time a member of the Corps Legislatif.

Besides six volumes of sermons, an Essay on Christology, another on Modern Orthodoxy, and an answer to Strauss's "Life of Christ," with several minor works, M. Coquerell has published, as late as 1860, "Observations Pratiques sur la Prédication," remarkable for its good sense, its excellent taste, its high conception of the preacher's office, and an earnest defence of his own style of preaching without notes. His wise and suggestive chapters are enlivened by anecdotes of his own ministry of half a century, including several years at Amsterdam and Bordeaux, beside his long service in Paris. We give in a note a short extract on the duty of preaching definitely about the sins of the times; for not only does it intimate the side he takes in our civil war, but it shows his clear foresight of its approach.*

* "Se figure-t-on la prédication évangelique en Angleterre muette sur la question de l'émancipation des catholiques qui a changé du tout au tout la situation respective des diverses communions; en Allemagne, muette sur le réveil du vieux luthéranisme qui s'acharne à faire reculer s'il était possible le protestantisme de 200

He is happy in having a son who follows him in his profession, in his views of theology, in his persuasive speech, in the care of the same pulpit, and in his high place of public confidence and affection. A fresh outgushing enthusiasm gives him rare influence with the young. It was a pleasant thing to see thirty young persons, on Easter Sunday, the day of their first communion, the young women covered with long white veils, and all the candidates occupying the near front of the pulpit, and the church crowded with their fathers and mothers, their brothers and sisters, their companions and friends, as all were addressed, in fervent words that drew tears from many eyes, on the duty of advancing in that holy life, the first step of which that day had signalized; and a pleasant thing it was afterwards to meet the congregation in the adjoining rooms and corridors, and to witness the warm welcome given to these neophytes amid holy wishes and benedictions. There was a heartiness and demonstrative vivacity in the scene beyond any thing known among us.

It is not at all unlikely, that a sight of this congregation, when seated for worship, might lead an American observer to an inference unfavorable to its general social position and character. Here are none of those "highest-priced pews" which with us marvellously facilitate judgment, and which, if they were not designed for this purpose, do yet serve as a dial to show at a glance who the rich and distinguished are. This convenient automatic register has there never been adopted. This is one perplexity. Another is found in the utmost plainness of attire. Rich clothes are left at home, and all seem to be dressed pretty much alike. Could any thing more sophisticate our American ways of judging?

Meeting this congregation at a *soirée* where style and

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ans et plus; muette en Suède sur ces lois d'intolérance, de persécution et de confiscation qui sont la plus cruelle, la plus mauvaise inconséquence où une église protestante puisse donner; muette enfin, aux Etats Unis, sur la question de l'esclavage, cette menace sociale, cette abomination religieuse, grosse d'un orage dont le jour s'apprête et qui ne peut qu'éclater. Non, la religion chrétienne est la religion définitive de l'humanité, et à ce titre elle a son mot à dire sur tout. Nous montons en chaire pour voir le siècle de plus haut, à l'abri de ses hontes comme de ses atteintes, et pour lui dire chrétiennement son fait."

fashion were in place, and where men were named according to their eminent positions in the State, in literature and art, I was enabled to look beneath that uniformity in which the rich and the poor appeared before Him who is the Maker of them all. Before one attempts to fix the social position of this congregation, it may be well to have a like opportunity.

As the Reformed Protestant churches of France form an integral part of the Established Church of the empire, the clergy of this communion draw their pay from the State, though frequently their salaries are enlarged by the contributions of their flocks. The Coquerells stand at the head of the liberal wing of the Protestant churches, and find sympathy with several parishes in the city, and with a considerable number in the provinces. No separation has taken place between the Liberals and Orthodox which prevents an interchange of pulpits. The alliance with the State has checked any movement looking to this result. Herein the French Protestant churches seem to us to be more fortunate than were the New-England Congregational churches fifty years ago. Who can doubt that the interests of charity, peace, and truth, would have been more promoted, had not a separation been precipitated?

If, of the French Protestant Church, the liberal wing constitutes its most active, hopeful, and progressive portion, it is but justice to add, that distinctive Protestantism is probably making but slight advances in the empire. The earnest, absorbing struggle is in the bosom of the Roman-Catholic Church, between the Ultramontane party on the one side, and the advocates of an independent Gallic Church on the other. In this country we have no idea of the vigor of the encounter, and of the vast strength and confident hopes of victory of the National party. Its triumph, if its first effect be to check distinctive Protestantism, must give a new and resistless impulse to those principles of freedom, inquiry, discussion, on which all true Protestantism is based, and from which it draws its great hopes.

I have referred to Sunday forenoon. Sunday afternoon is quite a different thing. The churches are closed. In the

pleasant season of the year, the streets, squares, and gardens are crowded with those orderly, quiet, well-dressed, polite throngs of people which everybody has praised, and nobody has praised too much.

With us, while some plead for only one service on Sunday, others hope that a returning tide of religious life will sometime fill the churches in the afternoon with the multitudes of former days. Here is a large question, not now to be discussed. But there is one aspect of it, which deserves, as we think, more attention than it has received. The fact of a generally neglected religious service must of necessity have a damaging effect upon the reverential sensibilities of any community, and must tend to weaken the respect that is felt for any service, and impair the hold which the morning worship has upon the public conscience and heart. It must divide the public into two classes, — the small number who attend worship at all times, and the larger number who occasionally desert it; and it familiarizes every one's mind with the idea of this last division, and makes it easy to belong to it. If one, jealous of the honor of the house of prayer, should say that our present arrangements must in time educate nearly the whole community to a willingness to neglect it, it might be difficult to show that there is not much weight in that argument.

With us also, on Sunday afternoons, in pleasant weather, many are seen walking in our streets and squares. It is no part of my object to defend or oppose this; but all must be conscious of a striking difference between Paris and any of our American cities. In the former, there is no thought of any thing wrong in the Sunday-afternoon walk. It is as truly a part of the public religion as are the prayers of the morning. What freedom and light-heartedness and joyousness it gives! How different from a defiance of opinion, or a consciousness of unmerited blame! If it be a question, whether the American conscience on this subject be better than the French, there can be no question which suffers the greatest injury.

The effect of this free intercourse of high and low, rich and

poor, in European squares and gardens, is a subject of curious interest. There can be no doubt, that, for the education of the mass of the people, it goes a great ways to compensate for the lack of public schools, while it gives some things which schools cannot yield. Comparisons of different parts of Europe are suggestive. The re-unions referred to are not known in Scotland; and though a Scotch boy and girl may know more of arithmetic and geography, yet how awkward, rude, and boorish, compared with those of the same age in France and Italy?

Of the Scotch children, as of ours, a Frenchman would say, "On sent le Nord dans ces figures;" and though the difference in race is not to be overlooked, the people of the south of Europe having a much finer organization, still, beyond this, who does not see that this frequent mingling, even in the passing walk, with cultivated and refined people, must quicken the minds of the young, polish their manners, and give them gentleness and respect? With us, how strong is the tendency to exaggerate the importance of the education derived from a book, and to underrate that which comes from life, from what is heard and seen! The galleries of art, open freely to everybody, have a wonderful effect to stimulate and train the mind; and perhaps nothing would more elevate and refine our people, old and young, than such a gallery in Boston. And then, if, once a week, on some secular day, in our beautiful Beacon-street Mall, say from five to six of a pleasant afternoon, our people *could* meet together in free and friendly intercourse, as old and young, rich and poor, high and lowly born, meet together in Paris, in Florence, in Rome, would not all classes be made better by such intercourse? If aristocratic Europe can do this, would it not be a fitting expression of our republican professions?

But here we hint at the place where the shoe pinches. This freedom of intercourse can be expected only from those who are assured of their social position, and are at ease about it. As long as we all tease and fret out our lives in social rivalry, men and women will fear to compromise their position if they look at an old acquaintance even by the tail of

the eye, — to use an Italian expression denoting a furtive side-glance.

We shall have more friendly equality sometime. We shall outgrow scornful distinctions, still stubborn, — our inheritance from a proud and disdainful people. American admiration of the freedom of French society shows what we are made for. May the temper of the Divine Master, permeating our free institutions, root out the spirit of caste, and make us feel, that, if One is our Father in heaven, the correlative truth is, that all we are brethren! H. A. M.

NOW.

Count not, in idle dreams of bliss,
To-morrow's golden sand:
Hold fast, dear heart, the precious gem
Time drops within your hand;

Nor let its pure and priceless wealth,
Ungarnered, slip away,
While you, with folded palms, weep o'er
The lost of yesterday.

Nor scorn its homely covering:
Beneath it lies, be sure,
Fresh from the good Creator's hand,
A diamond heavenly pure,

Which, praying oft and fervently
For faith that asks not sight,
Labor and patient sacrifice
Shall bring unto the light.

So may the lustre of its beams
Enravish angel-eyes,
And gild the spirit's upward way
To God and Paradise! E. D. H.

TRUTH AND TRUTHFULNESS.

RELIGION is the handmaid of philosophy. Truth in the heart wins *truths* to the mind, and the mind is blocked by the heart's untruth.

For all that is of God is *one*. Truth and truths are one in his unity. Truth (or *truthfulness*) in the heart is a fruit of his Spirit; and the same Spirit it is, which, in the creation, offers to our inquiry so many half-revealed manifestations of itself, or truths.

The pervading presence of God in all objects of knowledge makes study a sort of God-worship. It constitutes a certain close affinity between him whose soul is filled with God, and all the truths included in God's creation. As we approach on the line of truthfulness the Centre from whom all things radiate, we at the same time come nearer to those other outgoings from God which are the objects of our study.

Thus fidelity to God's Spirit opens insight into his works; truth points to truths; knowledge is a fruit of piety.

This is true of all knowledge, but especially so of the knowledge of what we call moral truths. Truthfulness is itself a moral quality to which moral truths are essentially kindred. The oneness of piety and knowledge is hinted in the word "wisdom," which includes both. It was also intimated by Jesus: "If ye continue in my word, . . . ye shall know the truth."

There is, therefore, one essential condition to successful study: it is *truthfulness*. Our discoveries in science, especially in moral science, are vouchsafed us by God; and to win them we must be *en rapport* with him. All suggestions of truth come from God, upon the *occasion* of mental action, past and present. When we apprehend a new truth, we are thrilled with a divine inspiration: we feel it in our fibres. It recreates. It does not demand assent: it enforces conviction, so that one will even dare to die in maintenance of it. I cannot think otherwise than that the discovery of truth is immediate intercourse with Him who *is* Truth.

There are many speculators floundering in the fields of theology and ethics. They flounder because they are untruthful; and their failures aud mishaps should not discourage the reverent and honest mind. These unhappy ones have set out with one eye fixed on the distant goal, and the other squinting crosswise at something else, — at popularity, propagandism, or personal aggrandizement; and, of course, their feet stray from the narrow path.

Oftentimes the most vigorous minds are crippled by a bias of untruth. The fame to be won by espousing a popular cause, entices one, who puts a high valuation upon his powers, to those ranks wherein the demand for genius most exceeds the supply; but, when he has converted himself into an article of commerce, what further can he do as an investigator? Another, who, being indolent, or doubtful how far his calibre may prove trustworthy, feels the need of a ready-made support for his batteries of assumption, makes haste to affiliate himself with the imposing class of respectables, and plants his inquiry upon the well-trodden ground of antiquity. He chooses his standpoint elsewhere than where God placed him. What God's help, then, can he receive?

Dishonesty assails men first at the most vulnerable point, where its workings are apparently most innocent, and certainly most concealed; and those are frequently dishonest in their hidden mental processes who are as yet truthful and sincere in all other respects. The taint is there; but it has not yet spread through the system. One can be for a little while (only) dishonest towards himself, while towards all else his dealings are candid and upright.

If, through bias of sect or clique, or social class, or education or pride or ambition, one closes his mind to truths which bring trustworthy credentials, and tries to persuade himself that he does not believe these, but conflicting dogmas, which, nevertheless, he *knows* that he does *not* believe, with him certainly dishonesty has commenced its work; the rot is in him; he is *false*. Having wilfully failed in the very first condition of right inquiry, he has only himself to blame if upon his eyes the light of God's truth shall never shine again.

Since there are moral conditions of successful inquiry, it follows that the apprehension of truth is a *personal* achievement, not to be vicariously accomplished. The individual must think out for himself whatever truth is to be truth *to him*. Hence all subserviency to oligarchies is slavish and suicidal. Neither church nor society nor antiquity can do your thinking for you. If you follow any creed or *ism*, if you attach yourself to any "car of progress," you relinquish your integrity; if you attempt to conform your thought to any arbitrarily selected mode, you foil your own thinking.

Partisanship is fatal to thought, even when it results from an earnest seeking of the best methods. "The word of God is not bound." The Divine Spirit which sanctions and directs all true inquiry must have scope for *free* action. God does not bring his thoughts to sects, but to thinkers. Sects cannot think. What absurdity, then, to allow them to *control* thought!

Partisanship is only a form of that mental dishonesty which is an insuperable obstruction to the thinker. Thought is our birthright, our high privilege, our exaltation. To barter it for a breath of fame is to cast off the divine vestment to be trodden under foot of men; and to yield it up in reverence for authorities is scarcely less, though less criminal a divestiture of divine gifts.

If one is chiefly intent upon arriving at the truth, he should guard vigilantly his *truthfulness:* it is his staff of reliance, without which he must falter and fail; it is his link of natural kinship with the truths which he seeks; and only as he preserves that will he find his kindred in the works of God.

THINK not so much of what thou hast not as of what thou hast; but of the things which thou hast select the best, and then reflect how eagerly they would have been sought if thou hadst them not. At the same time, however, take care that thou dost not, through being so pleased with them, accustom thyself to overvalue them so as to be disturbed if ever thou shouldst not have them.

OUR ANCESTOR THE NORSEMAN.

(CONCLUDED.)

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All existence was instinct with the divine. The frost had that in it which was supernatural: so had the wind and the fire. There was a god of the sea and the winds and the rocks, and wisdom and poetry and love. All existence was wonderful, most wonderful, and was what a man's heart might well throb with feeling.

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Nor will we stay to remember how there sits on a branch of this ash Ygdrasil an eagle who knows many things, and how between his eyes there sits a hawk called Storm-damper.

In some of the older religious poems, there are passages which are sublime. Here is a word-for-word translation of an account of chaos: —

"This was Time's origin,
When nothing was, —
No sand, nor sea,
No cool billows:
Nowhere was found earth
Or high heaven.
A swallowing throat there was,
But no growth."

That is what the world was before time began; and this is the way in which the Norsemen thought that the world would end. Baldur being dead, his wife Nanna would die of a broken heart. They two would be burned together on a funeral pile; and then, soon afterward, there would be the destruction of the universe: —

"The sun all black shall be,
The earth sink in the sea;
And every starry ray
From heaven fade away:
While vapors hot shall fill
The air round Ygdrasil;
And, flaming as they rise,
Play towering to the skies."

And Norsemen had poetry like that! and that was the high strain in which vikings of the eighth century could sing! and thoughts like those were what the Norseman was possessed of, without any help from Greece or Rome, or from any thing Christian, and even without the help of writing! Through the dimness of remote ages, perhaps there is faintly discernible, throughout the religion of the Norsemen, their poems, allegories, fables, and practices; perhaps there is perceptible, just perceptible, a tone, a strain, a something which was derived to them from the time when all nations were of one family and one language, and recipients together, from God, of what is now called the primitive revelation. So,

at least, one might account for that, in their religious poems, which was such an astonishment to the early Christian missionaries of Norway and Iceland.

And well they might be astonished at finding, in the hyperborean regions, of the ancients sublimer poetry than was ever written in Latin, and a something better in religion than was ever known in classic Greece.

What a picture of future punishment that is in the "Völuspá, the Vision of the Prophetess"! —

"She saw a hall,
Far from the sun,
In Nastrond standing.
Northward the doors look,
And venom-drops
Fall in through loopholes.
Formed is that hall
Of wreathed serpents.
There saw she wade,
Through heavy streams,
Men forsworn,
And murderers,
And those who others' wives
Essayed to blandish.
There Nidhogg sucked
Of the dead the bodies:
The wolf, too, tore them.
Conceive ye this, or not?"

There is a strain of high poetry and good morality in this; though Nastrond and Nidhögg are strange to us now. But there are writers on these Northern antiquities, who find Nastrond and Nidhögg a ridiculous faith, and who contemn the Norse belief of gods who were to die; and then that their heaven was some time or other to perish, though —

"Five hundred doors,
And forty more,
Methinks, are in Valhalla:
Eight hundred heroes through each door
Shall issue forth
Against the wolf to combat."

Yes: their heaven even was to perish, as they thought. That was what they believed about the Valhalla of their hopes.

That was the Valhalla which brave old men thought of when they flung themselves headlong from high rocks, and for which sick persons had themselves scored with the spear-point before they died. The gods of their belief were doomed gods; and yet did they reverence them and worship them, and faithfully, almost fondly, hold to them.

Brave men as these Norsemen were, stern defiers of death as they were, their courage was not that of stupidity or insensibility. Themselves they could scorn death, and leap into the gulf with a shout; and yet they believed the world would sink in it, and the gods of the Valhalla vanish after. So sensibly did they feel about them a presence of sorrow and control, — the might of a something stronger even than their own gods.

Ignorant men they have been called for this. And so they were; pitiably ignorant. Such besotted folly as believing in gods, who, as they knew, were not eternal! But then something or other a man must have to believe in about life, and the powers that rule it; and this religion of Odin was what had come to them for acceptance. Still, it is objected, it was wretched weakness in them to believe in Odin and the Asa-gods; and in the boar Sœhrimcner, which every morning is sodden for dinner, and which every night is whole again, and ready for the next day; and in the fable of the ash Ygdrasil and the Nornies, and the twilight of the gods, which is against their death. So unlikely and such inconsistent things! It would have been more creditable if they had believed in nothing, rather than in what they did!

But then it was not in their power to believe in nothing. Life was so real with those Norsemen, that they could not but be earnest about it, — about what it was, how it was, what it meant, and what it might turn to. Belief in nothing! As to the things of the spirit, no opinion at all about them! With this no opinion at all, a man can be a modern man, keep a shop and a ledger, eat and drink, dress and undress, sleep and keep regular hours. But, with this "no opinion at all," a man could not have been a Norseman; could not have risked his life very often; could not have been heroic; could

not have been a brave and earnest man, — a man without fear, and a man from whom the world's history so largely takes its character.

The Norseman felt what a real, what an intensely real thing life is; and so he could not but have some opinion about it, — a man of suffering and struggle as he was. "No opinion at all, much," is only possible for those who are living no life of a man at all, or much, — no life of earnestness. Only just go back, and stand among those Norsemen, and feel as earnestly as they did; and there will be no such nonsense to you then as this "no opinion."

No opinion! As though no opinion at all were not the strangest of all opinings! "Nothing in life, nothing certain," would the Norsemen have said: "Oh! but there is for those who do something in it." And to the earnest soul, always, under some form, there is something of religion that is true. No opinion at all about life as it is, and is to be, — this may be possible for Sybarites couched on rose-leaves, and for mere money-getters grown stupid with counting: but it was impossible for the Norseman; and it will remain impossible for ever for every man of simplicity and directness and earnestness and exertion.

The Norseman asked himself, "I — what am I in this world for?" and out of his stout heart came the answer, "For struggle, for hard struggle, and for heroism if thou wilt." And he asked the Past what he was made for: and a thousand and ten thousand voices seemed to answer him, "To suffer as we have suffered; and to die at last, as we have died; and to be heroic as we were." There stood Pain by him, uttering itself in frost and hunger and enemies, and asking him, "Thou! — what art thou in the world for?" and his answer to the stern question was, "For valor; to be valiant." And Death stood frowning at him, and asking him, "Mortal, what art thou made for?" and into the very arms of Death leaped the Norseman, and cried, "To have thee for my way to Valhalla!" Oh, what contempt of pain there was in those Norsemen! what a conscious strength of soul! what defiance of death! what a thorough persuasion of immortali-

ty! It came from the soul which was in them, — the strong and brave and earnest soul.

But such inconsistency, such illogical conclusions, as this Norse religion runs to! Well, so it does! But then there is such a thing as an inconsistent and illogical life. The last day having arrived, and all souls having come into the presence of the All-father, and been constrained into sincere statement, the Norseman says, "I believed in valor, and valiant I have been; and there is nothing can be brought against me that I have ever feared, — not winter in the open seas, no threat of an enemy, not even the weapon I died by:" while many a Christian finds himself obliged to plead, "All my life, I believed in Jesus Christ; and at last, when there was nothing else to do, I forgave my enemies." An insincere life was not common among the Norsemen; for the man of the saga and the sword lived by faith. His life very commonly was not one thing, and his religion another. He believed in valor, and he was not an inconsistent man. He was not a valiant poltroon, a brave coward; and, when he rushed at death, it was not in make-believe. A direct, earnest, thorough man, he was religiously what we call sincere.

They are not the best of all conclusions, that valor is the great virtue of life; and a seat in the Valhalla, man's highest hope. But they are such a belief as the Norseman had to live by.

Oh! we know not how the human heart in other ages yearned and craved for some world-theory. Our feelings have been deadened towards what a Norseman would have died to know, mostly from the want of sincerity in our lives; though in some small degree, also, because we had the Bible in our hands before we wished for it; and because we were compelled to sit in a holy presence in the church, before our hearts were earnest enough to feel it aright; and because our souls have been dulled to the feeling of infinite truths, from our having been wearied with them in catechism and sermon; and because, from our earliest days, our hearts have been warned and hushed to be silent on many a matter, out of which arise wild questionings which will be answered in one

way or another, and which will accept any thing as an answer rather than nothing.

The God Baldur coming up again out of Hel, the place of death; Lif and Lifthrasir coming out of Hodmimir's forest to be parents anew of the human race, — in that Norse belief in fables, the poorest of them, it is for us not to be glad of a superstition which we ourselves are free from, but to mourn an earnestness which we ourselves are without, and to know of a religious want which somehow has been choked in us. Oh, could we have an hour's talk with an old Norseman, what good it might do us! And perhaps simply to know how earnestly he felt may avail to make us more earnest.

That Norse-life is such a strange contrast to our modern life! Our ways of living are far more orderly, and also more formal; more settled, and also more mechanical; far more nearly right in some respects, and not quite so right in some others. The Norsemen had not a book to read; but, with learning their sagas by heart, their minds were more surely exercised than with that reading which scarcely remembers, and never thinks. They were destitute of written laws and the lawyer's science. This was a disadvantage. But also there was some advantage in their having to reason out a case of justice, not by the letter of the law, which often kills, but by the spirit of righteousness as best they could feel it.

Wild and perilous life! — sea-kings on the water, and on land the blood-avenger astir with his keen sense of honor and keener sword. A wild life, but a life of earnest, — of such earnest, from boyhood to the grave, as is felt now only by some few more fervid spirits.

Oh, but the thousand improvements which we have! They are improvements only, and not perfections. Outrages promptly repressed by the constable, and oftener still prevented; peace secured by so many means along the whole frontier of an empire; everywhere an abundance of books in which to read; all the news of a whole country ours, in the daily paper at breakfast, without any trouble; for food, articles from all parts of the world, and even from quarters

which we have never heard of; for burial, coffins ready made, and hearses which have been patented; and for comfort, such pleasant contrivances! Such a saving as there is now in time and thought (ay, and in heart too)! such machinery for every thing!

Ay, such machinery! And of this, somehow, there is on us an effect which ought not to be. Our ways of life are mechanized. Our thinking grows mechanical, and our feelings become so too. And all this is not so well. Also these mechanical improvements, and the comforts which come of them, agree better with a man's selfishness than his heroism; are what will help him to take care of himself, better than aid him in conduct which is unselfish, high, heroic.

Government, in all its movements, as regular as clockwork: that is excellent. Commerce nearly as regular as machinery: that is excellent. Knowledge facilitated by machinery: that is excellent. But it is not so good if you yourself become mechanized; if wonder ceases from your soul, and heartiness from your feelings.

Outward circumstances do not favor heroism now as much as they did in Norse times. Nay, what is called heroism — a high, self-sacrificing behavior, a worship of honor rather than of gold, and of magnanimity over personal advantage — is what a man can be drawn to in the world, as it is now, almost only by him, not to be named by name just here, but who was himself "not of the world."

The Norseman was a man whom the thunder could awe, and the splendors of the firmament amaze; whom life in any thing astonished, because of where it came from, — in the round of the seasons, the instincts of a bird, and the growth of a tree. He was a man who could thrill with forebodings of his destiny, or even at what might be the meaning of a dream: he was a man to whom it was wonderful what life might turn to, and what eternity might have to disclose: he was one who could live, and who did, for something better than bread, or than buttered bread either: he was a man with whom courage, a something of the soul, was better than life: he was a believer in immortality; and, in his thorough persuasion

of it, he could open for himself the gate of death, and press through.

And now with him contrast a modern man of a class which is rather numerous.

This modern man knows all about the universe, and how the earth was made; he knows that thunder and lightning are just what he can make himself at the electrifying machine; he knows perfectly about the human mind, and how character is the certain result of circumstances; he knows what God is, and must be, and always will be; he knows what prayer is, and how it is that men happen to pray, and precisely what prayer effects; he knows what the laws of Nature are exactly, and what must come of them, just as of the working of a machine. As a man, he never breaks the commandment; but he never keeps it: for his life is mechanism, and with no soul in it.

Very knowing, and very correct! And yet there are reasons for which, perhaps, this man had far better have been a Norseman, like Erling the bonder.

For it is false science, by the light of which a man walks the world without any feeling of mystery in it; it is but ignorant knowledge which is without reverence; and it is a decline in existence, it is a downward stoop, it is sure degradation, when, from having been a child of God, a man comes to lean on his own understanding.

The Norseman was not altogether the same man on a viking cruise that he was on his farm. Nor perhaps was he the same, the last few years before becoming Christian, that he was before his Paganism was quite exhausted of its virtue.

But take the Norseman when he was most truly himself, and let certain matters belonging to him be interpreted by his own understanding of them; and then this was the Norseman. Brave always, and sometimes almost chivalric; very earnest; a man of ability at almost any thing, — farming, fishing, fighting, law, and commerce; a most energetic man; a religious man; a little melancholy, and yet easily mirthful; very respectful, and indeed reverent, towards the character of

women, and of quite a poetic mind; a fair-haired, blue-eyed, small-handed man.

And this was he that came, with others not unlike him, out of Asia. They overspread a large portion of the Roman Empire; and, men of energy as they were, they renewed the debilitated, degenerated, deboshed inhabitants of what had been Roman countries. And as the gospel came into the world in "the fulness of time," so did these Asiatic tribes; and, barbarians as they were called, they were men capable of becoming better Christians than the enervated dwellers of Rome or Athens. And indeed, to the best purpose, the world now is Christian through them, — through the Christianizing of their strong characters.

We have considered what the Norseman was in himself, and what he has been in his influence on the world. And perhaps we may have derived one or two thoughts which may do us good from our ancestor the Norseman; at least, with our thinking of him and his actions, we have been helping to verify the sentiment of the Theban poet: "Great deeds are mighty sounds that wander eternally over earth and sea."

And to have this true of himself was the highest hope of the Norseman for this life; though, of all his hopes, the greatest and the most characteristic was that of another world.

Another world, believed in, without its ever having been preached, — what a groundless persuasion! A hereafter trusted in by vikings, men of blood and Odin, — what an unjustifiable fancy! But then it was not that they fancied it, but that there was in them faith in it. Downright men as they were, they were not brain-sick people of fancy.

"Let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay." And, tried by this precept, many of these old Pagans would appear to be far superior to persons who indeed are of orderly lives, but also of equivocating speech, and almost who have lost the power of being sincere even with themselves. There are religious books of the present day, in the twentieth edition, which do not yield as much apostolic salt for the world as

those old sagas of the Norsemen. And there were vikings even, who lived for Valhalla, who yet will walk the streets of the New Jerusalem in peace and love, while the hypocritical children of the kingdom are weeping, and gnashing their teeth, in outer darkness.

In the works of these ancient scalds, these old sagas, there is a something which convicts the present age of a great want, and which is evident, especially as to politics and theology, — a lack of fearless sincerity. These sagas are the histories of fierce Pagans. This must be granted. But, though these men were without the law, they were yet a law unto themselves; and hypocrisy, at least, is a charge which cannot be laid against them. They were not men to be accused by Job of any thing like the vice of speaking wickedly for God, and talking deceitfully for him. And indeed they are to be thought of as likely subjects for grace, in comparison with such persons as are to be encountered, at present, almost everywhere, — men who would be afraid of inspiration by the Holy Ghost, if even they could have it; whose souls inhale only the breath of public opinion; and with whom it has become almost instinctive to quench in themselves that inspiration of the Almighty which would give them understanding. W. M.

If thou didst ever see a hand cut off, or a foot or a head lying anywhere apart from the rest of the body, such does a man make himself, as far as he can, who is not content with what happens, and separates himself from others, or does any thing unsocial. Suppose that thou hast detached thyself from the natural unity, — for thou wast made by nature a part, but now thou hast cut thyself off, — yet here there is this beautiful provision, that it is in thy power again to unite thyself. God has allowed this to no other part, after it has been separated and cut asunder, to come together again. But consider the benevolence with which he has distinguished man: for he has put it in his power not to be separated at all from the universal; and, when he has been separated, he has allowed him to return and to be united, and to resume his place as a part. — *M. Aurelius Antoninus.*

SPIRITUAL LIFE, AND THE LAW OF ITS GROWTH.

I APPREHEND that Christians do not differ much as to the nature and quality of spiritual life. However they may differ in respect to the surest and speediest mode of acquiring it, there will be found to exist a pretty general and close agreement as to the real nature of this life, what it is, and how it manifests itself. No one possessing any just appreciation of Christianity, or who has ever had any experimental knowledge of Christ's redeeming love, would think of calling a merely selfish, sensual, worldly man spiritual. All agree that the carnal and selfish life of the natural man is not spiritual life: it is mere animal life. Nor is the life of the intellect, however healthy and active, spiritual life; for there is many a man, of vast intellectual powers and attainments, who knows not what true spiritual life means. No man knows what it is, who has not, to some extent, denied himself for the Lord's sake, and learned to live for others.

Spiritual life, then, is heavenly life, — the life of God in the soul of man; the life of that genuine, unselfish love, which seeketh not its own, but the good of others. It is the activity of a will whose ruling purpose at all times is to glorify God by acts designed and calculated to bless mankind. It is life, therefore, which, wherever it exists, is perpetually outworking itself in all sweet and gentle charities, in all disinterested and neighborly acts, in all helpful and inspiring words, in all noble and manly deeds. Such is true spiritual life, and such the mode of its manifestation. It is of the same nature, precisely, as the life which the angels in heaven enjoy; and therefore it manifests itself in the same ways as theirs. It is the truly human life; and there is no other kind of life that is properly human.

But what a great and fearful gulf there is between this life, and the cold, heartless, selfish life of the merely natural man! There is nothing more humiliating, nothing more sad and discouraging, to those in whose hearts the work of regeneration has commenced, than the wide and mournful contrast which

they cannot fail to observe between the selfish life of the natural man — their own life as yet — and that truly human or angelic life disclosed in the heavenly sense of the divine Word. To see those shining ones above, all so prompt and happy in doing the Father's will, finding their supreme delight in serving rather than in being served, seeking no pleasure or gratification or gain for themselves alone, loving others even better than themselves, and perpetually striving to promote their happiness; and then to see in ourselves such mean and calculating selfishness, outcropping all along at every turn on the great highway of life, — in the family, in the shop, in the counting-house, and in all our private and public walks; to see how little of the life of the divine humanity there is within us; how seldom we act from a genuine and disinterested love of others; how eagerly we clutch at whatever we imagine will be for *our* advantage; how much more ready we are to go out of our way to gratify some selfish feeling, than to bestow a blessing or do some neighborly act; when those of us, I say, upon whose souls has dawned something of that crystal light of the upper realms, observe this contrast between our own life and the life of heaven, it makes us very sad. Or, if it do not, the case is sadder still. Sometimes we feel almost like sinking in despair. Our outward life, perhaps, is all fair enough, — beautiful as a whited sepulchre. But this alone does not satisfy. We long for the free, spontaneous movements of God's spirit within. We long for the up-welling in our hearts of a deeper, warmer, purer love. We long for life more akin to that which the angels enjoy, — a life that centres not in self, but pours itself forth like the beams of the unwearied sun, to cheer and gladden all around. We long for this heavenly life; and still it does not come. We pray for it; and still the old, hard, selfish life clings to us, and follows us like a shadow.

It becomes, then, the great and paramount question which every Christian should settle clearly in his own mind, How is this true spiritual life, this life of disinterested neighborly love, to be secured? What are the conditions required for its development and growth? for we may be sure that this

life, like every other, has its conditions of development, its law of growth. How is it, then, that the heart-renewing and soul-invigorating spirit of Christ (who is our true life) comes down to the plane of conscious perception, or to what Swedenborg calls the natural degree of our minds, and diffuses itself throughout that degree, imparting to all the faculties a life unknown before, kindling in the heart new emotions, and causing it to throb with a new and divine life? What is the condition upon which this life of God descends into us from heaven, and becomes *our* life? I answer, *Willing and Christ-like service.*

How is it that we learn to love our heavenly Father? Is it not by first compelling ourselves to do the Father's will? For love to God is not, as some have supposed, a natural product of the human heart. However it may have been in the infancy of our race, we know that this love does not now spring up and grow spontaneously. If it did, what need were there of all that striving and self-denial and cross-bearing and inward warfare which the gospel enjoins? But it comes just in the degree that we religiously strive to keep the commandments, or seek to serve God by doing his will. The more faithfully we serve him, though the service at first be rendered through stern self-compulsion, the more ardently do we come to love him: and, at last, we find in his service our true freedom, our purest and sweetest delight; for it is always delightful to serve one whom we sincerely love.

And since it is by voluntarily *serving* God that we learn truly to love him, so it is by *serving* the neighbor that our hearts become filled with true neighborly love. Yes: it is through ministry and service alone, through willing devotion to the good of the neighbor, or to works of manifest use to society, that He who is our true life, and whom the Scripture calls "the bread of God," comes down to us and in us, and imparts to our cold and torpid souls the quickening life of heaven. The Son of man came not — he *never* comes — to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

Observe that mother with a sickly, deformed, and helpless

child. For many long years, her life has been devoted to ministering to its hourly wants. She has soothed and cheered it by day, and watched over it with unwearied patience through more than half the weary nights. It is peevish and fretful, — not half so sweet in temper or comely in aspect as either of her other children. But let that poor helpless creature be suddenly taken from her, and her heart bleeds more freely than it would at the loss of any other child. She now finds that she loved that little sickly lamb more than any other in the flock. And *why* did she love it most? Because she had watched and tended and served it most. Ah! here is the grand secret. Her devoted and willing service is what unlocked and kept open within her the gates of heaven, and let in so much of God's own life into her heart.

This is a familiar illustration of a grand and momentous truth; which is, that neighborly love comes through the performance of neighborly acts, or voluntary efforts to *serve* the neighbor. This is the sole and God-appointed condition. And we might as well expect that the eye will brighten or the limbs strengthen without exercise, as that true spiritual life, the life of heaven, will be given us upon any other condition. Yearning and longing and praying are, indeed, important, — are needful; but these alone will not bring this life, any more than they will bring the glow of health into the cheek, or strength and vigor into the limbs. Living, acting, doing, — this is the law, the fixed and unalterable condition, of growth in either case.

You long for the bread of God to come down from heaven, and give you life such as the angels enjoy, do you? You long for a warmer, tenderer, more unselfish, and sympathetic heart, for more of true neighborly love, do you? You yearn for it and pray for it? Then go out of yourself, and try to live for others. Try to do something to dissipate the darkness, to lessen the burdens, to alleviate the sorrows, to multiply the joys, to smooth the rugged pathway, of some neighbor. Try to extract some rankling thorn, or to pour a little oil and wine into some bruised and wounded soul. Seek out some friendless and needy object on whom to bestow your sympathy, your

generosity, your offices of kindness. And you need not go far: such objects exist in scores all around you,—objects needing sympathy and comfort, if not material aid. Do this, and see how your cold and hard-hearted selfishness will begin to diminish, and your neighborly love to increase! See how the windows of heaven will be opened within you, and your before waste and barren soul begin to be flooded with the gracious outpourings of love from on high! It is the outgoings of our own thoughts and feeling, with intent to bless, that cause the plentiful incomings of the divine love and mercy, agreeable to that divine declaration, "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

You are a husband, and you do not love your wife as you ought. You care little or nothing for her; and her lone and trembling heart withers under the cold blight of your indifference and neglect. You know it is so; yet you earnestly wish it were otherwise. You mourn, do you, over your cold, indifferent, unloving state toward her whom you have taken for the partner of your bosom? You pray God that it were otherwise? Well, friend, you have only to comply with God's conditions, and he will make it otherwise. He will change your unhappy state. He will take away the feelings you deplore, and give you those for which you yearn. Begin, then, by endeavoring to make your wife as happy as you can. Seek to perform all your duties as a husband with religious fidelity. A tender plant your wife may be, and in need of tender nursing; sweetly blossoming in the sunshine, but quickly nipped by the frost. First, take care that no look or word or act of yours shall needlessly wound her feelings. If she has faults, (and who on earth is without them?) never blazon them abroad, never allude to them in the presence of others; for this will only grieve and discourage her: but gently point them out in private, and help her, with long and tender and patient forbearance, to overcome them. Next, study how to strew her path with all the sweetest flowers you can. Away with all obstructing thorns, and bring what roses you can find. Strive by all kind and gentle offices, by warding off sorrows or soothing her under them, by saving

her all the trouble and fatigue you can, by lightening as many of her burdens as you can, by a thousand little nameless but delicate attentions, which your wife would prize more than a sceptre or a crown, — strive by ways and acts like these to cheer and encourage and hold her up, as the sturdy oak supports the vine that throws its tendrils lovingly around it. Do thus, and your heart, hitherto so cold and lifeless toward her whom you have sworn to love and cherish, will begin to throb with new emotions; and keep on doing thus, and, sure as God is good, his love will descend into you from heaven, and in due time will flood your soul, if not with the pure delights of conjugal love, at least with the life of heaven-born charity.

Similar remarks are applicable to wives, who inwardly mourn that they do not love their husbands as they ought. The feeling of love does not come in answer to one's desire, however sincere and strong. It is not a thing to be secured by mere volition. It comes as the consequence — the sweet and heavenly reward — of *faithfully and religiously doing our duty*. This is the way, and the only way, that our spiritual life can be developed or strengthened and matured.

And as in the maternal and conjugal, so in all the other relations of life. It is by voluntary efforts to serve the neighbor, not from any selfish end, but in obedience to God's command and for the sake of our neighbor's good, that the gates of the kingdom are unlocked within us, and the soul's true life, the life of disinterested neighborly love, is permitted to flow down from the divine humanity in copious and perennial streams. Do you wish for a loftier and purer patriotism, a more intense and unselfish love of country? Then go, work for the honor and welfare of your country. Go, labor and sacrifice and suffer in its defence. Give time and money, and brothers and sons, to maintain its integrity, and keep its honor untarnished; and, when you have done this, you will find such a flame of patriotic ardor kindled within you as will never again be quenched.

Do you long for a deeper and stronger love of the Church of Christ, or any particular branch thereof? Then seek to

render some service to the Church. Go, *do* something that needs to be done to extend the sphere of its hallowing influence. Give of your time, your talents, your wealth, your influence, to promote the prosperity and growth of the Church; and *keep on* doing and giving, and ere long the fountains of love will be unsealed within you; and what at first you did with reluctance and through self-compulsion, you will come at last to do with gladness and delight of heart. Your efforts to serve the Church will, by and by, open the avenues of your soul to a copious influx of that genuine love of the Church, whose lack you now deplore.

And so it is always. The life of Christ, who is the soul's true and living bread from heaven, descends into us, and becomes *our* life, just in the degree that we comply with the conditions of its descent. When selfishness has frozen up the currents of the soul, and dreary winter reigns within; when your heart throbs with no emotions of love for wife or friends, or country or church; then go out of, and, as it were, away from, yourself. Go out, although you go cold and shivering at first, and compel yourself to do some service for somebody. Go out, and *try* at least to do something, by word or deed, to comfort, enlighten, strengthen, and save. No matter if the service be ever so humble: if it be performed *for the Master*, and with intent to bless, your soul will not fail of its sure reward. For "whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, He shall in no wise lose his reward." Go out, even though you go mourning and in sadness, and you shall experience the truth of the Psalmist's sweet words: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Go forth, and try to confer some blessing on those around you; and the very effort will loosen the icy fetters around your heart, and cause the rills of spiritual life ere long to play and dance within you. B. F. B.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE DUTIES OF THE HOUR.

Are we ready for them? — ready to make thorough work at last? There is enough before us to secure the privilege of an entirely earnest life for every soul, throughout the land, who would live such a life.

I. And, first, a work as to which all claim to be agreed. It is the duty of every citizen, who believes in the rights of a just and merciful government, to do his part in conquering, and for ever restraining from mischief, the authors and the promoters of this Rebellion against true constitutional democracy. Those men, having no grievance, are guilty before God and man of the sin and crime of rebellion. It is no more inconsistent with Christianity to visit upon them the penalties of their sin, than it is inconsistent with Christianity to maintain prison-houses; and, if we look at the consequences of crime, what can be more fatal than the consequences of rebellion? To what, we ask of the leaders of the Confederacy, to gain what high and sacred end, have you sacrificed the young men of our land by tens of thousands?

II. It is our duty to use this providential occasion so persistently for the cause of Freedom, that the bondage of man to man shall cease throughout the land. We shall have earned by our sacrifices and bitter sufferings the right to demand for the slave this boon, this justice rather, from all who have been implicated in the great crime of rebellion; and, if we obtain it from them, the rest follows by purchase, or in some other fair way, as a matter of course. Are we reminded that philanthropy is not a thing to fight for; that so to fight is to be fanatical? Our answers are three: —

First, If philanthropy is not a thing to fight for, it is nevertheless most fortunate when those who chance to be fighting for something else have a philanthropy, and not an inhumanity, on their side. Second, It has always been urged, at least by its Northern advocates, that slavery is not a religious or moral, but purely a political matter. Now, if it be purely a political matter, it is a thing to fight about. And, third, It was the friends, and not

the foes, of human bondage, who took the sword; and of them it is written, "They that shall take the sword shall perish by the sword."

III. Again: it is the duty of the hour to lift above want and degradation the emancipated South, black and white, what has been bound, and what has been called free; though, indeed, often more sadly bound than the bondmen and bondwomen of the land. Our civilization — would it were more equal to the task, and more truly Christian! — is called upon to carry the arts of peace and the blessings of a religious and intellectual training into the cities and villages and fields which war has desolated. We must stand between the blameless sufferer and starvation. Bread and organization, books and schools and churches, must follow the armies: so we must subjugate, so we will assume their debt, so we will guarantee to our poor victims their rights, — not the right to hold men in slavery, which they have happily forfeited for ever, to the great contentment of gods and men; but the right to labor, and eat the fruit thereof; to go to school and to church; and to be men every way, and neither "trash" nor chattels. This is the revenge we would have. We shall have enough to do for friends and for foes, for white men as well as for black men. As yet, it would seem, open-handed as the community has become, we have only begun to give.

The wants of East Tennessee are not yet met, and there are other desolations besides that. The prospect now is, that the white refugees will demand more aid than the freedmen. Schools have been organized by these freedmen, in and around Nashville, in which over eight hundred children receive instruction from teachers paid by their parents, — slaves just emancipated.

The labor of the freed colored people at Port Royal, and upon abandoned plantations on the Mississippi River, is represented by those who have carefully investigated the subject, and have given us the actual figures, as eminently successful, even in very discouraging circumstances. The last number of the "North-American Review," in the article on the "Future Supply of Cotton," contains many very interesting and encouraging details of free-labor experiments amongst populations reputed very ignorant and heavily drawn upon for military purposes, and, in some instances, embarrassed by the attacks of guerillas. Thirty-three freedmen, by hiring their less enterprising companions, have earned on the Mississippi River an average of three thousand dollars each for the work of a single season; from which it would appear that

they can take care of themselves. But there also is work enough to be done, as the call from the Western Sanitary Commission abundantly shows.

IV. And yet, again, there is a duty of the hour towards our Union soldiers. To reverse the sentence of the apostle, — it is but just that they who have ministered unto us in carnal things should receive from us in spiritual things. War affords opportunities for evangelization as well as peace.

The American Unitarian Association has published exceedingly valuable tracts for the men of our armies in camp and hospital, and is crippled in the work of distribution only by want of pecuniary means. We wish to call the attention of our readers specially to this matter, — to the desirableness of supplying the soldier with cheering and elevating books. We do not speak in behalf of any denomination: and yet we are entirely prepared to say, that money cannot be better bestowed than in distributing the army tracts of the American Unitarian Association; and that, as it seems to us, their enterprise in this way has claims upon Liberal Christians which the Christian Commission has not. Mr. John Ware's tracts alone have already reached three hundred and ten thousand, and a thousand of the "Silent Pastor" have met with a good reception in hospitals. Not a few of our soldiers will become Southern citizens: it is of the utmost importance that they should be Christian citizens.

V. And, finally, we have duties of the hour here at home. If they were faithfully discharged, it would need no prophet to tell us that we are in the last year of our war. There is, first, the duty of those who oppose to abstain from unreasonable, factious opposition, growing out of old prejudices and party spirit, and impatience of burdens, and fear of poverty, and lack of humanity. He who opposes takes upon himself a fearful responsibility. It is Northern opposition which protracts this strife: our divisions cause thel and still to bleed. Your scruples, my scrupulous friend, cost hearts' blood: if they are not very right, they are very wrong. Have not you some prejudices to conquer? And, on the other hand, there is the duty of those who believe, that, when Freedom herself is in peril of her life, it is idle to spend time in cavilling about modes and forms, or in complaining of cheating contractors and false officials; there is the duty of those, who, when the simple question is, "Shall we go on with this struggle inexorably, and therefore mercifully, or sacrifice every thing which made it right to enter upon it?" take up again their first purpose with the clearest conscience;

there is the duty of these and the like to advocate and accept a most heroic practice in the treatment of the nation's heart.

We want heroic taxation, heroic economies, heroic industries; faith, hope, love, in the largest measures; a conviction, that success we must and shall have at any cost; that every thing is cheap in comparison with success; that both duty and advantage demand of us not to grow weary in our terrible well-doing. Nothing can withstand our united and settled purpose. When our works even begin to show that we have such a purpose, cherished not in hatred, but in love, then we may begin to gather the material for the bonfires that shall signal from every hill-top the glad tidings of the return of peace. That purpose can be hindered to our hurt: it cannot, please God, be frustrated to our ruin as a nation.

We have gone forward a century in the last three years: it is for us to say whether we shall go back two centuries in the next three. But let us have faith in the highest things and the best. Let us not imagine for a moment that God will prosper those who disobey him, to the neglect of the obedient; or that, when he created man a child of God, he proposed for him any world less glorious and complete than a kingdom of God, a kingdom of righteousness.

We are free to say, that the condition of our community at this time, in view of the work before us, is any thing but satisfactory. Speculators and pleasure-seekers and the luxurious cannot wage the greatest conflict of these latter days; and unless we can attain to larger measures of inspiration, and be consecrated afresh to our task, there will remain for us (which may God forbid!) only the discipline of a most bitter and humbling experience. E.

THE PHYSIQUE OF FEDERAL SOLDIERS.

The foundation of a nation's prosperity is in the physical condition of its people; not in its wealth or its soil, but in the healthful physique of its inhabitants. People of feeble constitutions, and in the course of physical deterioration, will deteriorate morally and spiritually, and ultimately the whole tone of their being will be let down. Witness the Indian tribes who are dying out, and the Asiatic nations who are the prey of drivelling superstitions. Compare the modern Greek with the soldiers of Athens, Thebes, and Sparta, in the days of Grecian prosperity and splendor.

It has been said that the Yankee race are deteriorating, and

verging towards the Indian type. Yankee women have been contrasted with the hale English women; the former pale and haggard, the latter strong and blooming. Americans have been contrasted with Englishmen; the former thin and gawky, the latter well developed with roast beef and London beer. The recruiting service is likely to settle some of these questions. Dr. W. H. Thompson, State examining surgeon of New York, read a paper, at a meeting of the Geographical and Statistical Society of New-York City, on "The Physique of different Nationalities as indicated by the Inspection of Recruits for the Federal Armies." Its facts are of exceeding interest and importance; being derived, not from superficial appearance, but careful scientific inspection. Dr. Thompson examined about nine thousand men, about half of whom were natives. We find the results given in the "Annual of Scientific Discovery" for 1864.

In stature, the American-born ranks the highest, the English next, the Irish next, the Germans next, and the French last. Classifications were made also, not according to mere size, but according to quality of make and texture. Dr. Thompson makes four classes, termed respectively *prime*, *good*, *indifferent*, and *bad*. The "prime" are those of a specially well-proportioned osseous system, — the groundwork of the personal figure, as shown by the skull, the thorax, and the lines of the extremities; also of a well-developed muscular system, especially those of the lower extremities, as the most reliable indication of the vigor of spinal nutrition. The "good" were those apparently healthy and strong, with a good muscular development, but not equal to the "prime" in the development of the osseous system. Under "indifferent" were placed those of good forms, but with tendencies to constitutional diseases. The "bad" were those who had never been good, and never would be, from original vicious conformation.

Now for the result. Of American-born recruits, 47.5 per cent had prime physique; the Germans, 40.75; the Irish 35. Of the "indifferent," the Irish are one-half higher than the Germans, which last are five and one-half higher than the Americans. Of the "bad," the Irish are more than double the Americans and Germans, who in this respect stand alike.

The relative advantages of city and country life on the physique are of special interest. The proportion of "prime" among city Americans was forty-two per cent; country, fifty-eight per cent. Of "bad," — city, four per cent; country, one per cent.

Dr. Thompson, in summing up, says of the American recruits,

"I feel safe in voting their physical development as of the highest order; and I have seen specimens of nearly all European as well as Eastern nations. With the exception of a general loss of fat, I do not believe there is another race that can show a larger proportion, in the average population, of excellent muscular and osseous development. This I would ascribe almost wholly to the widely diffused blessings of meat and drink, and to comforts of life possessed by nearly all. Least of all would I set it down on the score of race; for it is doubtful if there is such a thing as an unmixed race in America." With such a foundation on which to build up the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual, with less danger that the latter will fall through, — being based on the solid floors of Nature, — we may hope, when the one national curse has been wiped out, for a career more prosperous than ever of intellectual and moral glory. "I hate sick people," said Charles Lamb: that is, he hated them abstractly, not concretely and personally; for strong and healthy physique is the groundwork of the most symmetrical and lofty manhood. S.

CHRISTIANITY AND DEISM: THE DIFFERENCE.

A WRITER in the last "Universalist Quarterly," not having studied metaphysics probably, and being left to the exigencies of common sense to call white, white, and black, black, discourses thus in a well-written article entitled "Christ's Authority as a Teacher." It strikes us as excellent good sense, much needed in days of mist and fog.

"It is a singular and anomalous question that we have to debate in these latter days. Formerly, the line of separation between Christians and infidels was, by common consent, very simply and sharply drawn. The single issue was, 'Does Christ represent God? Was he attested as in any sense appointed to a special office as the Teacher and Saviour of the world. Professing to regard the affirmative of this inquiry as proved, men therefore, and of course, accepted the testimony of Christ as final, because accepting it as the testimony of God himself. They were, necessarily it was thought, thus committed to say, 'If I understand him, there is no room for farther inquiry: having what he taught, I am sure I have the truth, *because he taught it.*' Those who said this were accounted Christians. Those who could not say it, frankly avowed themselves, and were universally reckoned by others, as unbelievers. No matter how devout, amiable, or morally blameless, one might be; no matter what admissions one might be ready to make concerning Christ as a good man, or concerning Christianity as a useful exposition of duty: if he could not

say, 'I believe Christ's word to be decisive, because the word of one specially sent of God,' he renounced all claim to be considered a Christian, and accepted his place, as a matter of course, in the ranks of infidelity. Now all this is changed. There are no longer any 'Deists.' This old distinction is pronounced invidious and unkind. By some necromancy of 'Broad Church'-ism, belief and unbelief have come to be indifferent factors of the same product; and at the word 'liberal,' presto! 'Deism' is but the 'critical' and 'scholarly' phasis of gospel faith. Any good man who claims to be a Christian, we are told, is a Christian. Herbert, Tyndall, Woolston, and their whole class of old English Deists, were Christians as really as Butler, Watson, or Paley, if they had but known it, and had bethought themselves to assume the title. The denials one may make in respect to Christ are of no importance. He is none the less a Christian, if he only insists that he is one, though he may strip Christianity of every sanction and attribute of a God-given religion, and leave us nothing but the name of Christianity and the mere opinions of fallible men."

TRANSMUTATION OF SPECIES.

THE question is warmly discussed among naturalists, whether each species is an original creation of God, or whether all species have *developed up* from a rude beginning or germ. Curious it is, that those who deny the miracles of the New Testament are apt to stick for the transmutation and development theory, else God will be let somewhere into the universe otherwise than a force locked in nature. Theodore Parker rather sneers at Agassiz for denying the transmutation system, and thus leaving the way open for the Divine. But *quære* Mr. Parker: How was the first germ created out of which we all "developed"? Was it not the immediate work of God? and do you not brink up to a "miracle," after all?

Agassiz says nobly, "I confess that there seems to me a repulsive poverty in this material explanation, that is contradicted by the intellectual grandeur of the universe: the resources of the Deity cannot be so meagre, that, in order to create a human being endowed with reason, he must change a monkey into a man."

S.

DEFECT IN THEODORE PARKER'S LIBRARY.

MR. WEISS says you might look in vain in Mr. Parker's library for any books which "manipulate the ordinary religious proprieties." It seems to have been pretty full in other departments. Can any one tell where books can be found for these manipulations?

REFLECTIONS.

THE trials of some men consist mainly in morbid feelings which make little show.

Merit is honored by their blame
Who think that infamy is fame.

The same trouble often seems a trial or a trifle, according as it affects ourselves or others.

Rights are respected as long as protected.

We have seen a Chinese saying quoted, that "Virtue cannot give talents, but it supplies their place."

The homely proverb, "One man's meat is another man's poison," is a standing rebuke of intolerance and hasty criticism.

It has been truly said, that "many young men begin where their fathers left off, and leave off where their fathers began."

A man whose ruling passion is the love of praise cannot be highly esteemed, although he may be highly commended by those who wish to please him.

Men are continually advising others not to follow in their steps; for the traveller learns the roughness of a path which seemed smooth at a distance.

Skill in writing is, in most cases, only a facility of expressing common thoughts in common phrases.

Words are continually changing their meaning, — some growing coarser, while others grow more refined: so that a particular word often strikes an old man very differently from the way in which it strikes a young one.

Keeping up with the literature of the day is like keeping up with the gossip of the town. Better read what has been long remembered than what will be soon forgotten.

Self-improvement, to the effectual, must reach the first springs of thought and feeling.

A writer cannot properly estimate his work until the ardor of composition has passed. The iron which glowed in the forge is dull when the work is done. E. W.

ALWAYS run to the short way, and the short way is the natural: accordingly, say and do every thing in conformity with the soundest reason. For such a purpose frees a man from trouble and warfare, and all artifice and ostentatious display.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Annual of Scientific Discovery. A Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art. 1864. Gould & Lincoln.

An indispensable record, not merely for the scholar, but for the practical man. The present volume has a fine portrait of Gen. Gilmore fronting the titlepage. It exhibits the most important discoveries and improvements in mechanics, useful arts, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, geology, zoölogy, botany, mineralogy, meteorology, and geography. See extracts in the Random Readings.

Industrial Biography: Iron-makers and Tool-makers. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Self-Help," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The introductory chapter shows the agency of iron in civilization, and of how much more value iron is than gold. The biographies of the English iron-workers are a record of men who have been little known, but who have done more than almost any other class of workers in diffusing the comforts of life and the means of social progress. Much valuable scientific information is embraced in the biographies. S.

Satan's Devices and the Believer's Victory. By Rev. WILLIAM L. PARSONS, A.M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Mr. Parsons believes thoroughly in the personality of the Devil, and his personal agency in our human affairs. His object in this work is to unmask him, and show him openly face to face with our humanity, against which he wages war. Satan, by the author's account of him, must be well-nigh omniscient and omnipresent upon our planet. He can probably "go four times round the earth and back again in a single second." How Mr. Parsons got all his information about him, we cannot imagine. He quotes the second Epistle of Peter, without telling his readers that the book is not canonical, and that all it tells us about fallen angels is quoted from the apocryphal book of Enoch.

It gives a certain dramatic power to some kinds of preaching to introduce a personal Satan into the machinery of conversion; but the harm is very great in gendering factitious fears, and open-

ing the way for the income of degrading superstitions, which tyrannize over weak minds, and cloud the benign attributes of God. S.

A Youth's History of the Rebellion. By WILLIAM M. THAYER, author of the "Pioneer Boy," &c. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

This book is the first of a series, bringing the history of the war down to the capture of Roanoke Island. It is designed for young readers and families. To be adapted to its purpose, it should be historically accurate, familiar in style, and picturesque. All these conditions are fulfilled. It is illustrated with wood-cuts, is less expensive than more elaborate histories, and is adapted to hold the attention of young readers by the dramatic and stirring scenes of the narrative. S.

Mr. REDPATH, in his *Books for the Camp-fires*, continues to supply pleasant reading for the soldiers. "Clotelle" and "Vendetta" are stories in cheap form to shorten the hours of picket-duty, the tedium of camp-life, or the convalescent hours of the hospital. Get them, and send them on.

The Western Sanitary Commission, what it does with its Funds, why it should be aided in its Work, is a tract of eight pages, which makes an irresistible appeal. This Commission is the only one which has a department specially devoted to the relief of the freedmen and refugees. The details of suffering among this oppressed class are heart-rending. A Fair is to be opened at St. Louis on the 17th of May, for which contributions are solicited from all loyal people, and in which a department for the colored refugees has an important place. If you have aught to give, send packages or money directed to James E. Yeatman, Western Sanitary Commission, St. Louis. Accompanying their circular is a letter of Mr. N. M. Mann, agent of the Commission, describing the condition of the negroes who came into Vicksburg with Sherman's army: —

"All the way from Meridian, this black river flowed in the wake of the army, increased by constant accessions, until, sullen and slow, it wound its way into Vicksburg with four thousand five hundred souls. Following through a country twice ravaged by a devouring host, they had literally nothing left them for subsistence but the remnants left by our troops. Foraging parties scoured the country on either hand to obtain supplies for the soldiers; but no one brought these people food: and houses and barns pillaged and burnt left nothing for them save what the hungry soldier could spare."

The condition of these poor refugees is thus described: —

"The expedition returned here on the 3d inst. Just at dusk, the train of contrabands came in. Slowly and sadly they dragged along through the streets, — mules and oxen gaunt and famished; wagons loaded with children, whose weary, despairing look will haunt me, I believe, as long as I live, with a mother or two in each trying to soothe the little ones crying with hunger and fatigue, all clothed in the dirt-colored homespun they always wear, worn to rags and tatters, leaving them in many cases almost naked. I saw one boy, about ten years old, lying in a wagon, apparently dead, stark naked, save the poor amount of what might once have been a waistcoat wrapped about his abdomen. Hundreds of them had not rags enough to be decent. As if Nature sympathized with them in their misfortunes, the shades of night came on as they passed through the city, and partially screened from the crowd of gazers this saddening, sickening sight.

"The little I could do for these poor people that night I did. Anticipating a need, I had drawn on the commissary heavily for bread, and had a large amount on hand. I had the ambulance of the Western Sanitary Commission loaded with this bread; and, taking along half a dozen kind-hearted soldiers, we went the whole length of this wagon-train, and gave to each family a loaf or two. It was but a little thing to do; but the eagerness with which they took and ate it told how grateful it was to them. I assure you I never was more happy than that night, amid all that wretchedness, giving bread to those hungry creatures."

May God bless the Good Samaritans of the Western Commission, and send home their appeal to all hearts! S.

Speeches, Lectures, and Letters, by WENDELL PHILLIPS. Walker, Wise, & Co. 1864.

They make a very handsome volume, well accompanied by a fine portrait of the eloquent orator. Phillips is always heard with the deepest interest: we complain of his bigotry and incessant vituperations; and still we hear all that he has to say, and read all his speeches. He stimulates when he has no power to nourish, and agitates whilst he is incompetent to guide. Not unwilling to administer reproof, he makes haste to censure; and we are confident that his habitual hearers have learned to qualify his words as they receive them. He says many things that awaken zeal for his cause; little or nothing that awakens love or reverence for the speaker. E.

Honor; or, The Slave-dealer's Daughter. By STEPHEN G. BULFINCH. Boston: William V. Spencer, 134, Washington Street. 1864.

Mr. Bulfinch is widely and well known as an earnest and able

minister of the gospel, and as one to whom the Church is indebted for many sweet and devout hymns. We believe that this is his first coming to us with the words of a parable. His story will be found interesting as well as profitable; and it will be of permanent value as an illustration of a condition of society, which, we may hope, is in its last years. Mr. Bulfinch is obliged to bring before us a very vulgar personage in Mr. Witham; but, unlike some even of our clerical novelists, he does not feel under any obligations to record blasphemies. His residence at the South during the earlier part of his ministry, and that singular candor which is known to be one of his most marked characteristics, are the best assurances that his descriptions of Southern life are trustworthy. E.

Letters of Ada R. Parker. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 117, Washington Street. 1863.

These letters were worth preserving. The spirit that guided the pen lived in very intimate and sweet communion with the Father of spirits, and wrought through an intellect of no ordinary character. E.

PAMPHLETS.

Memorial of the Centennial Anniversary of the Settlement of Machias, May 20, 1863. Machias: Printed by C. O. Furbush.

Nineteenth Annual Report of the Committee of the Prison Association of New York; transmitted to the Legislature, Jan. 29, 1864. Albany: Comstock & Cassidy.

Denmark and its Relations. By JOSHUA LEAVITT. Read before the American Geographical and Statistical Society, March 3, 1864. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.

Dying for our Country: a Sermon on the Death of Capt. J. Sewall Reed and Rev. Thomas Starr King. By JOHN H. MORISON. Boston: John Wilson & Son.

Reports of the Directors and Superintendent of the Washingtonian Home for the Year 1863. Boston: Wright & Potter.

England's Liability for Indemnity. Remarks on the Letter of "Historicus," printed in the London "Times," and reprinted in the "Boston Daily Advertiser." By CHARLES G. LORING. Boston: William V. Spencer. The argument in these papers is admirable in spirit, and the logic unanswerable.

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PRAYER IN THE NAME OF CHRIST.

BY REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS, D.D.

JOHN xvi. 23, 24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you. Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

IN these sentences, our Lord announces to his disciples something entirely new with regard to prayer; never known till then and thus revealed and inculcated by himself. He authorizes, he encourages, he directs them to pray in his name.

"Hitherto ye have never asked any thing in my name." They never had. It had never occurred to them. How could it? He had never taught them so. The time for such a lesson, such a revelation, had not come. He had been with them, — with them in the fashion of a man, in the form of a servant, subject to the wants of humanity. Mingling with men as the Son of man, he must needs have been regarded by them rather in his relations to humanity than to divinity, — been associated in their conceptions with man rather than with God. He had previously taught them, when they prayed, simply to say, "Our Father which art in heaven,"

without any reference to the connection of his own name with their petitions. He had said that prayer with them. He had sought to give them right conceptions of the Father. He had lived before them a life of filial obedience and submission. He had said all that he could have said, he had done all that could have been done, to reveal to them the Father, — all that their minds would have been capable of comprehending before the coming of the time when he should "show them plainly of the Father;" when he should give a more sublime and perfect manifestation of the Father's love by his crucifixion for sinners, by his sufferings as the divine Son for the redemption and reconciliation of erring men, and also by his resurrection, his ascension, and the bestowment of the Holy Ghost for their justification and sanctification.

"Hitherto they had asked nothing in his name." During the period of his humiliation, it would never have suggested itself to them to do so, and it would have been untimely for him to have suggested it.

This is the explanation which Jesus himself gives: "These things I said not unto you at the beginning, because I was with you."

But now he is just about to "go away, — to go to the Father. The hour is come for the Son of man to be glorified." It is the time to reveal and to commend to them the new mode, the new power, the new privilege of prayer; essentially connected — let me not fail to remind you — essentially connected with, nay, grounded upon, the sublime fact of his mediatorial office, the reality of which, as well as its continuance beyond the limits of his earthly existence, he gradually unveils to his disciples in the conversations immediately preceding his death. The time has come for this new and blessed doctrine to be made known. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." How emphatic, how positive, how unqualified, the promise! — "Verily, *verily*, he will give it to you." Judge, moreover, by the language and by the tone, how precious in the Saviour's own regard was the new privilege he was giving to them. "Ask, and ye shall

receive, that your joy may be full." *That your joy may be full.* He was imparting to the believing soul the unfailing secret of a perfect spiritual joy. He was giving to his disciples the key to the presence-chamber of the Most High. He was introducing to their minds a new thought, which would ever afterwards have a most powerful and benign influence upon the devotions of his followers; which would give them new encouragement to pray, and new enjoyment of prayer; which would augment their faith in the efficacy of prayer even to a perfect assurance; and, at the same time, render their prayers purer, more fervent, and more worthy of the ear of God.

There can be no doubt as to the fact that this privilege of asking in his name, coupled with the promise that they should receive in his name, was, in the Lord's own view, a gift to his disciples of inestimable value. Indeed, what gift could be more precious, if, by its possession and its use, they could obtain fulness of joy in communing with God?

Let us seek to understand what our Saviour intended by praying in his name, and what is the right use of this privilege; for to the believer of to-day the promise reaches, and by no restriction, express or implied, are *we* excluded from a participation in the high and holy joy.

We certainly are not led to suppose that there is any talismanic virtue, any mysterious efficacy, in the formal use of the name of Christ in our devotions. We cannot imagine that he intended to shape a verbal mould in which the prayers of the Church should be cast, or to prescribe the phraseology in which they should be habitually closed. It is of no avail to say "through Jesus Christ," without attaching any definite meaning, any deep and sacred significance, to the words. Of all the words ever uttered by human lips, those addressed to God in prayer should be the most sincerely and intelligently spoken. We should say only what we really mean, and mean only that we say. We should say only what we deeply feel, and deeply feel what we say. To ask God for any thing through his Son, if it has any meaning at all, must have a most profound and holy meaning. If the phrase has not such

a meaning to us, it is little better than solemn trifling to use it. Either we should not use it at all, or we should use it with a clear understanding and a deep feeling.

The prayers in many of our churches, and probably in many of our families and our closets, are usually closed in this form. Some of our preachers are strenuous in defence of it as the true and scriptural mode, in opposition to other forms sometimes employed in liturgies and extemporaneous prayers. It is especially incumbent, therefore, upon those who hold it in such high regard, and habitually use it, to understand what it means; to know and feel in what its propriety and its efficacy consist.

Let us bring then, once more, our Saviour's words directly before us, and, looking at them with such simple reverence and docility as become those who believe that his sayings are divinely true in themselves, and truly spoken, endeavor to receive a natural impression of their sincere import, "*Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.*" What do these words mean, if they do not mean to teach that his name avails with God; that, in and through him, our prayers have access to God, and acceptance; that he is the medium of sure and sweet communication with the Father; that through him we come near to the Father as dear children, and the Father near to us in most abundant spiritual benediction and grace? What force would such language have, — nay, more, how it would deceive, perplex, and disappoint the simple and lowly listener! — if this, which is certainly its natural sense, were not its real intent? If Christ does not stand in the relation of Mediator between us and God, why should he teach us to ask and to expect the richest blessings from God "in his name"? If he is not truly a medium of communication between us and the Father, why should we *nominally* put him between our souls and God in the hour and the attitude of prayer? If he is not really a Mediator, and we do not believe that he is, we do very wrong, we act very irreverently, to speak to God as if he did sustain this relation. If he *does* hold this office, and we believe so, we are right in recognizing the

truth in words. But, *if* he does, it is a fact of the most momentous and affecting interest.

My friends, the truth of Christ's mediatorial agency, as has been already suggested, lies at the foundation of the direction given to his disciples, in the text, to pray in his name. Nay, further, it lies at the foundation of the phrase, "in the name of Christ," wherever that phrase is used in the New Testament. However varied the sense and application of the words may be in different passages, the variety affects the form only, not the substance. Essentially the same doctrine is underneath. It cannot without violence be separated from the phrase as used by Jesus himself or his apostles. Take it away from our text, and you take the heart of it. "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it to you." He meant to teach his disciples that his name is a prevailing name with God. He meant to teach them that there is a real power in his name, when used with faith and sincerity, to put their souls into a right relation both to ask and to receive of God. He meant to impress upon their minds, to bring close home to their hearts, the truth, that he is the way to the Father; the medium through which his disciples could confidingly come near to God, and receive from him the choicest spiritual blessings.

I know that there are some, who call themselves Christians, who reject the doctrine which the text and many other passages of the New Testament seem to us distinctly to teach. They acknowledge no Mediator between God and man. They see no necessity for any. They ask nothing in the name of Christ. They do not associate his name with their prayers. They do not come into the Father's holy presence as those who are ushered by the Son. They only address God immediately. They only call upon him in their own name. They say that their minds would be impeded and confused in prayer by thinking of Christ's mediation. They even go so far as to say that it is derogatory to the honor of the Father so to exalt his Son as to associate his name with that of God in acts of suppliance and devotion.

What shall we say to such objectors as these? With

those who admit nothing in Christ and his religion, above or beyond what the light of nature and the powers of the human mind are competent to make known and to supply, it is in vain to hold any argument upon the special doctrines of the gospel. There is a preliminary argument with such persons, whether there be any gospel, any glad news of salvation from heaven, any divine interposition for the redemption of man.

But to all those who accept a revelation and believe in a Saviour, and still find difficulty in receiving the doctrine of prayer which we are considering, let me commend for thoughtful study a single sentence of Jesus, closely connected with our text. "If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." *I will do it.* Why? *That the Father may be glorified in the Son.* There you may find a reason for associating the name of the Son with our devotions. There is a reason for thus exalting, and in every way honoring, the Son, — that the Father may be glorified *in* the Son. If you were to exalt the Son independently of the Father, over against the Father, then, indeed, you would be dishonoring the Father. But whom do believers glorify when they honor the Son? Whom is it they honor when they exalt him in their affections and liturgies? Whose perfections are those which they reverence in Christ? Whose tender love for man is that which in Christ's life and death wins their hearts, solicits their love and confidence and hope? Were not those the perfections of the Father which shone in the face of the Son? Was not that the divine love itself which came in him to seek and save the lost? Was it not the Father who dwelt in him, who spake those words of truth and life, and did those works of wondrous power and love? Was he not the express image of the Father's person? Nay, then, it is the Father in the Son whom we behold, admire, exalt, and honor, in admiring and honoring the Son. We pray confidingly and fervently in the name of the Son; and Jesus promises that such prayers shall be fulfilled, and does fulfil them, *that the Father may be glorified in the Son.*

But whatever any persons may think or say concerning

Christ as the medium of access to God, whether they associate his name with their prayers or not, one thing is certain: they did not obtain that confidence which they enjoy in prayer, — that blessed knowledge and sense of the Father's nearness and merciful kindness, — without the instrumentality of the Son. It was through his mediation that the Father was so clearly revealed to them. It was in and by and through him that they have seen and known the best and loveliest which they do see and know concerning the Father. They may overlook and forget him who has brought them so near; they may not acknowledge the gracious instrument in partaking the consolation and the joy: but the Father knows that they did not obtain this sweet access to him without the labors and sufferings of the Son. And the Father would not have this forgotten. He is well pleased when it is remembered; nay, he cannot be well pleased when it is not felt and acknowledged.

Whether it be true, or reasonable, that Jesus Christ sustains this mediatorial relation or not, is not a question for the Christian pulpit to discuss. It is indisputable that he *said* he did; and that is enough for one who professes to teach his religion.

But while the idea of mediation is at the foundation of prayer "through Christ," or "in the name of Christ," other ideas, collateral and subsidiary, are associated with it.

To pray in the name of Christ is to pray as one under the influence of Christ, as a disciple of Christ, as Jesus taught, in the spirit of Jesus. It is to pray for those things which pertain to the kingdom of Christ, and the objects especially dear to him; for the progress and triumph of his truth; for the spiritual rather than the temporal interests of man; for the redemption of the human soul from the bondage of sin; the purification, the harmony, and the edification of his Church; the spread of the true worship and glory of God. It is to pray as a Christian; Christ's spirit guiding both the subjects and the manner. It is to pray in the exercise of that filial disposition which grows out of the relation in which the petitioner has been placed towards God through the reconcil-

ing agency of his Son. It is to pray in full faith in his revelation of God, — of the Father as manifested in the Son. It is to pray in the belief that the Father so loveth the Son, that for the Son's sake also, as well as of his own benignity, he will grant whatever the Son desires or promises; that he will be pleased with every thing on the part of man which expresses reverence, love, and confidence towards his Son, — every feeling and act by which his Son is obeyed and honored.

But there is great power in prayer in the name of Christ, — power over the individual heart, and power over the public devotion of the Church, — which I must not fail to attempt to illustrate, however briefly and inadequately it may be done.

To pray in his name is a shelter to humility, and a rebuke to pride. It is an encouragement to the modest and trembling soul, awed by the majesty and holiness of God, and bowed down under a sense of its own littleness and unworthiness, — hardly daring to lift up so much as an eye to heaven; and it is a warning to the presumptuous and self-confident who would too boldly and irreverently rush into the presence of Him "who chargeth his angels with folly."

It brings us down in lowliness of spirit before the throne of God, and it lifts us up in lofty assurance even to the bosom of the Father. It puts us into the right attitude and frame for drawing near to God, — the filial attitude, the grateful, the confiding frame. It brings over us the influence of Christ's own spirit, while it brings before us his image. It reminds us how he lived and how he prayed, and awakens the desire and purpose to pray and live like him. It affects us very much as we should be affected if he were actually by our side on earth, talking with us, quieting and elevating our minds by communing with us, and sweetly preparing us to pray. To feel as if we were going to our prayers with him, under his direction and influence, is a holy and blessed feeling, and cannot be wholly without a hallowing and encouraging effect.

To pray in his name, to think of and remember him when

we pray, to remind ourselves of our dear Christ's sacrifice for us, stirs always, must stir, in the Christian heart, most grateful and tender thoughts of God's wonderful compassion, waking sweetest hopes.

It is just what we want, especially at certain seasons, to touch the affections, and make our devotions warm and fervent. For there are times, when, in our own name, we can hardly dare to pray. We seem, by reason of our imperfections and impurity, so far from God. We are ashamed of ourselves. We are awed by a sense of the infinite holiness of the Most High. Our hearts are all in disturbance. We cannot collect our thoughts. We are weak, trembling, confused, bewildered. Our hearts seem cold and dead. But turning them to the divine Redeemer, recalling the image of this strong advocate and kind intercessor, remembering his gracious promises of pardon and restoring life, better thoughts are suggested, better impulses are moved; faith is encouraged; confidence returns; hope revives. The Father in the Son helps us to pray, — helps us to feel the throbbings of filial desire and trust. God in Christ is manifested to us as our quickener, our restorer, our Saviour; not only calling the righteous, but the sinner also to repentance; not only accepting the love of the consciously pure and good, but inviting and kindling the love of the cold and consciously unworthy. He is the *giver* of spiritual life and moral strength; the physician who supplies the medicine for those very diseases of the soul from which we are suffering. He is the healer of all these infirmities of the spirit. In his name we can always pray. In his name we cannot help praying. In his name, prayer is always fresh, tender, trustful, hopeful, warm with gratitude and love. We can always, in every mood, in whatever state, thank God for his Son, our Redeemer.

We can hope in this restoring grace, even when we are hopeless of ourselves. If there is nothing else we can feel, we can always feel this, — the love of the Father in giving his only-begotten Son for us sinners, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." If there

is nothing else we can say to God, we can always say this: 'Thanks, thanks to thee, O God! for thine unspeakable gift.' If there is nothing else, which, on any other ground, we can dare to ask or hope for, we can always ask and hope for forgiveness through his Son.

The publican, before Christ died, without so much as daring to lift up his eyes unto heaven, could only smite his breast in humble shame, and cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Now, with equal humility, but with a sweeter confidence, we can come to the throne of grace, and say, 'In the name of thy dear Son, forgive me, O my Father! and help me in my need.' Now, in Christ, all are brought into this blessed state of mingled humbleness and confidence. In Christ there is no Pharisee. He died for all. Without him, all were dead; but in him shall all be made alive. Those who come to God in his name, the more or the less righteous, can none of them offer a pharisaical prayer. Boasting is excluded from the feeling of the former, and distrust drawn out of the hearts of the latter. One sweet, holy, and disinterested feeling pervades the heart of every believer, in his devotions, — gratitude, gratitude to Him who has redeemed us.

In Christ's name, we always know what to say to God, and how to say it. We *know* and *feel* "our Father," as well as utter the name. We are never at a loss for words, for emotions. To say, 'I thank Thee for thy Son,' is enough of words: to say it with faith is to believe and to feel enough.

Once more: to pray in his name, all of us, all Christians of all sects and all ages, is an important agency in bringing us all into harmony and union. It tends to simplify worship; to abolish artificial forms, pompous rites, and sacerdotal pretensions, uncongenial with an entire and humble trust in Christ. Coming to God in this one name, our hearts are all moving in one blessed way. Modes of worship may differ, ceremonies may differ; but when we recognize in our prayers this *one* only and availing name, our faith, our emotion, our spirit, the moral impression, the effect upon the heart, are all the same, — we are virtually in communion, we are truly one in

Christ Jesus. All our prayers and praises blend in deep and beautiful accord as they meet at the throne of Heaven; and all our hearts, while we are offering them, are warmed and comforted and blessed with the dear assurance, that the name we utter is melodious to the Father's ear; that the requests which we associate with the love of the Son, and the good things for which we plead in his spirit, are such as the Father is well pleased to grant; that the promise of Jesus will not fail of its fulfilment, — "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, he will give you, that your joy may be full."

JOHN WESLEY AND METHODISM.

(CONCLUDED.)

Mr. Wesley preached on the second day after his arrival in London. His text was in the words, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." The discourse resembled too much those of Whitefield to be graciously received by the clergy; and he was informed that he was not to preach again in that pulpit. On the next Sunday, he spoke at another church; and there also he was told that it was for the last time. These warnings indicated an approaching change in the relation of the enthusiastic preachers to the church of which they were members. Another crisis, too, was at hand; and its scene was to be in the soul of Wesley himself.

A few days after his arrival in London, he met some of the Moravians. Among them was Peter Boehler, with whom he soon formed an intimate spiritual friendship, and from whom he learned more than he had hitherto known of the stress laid by that church upon the doctrine of Faith. He was, to use his own expression, "in the hands of the great God, clearly convinced of unbelief, — of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved."

This was a strange discovery to be made of himself by one of the most earnest preachers and devoted men then living in Christendom. Still stranger was it, when, a short time after,

churches; and, after a conversation of some warmth, the warning was added, that, if he preached or expounded anywhere without a license, he should be first suspended, and then excommunicated. But times had changed. Once the threat of excommunication shook monarchs on their thrones: now it was an empty word.

While Whitefield was in Bristol and its vicinity, Wesley returned from Germany, and preached in London. And now began, under his ministrations, some of those extraordinary scenes which from that time accompanied the progress of Methodism; grieving some, offending others, hailed by others still as manifestations of the power of the Holy Spirit, and constituting to the scientific observer a very curious chapter in the philosophy of mind. People suddenly cried out in the meetings as if in agony; they fell down; they went into convulsions. After periods sometimes very brief, sometimes of hours, and even days, the persons thus affected would be restored to their usual condition, except that they were now praising God for the assurance of his mercy which they felt that they had attained. When Wesley, by Whitefield's urgent request, succeeded him at Kingswood, these manifestations appeared there also; and afterwards in other places, and under the preaching of various persons. They were viewed with less favor by Whitefield than by John Wesley, and with less by Charles Wesley than by either. The last mentioned attempted to check them, and often with success; proving that, if they arose from strong inward feeling in some instances, that feeling was sometimes counterfeited; and that, even when genuine, it was capable of being controlled by a resolute will.

The brothers and their associates were yet ministers of the Church of England; but a breach had begun, and was continually widened, between them and the authorities of the Establishment. They were generally excluded from the use of the churches; and in some dioceses they had been forbidden to preach, and had disregarded the prohibition. There was indeed, in the power and vigor of the rising sect, ground for the language of Samuel Wesley, the eldest brother, who

disapproved the course of John and Charles, but remarked in one of his letters, "As I told Jack, I am not afraid the Church should excommunicate him; discipline is at too low an ebb; but that he should excommunicate the Church."

Another step towards the inevitable separation was the erection of meeting-houses, though these were not commenced until necessity required them. The first one was built in Bristol, in 1739. Soon after, a large building in London, which had been a foundery for cannon, was purchased, and altered into a place of worship.

Within a year from this time, a double separation took place, which must have deeply pained the heart of Wesley, but was needed to give to the sect he was forming its distinctive character. On the one side, he and his followers became disconnected from the Moravians; on the other, from Whitefield and the Calvinistic Methodists. The differences of opinion which existed in both cases led to these separations, which left, perhaps, as little to regret, in the spirit displayed on either side, as could have been expected, considering the infirmity of human nature. Whitefield's glorious career was continued in independence of his early guide. His honored remains rest in the soil of this State; and if the calm and prudent among our fathers objected with reason to some of the measures he pursued and some of the words he used, now, when the strifes of earth for him are over, no intelligent and candid person denies to him the praise of a good man, and a devoted servant of the Lord.

Wesley and his brother now stood almost alone as ordained preachers of the Church of England, with a vast body throughout the kingdom looking to them for guidance. To aid them, they *licensed* as lay preachers numbers of those whom natural gifts and divine grace had fitted for the work of the ministry; but they forbore to assume the power of *ordaining* any for service in England, as they still claimed to belong to the National Church, and encouraged their hearers to keep up their connection with it. For services beyond the bounds of England, John Wesley was not so scrupulous. He ordained ministers for Scotland, and consecrated one for

America, as superintendent of the Methodist churches here; a title which was afterwards changed for the equivalent one of bishop.

The sect, or rather "the connection," as it was called, rapidly extended. Charles Wesley was the sweet singer of the new Israel; and his hymns, full of fervent piety, are favorites in the use of many whose views differ widely from his own. But the mind of John was that which directed and controlled the whole movement. His wonderful talent for organization formed the mass of his adherents into a well-compacted body. Under his guidance, its growth was so rapid, that, at his death, it numbered more than five hundred preachers in Great Britain and America, while a hundred and fifty thousand persons looked up to him as their spiritual father.

By degrees, as suggested by circumstances and adopted by the wisdom of its great founder, the distinguishing customs of the Methodist Church were introduced.

That of an itinerant ministry grew up from the desire, felt far and wide, to hear the great preachers whose names were upon every lip. Once, in the course of his journeying, Wesley came to Epworth, his native village, which he had not visited for many years. He called on the curate, and offered him his services to assist in reading or preaching. They were declined; and the curate, on the next day, which was Sunday, preached against enthusiasm to a large audience which had assembled with the expectation of hearing the famous preacher, the son of their former honored pastor. When the service was over, a man stood up, and gave notice that Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, would speak in the churchyard at six o'clock. "Accordingly," says he, "at six, I came, and found such a congregation as I believe Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church, upon my father's tombstone, and cried, 'The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'" Seven successive evenings he preached on that tombstone, and in no place did he ever preach with greater effect. "Lamentations," he says,

"and great groanings were heard, God bowing their hearts so; and on every side, as with one accord, they lifted up their voices, and wept aloud. Several dropped down as dead; and, among the rest, such a cry was heard of sinners groaning for the righteousness of faith, as almost drowned my voice. But many of these soon lifted up their heads with joy, and broke out into thanksgiving; being assured they now had the desire of their soul, the forgiveness of their sins."

Among his hearers at this time was a gentleman who professed to be of no religion, and had not attended public worship for thirty years. Wesley noticed him standing like a statue when the services were over, and asked him abruptly, "Sir, are you a sinner?" — "Sinner enough," he replied in a deep and broken voice. He seemed scarce able to move; but his wife and servants, who were all in tears, put him into his chaise, and took him home. Ten years afterwards, Wesley called on him, and found him strong in faith, and waiting for the welcome hour of his departure.

The persecutions endured by the Methodists were very different from those which had assailed Protestantism in its earlier period, and even from those which had been excited by the rise of Puritanism and of the Baptist and Quaker denominations. Yet so great a movement, and attended with such extravagances as we must admit accompanied it, could not fail to draw upon itself the opposition of many; and there were those, who, either from arrogance or ignorance, were ready to persecute to the extent of their power. At a time when the great alarm of England was from Popery, Wesley was represented, as Penn had been before him, as a Papist, if not a Jesuit. His brother Charles was even arrested on a charge of disloyalty. He had prayed, in figurative style, that the Lord would call home his banished ones; and this, some zealous loyalist maintained, meant the Pretender and his family, — the banished Stuarts. At Bristol and in London, mobs assembled with menaces against Wesley; but the firmness of the magistrates, under orders from the government, soon quelled the tumult. At Wednesbury, however, a town in Staffordshire, the clergyman and magistrates acted, to their

lasting shame, in such a manner as to excite and encourage the mob: houses were broken open, and the grossest outrages inflicted on the defenceless Methodists. Some four or five months after, Wesley was in that neighborhood, and came to Wednesbury to meet the danger. He preached, without molestation, in the middle of the town; but, at night, the mob surrounded his house, with cries, "Bring out the minister! we will have the minister!" He desired one of his friends to take the captain of the mob by the hand, and lead him into the house. The man was surprised and awed by Wesley's calm appearance. He was sent out to bring in some of his companions; and they, quieted in the same way, made room for Wesley, who now went forth, and, standing on a chair, addressed the multitude. They were calmed so far, that some of them cried out, "The gentleman is an honest gentleman, and we will spill our blood in his defence!" Others, however, insisted that he should go with them to a magistrate. To a magistrate, accordingly, he went with them, two miles through night and rain. The magistrate replied, "What have I to do with Mr. Wesley?" and advised them to go home, and be quiet. But still, too excited for this advice, they took him to the justice of another village; who, in turn, refused to receive them. Here another crowd met them, — a fierce, fresh rabble. His first keepers now became his defenders. A fight ensued, in which they were overpowered. Wesley himself was maltreated, and, like his Saviour, was struck upon the mouth, so that his blood gushed out; and, among the infuriated wretches, some even raised the cry that once rung in Jerusalem, "Crucify him, crucify him!" At length, however, the feeling of the mob turned; he obtained a hearing; and the man who just before had headed the rabble took his part. He was brought back to Wednesbury in safety. This outrage is a sufficient specimen of the treatment which the early Methodists at intervals experienced.

Wesley had, at one period of his life, written in favor of a single life; apparently, with the Catholics, regarding that state as more favorable to holiness than that of marriage.

Years after, however, his views were so far modified, that he entered into the matrimonial connection. The arrangements made were clear and just. The fortune of the lady was, by his desire, settled upon herself, for her benefit, and that of her children by a former husband; and, on the other hand, it was understood that his work of constant travelling and preaching was to be continued as before. But the plainness of these terms did not prevent the marriage from being most unhappy. His wife was incapable of appreciating his loftiness of purpose; became possessed with the most unworthy jealousy; and was led to treat him sometimes with treachery, and sometimes with passionate violence. He bore her conduct with exemplary patience; but when, after a union of twenty years, she left him, declaring that she would never return, it was probably with little regret that he wrote in his journal, "Non eam reliqui, non dimisi, non revocabo," — "I did not leave her; I did not send her away: I will not call her back."

To the great cause in which he was engaged, Wesley devoted not only his exertions as a preacher, and his sagacity as the lawgiver of a sect, but the unceasing labors of his pen. He wrote on many subjects; and, even twenty years before his death, his printed works amounted to thirty-two volumes. The great profits of this immense literary labor he spent in charity. The amount he gave away exceeded a hundred thousand dollars. He left no property but the editions and copyrights of his works; and these he bequeathed to the connection he had founded.

We have still to contemplate Wesley in old age; and the sight is one of the most pleasing which can possibly be witnessed, — the servant of God, and friend of man, retaining, to the period when most are bowed down with infirmity, his bodily and mental strength alike unbroken. His matured judgment had modified his views of the importance of those outward signs of excitement which he had once so highly prized; but the great realities of religion, faith and hope and charity, were recognized as most holy and most dear. Says one who knew him, "So fine an old man I never saw. The

happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance: every look showed how fully he enjoyed —

'The gay remembrance of a life well spent.'

In him old age appeared delightful, like an evening without a cloud."

At length, the hour of parting came. On the second day of March, 1791, at the age of eighty-eight, he gently breathed his last. To the friends around, he said, referring apparently to the progress of the connection he had founded, "The best of all is, God is with us." He whispered the first words of a favorite hymn, "I'll praise, I'll praise;" and then his voice was heard on earth no more.

In contemplating the completed course of such a man, the errors of his doctrine, whatever they may have been, and the imperfections of his conduct, alike disappear, when compared with the good he was privileged to accomplish. We are not to regard him as achieving such great results by himself alone. Wesley and his companions had such power, because God had chosen them, and made them the men for their time. They spoke the word that thousands in England needed and were ready to hear. Nor were its effects confined to those who became members of their connection. It pervaded English and American life; it broke the spiritual sleep of the eighteenth century; it prepared the way for the religious and moral activity of the nineteenth. A great and zealous denomination owns Wesley as its founder; but beyond its bounds, wherever the English language is spoken, extends something of that influence which first emanated from the son of pious parents in Epworth parsonage.

I HAVE been young, and now I am old; and I bear my testimony, that I have never found thorough, pervading, enduring morality with any but such as feared God, not in the modern sense, but in the old child-like way. And only with such, too, have I found a rejoicing in life, a hearty victorious cheerfulness of so distinguished a kind, that no other is to be compared with it. — *Jacobi, translated by Hedge.*

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

VII.

"ACH WIE FLÜCHTIG, ACH WIE NICHTIG."

[Half a dozen verses from the thirteen of Michael Frank. The piece appeared in his "Geistliches Harfenspiel," 1657; but was sung as early as 1650. There have been four melodies to it; one of them composed by Frank himself.]

Ah how fleeting, ah how cheating,
Is the life of mortals!
Like a mist, first lowly lying,
Mounting, spreading, scattering, flying, —
Such is life from birth to dying.

Ah how cheating, ah how fleeting,
Are the days of mortals!
As a stream begins its flowing,
Leaping on with current growing,
So our time's incessant going.

Ah how fleeting, ah how cheating,
Are the joys of mortals!
Hours' and seasons' shifting measures,
Peace and conflict, gifts and seizures, —
Such are all our earthly pleasures.

Ah how cheating, ah how fleeting,
Fairest forms of mortals!
As the floweret hastes to wither,
Blown of rough winds hither, thither,
So our beauty: — look at either.

Ah how fleeting, ah how cheating,
Is the strength of mortals!
Who to-day is striking, fending,
And with giants stands contending,
In to-morrow's grave finds ending.

Ah how cheating, ah how fleeting,
All the affairs of mortals!
All we look on or endeavor,
Time will waste, or Force will shiver:
Who hath God doth bide for ever. N. L. F.

VIII.

O DASS ICH TAUSEND ZUNGEN HÄTTE.

FOUR VERSES OF THE SIXTEEN WRITTEN BY JOHANN MENTZER, 1704.

Oh that a thousand tongues were granted,
And room and power to use them all!
The praise of God should then be chanted
From inmost heart to outmost wall;
Since what the Lord for me hath wrought
Exceeds all utterance and all thought.

Oh that my voice on high were sounding
As far as sun e'er set or rose;
That all my blood with joy were bounding
As long as through my veins it flows!
Might thanks to every pulse belong,
And every breath go forth a song.

Whose hand is all my good bestowing?
'Tis His alone who all things doth.
Who spreads defence round all my going?
The mighty God of Sabaoth.
Thou by thy counsel guidest me,
And through that aid I safe must be.

Then keep not silence, ye my powers!
Up, up; use all your diligence,
And bless as dear allies of ours
The Godhead and the Providence.
Up, O my soul! and all within
Begin his praise, and still begin. N. L. F.

What a power man has to do nothing except what God will approve, and to accept all that God may give him!

IL CENACOLO DI LEONARDO DA VINCI.

If we fully comprehended how we are unconsciously impressed by the objects on which our eyes familiarly rest, we might be able to see why the engraving of the Last Supper should give an air of peace and benediction and heavenly hope to the study or parlor in which it hangs. Who has not been conscious of the fact? That central figure, in which the serenity of heaven seems incarnated amid the agitated groups on either side, to whom has it not spoken of a peace which the world can neither give nor take away?

I had long regretted that I could find no description of this picture so minute as I desired. The artist who had thoroughly elaborated all the details of this scene had in his mind some idea which would explain the posture, gesture, and look of each disciple. What was that idea? Others may have been more fortunate: I did not find what I wanted.

At Milan, where the original fresco still exists, though much impaired by the various accidents of three hundred and seventy years, quite a library has been collected illustrative of a work which forms one of the great attractions of that city. Here among other books may be found "Del Cenacolo di Leonardo Da Vinci di Guiseppe Bossi, Pittore, Milan, 1810," — a royal quarto of two hundred and sixty-three pages, which gives not merely the history of the painting, and the published opinions of seventy-two celebrated writers who have passed through the capital of Lombardy, but a full account of the *motive* of each figure, gathered from the papers of the artist and the traditions of his time.

Here was what I wanted. I spent several days in translating from the Italian. If those who are not familiar with the details I am about to present will seat themselves in front of some engraving of this picture, I am not without hopes that they will find their attention rewarded. I will give them the results of my author in my own briefer words.

First, we must notice some difficulties meeting the artist at

the outset. The case admitted no variety of sex, and no great variety of age. Thirteen male and manly figures are to be introduced, and they are all to be placed at a table. That the problem almost inevitably leads to monotony and stiffness may be seen in the numberless prior attempts still found in various parts of Italy. The artist has avoided monotony of outline by distributing the twelve disciples into groups of three each, — two groups on each side of Jesus. Here we have at once variety of outline and harmonious balancing. As to stiffness, that is shunned by the earnest and graceful life of each figure. We will soon see what gives each figure its distinctive animation.

Another difficulty arose from the ancient practice of reclining at the table. It is so foreign to all our notions of propriety, that no artist has succeeded in giving it dignity; and yet the evangelical record of John's leaning on the bosom of Jesus has made too strong an impression to permit the artist to disregard it. Leonardo has escaped the embarrassment by a stroke of singular delicacy. He has not represented the leaning on the bosom, but he has hinted at it in a manner which will soon be explained.

In order to grasp the design of the artist, we must fix in our mind two distinct moments of time, in succession near each other, but wide apart in attitude and spirit. The first is the previous posture of the disciples in their gracious and loving communion. We must suppose all the disciples seated quietly at their ease; all exchanging kindly and loving words together, or looking reverently to Jesus; while John is resting his head on the shoulder of his Master, and looking up with unspeakable affection into his countenance. This is the first moment; and it must be distinctly conceived, or we lose the power of the work.

The second moment referred to is marked by the attitude to which the disciples instantly sprang, when, like a thunderbolt in that quiet hour, the words fell among them, "One of you shall betray me." Indeed, we may say that it is the passage quick as a lightning-flash from the former attitude to the latter which the artist has chosen. This will appear more

clearly when we notice the details of each individual posture.

Before entering upon these details, it may be well to take a general survey of the groups, and of the reasons of their formation.

On hearing the words of Christ, the startled Judas instantly faces the Saviour with an abrupt throw of his body, which projects his right arm far upon the table, and brings his person forward; thus leaving room for Peter behind him to pull up John from leaning on Christ's shoulder, in order to ask him if he knows the name of the traitor. Here, then, is the first group of three disciples.

Still farther at the left, the old quiet Andrew turns his head round to Jesus, holding up his hands in mute astonishment; while James the younger, despairing of getting any thing out of him, pulls upon Peter's shoulder to call him up to answer; and Bartholomew, at the extreme left of the table, springs from his seat, and bends forward as far as he can lean, so as to catch the slightest whisper of the voice of Jesus. This gives us the second group of three, and completes the left-hand side of the picture.

On the opposite side of the Saviour, and near to him, we see James the elder starting back, throwing out his arms, and baring his bosom, as if indignant at the charge. Behind him, Thomas has sprung from his seat, and holds up one forefinger with a meaning soon to be explained; while Philip stands up this side of James, and points with both hands to his heart, with an expression of mingled love and grief. Here is another group of three.

At the extreme right hand of the picture is the last group. At the end of the table sits Simon, who seems to say, "It is impossible that the Master has said this;" while Thaddeus, pointing to Matthew with his thumb, appears to add, "But he confirms it;" and Matthew himself, by a most earnest gesture, appeals to the unambiguous and emphatic declaration of Christ. Thus we have the fourth trinal group.

Coming now to the details of each individual, the central figure first offers itself to our study.

By the attitude of John, who leans to answer the earnest demand of Peter, and by the posture of James, who indignantly throws himself backward, the figure of Christ is disembarrassed, and is set before us in a freedom and dignity which at once arrests the eye. He is clothed in a simple tunic, and a *pallio*, or mantle, the full and rich azure folds of which fall over his left shoulder and arm. The gesture of his right hand expresses the earnestness of emotion, as that of his left the freedom of his soul. The very position of his feet is suggestive of the quiet composed dignity of his demeanor. The features of his face follow the traditional portraiture, — the oval form, the beautiful mouth, the unsunken eyes (*a fior di volto*), the thin beard, the expression of mingled submission and sorrow. We all know how rare it is to meet a painting or engraving that comes up to our idea of what Jesus must have been. We believe that most persons feel that Leonardo has come nearer to it than any other artist, though he threw down his pencil in despair because he could not bring out the conception that had ravished his soul.

The readers of Ruskin, as I may interrupt my description to observe, may remember that he speaks of the importance in every picture of avoiding what he calls a *shut-up* appearance, by having an escape through some window or door into the infinity of Nature beyond. By the window in the rear of the figure of Christ, not only is a more distinctive prominence given to his form, but what a sense of enlargement, of boundless and infinite relations, is imparted to the scene! Do not some narrow, close theories about the power of Christ need a like opening into the infinite? and, if such a writer as Renan thinks the common view offends our sense of the inviolability of law, does not his view offend no less our sense of the freedom and power of God?

The figure of John is to be considered as that of a person suddenly called up, and partly pulled up by Peter, from resting on the shoulder of Christ, and this by a movement so quick, that he has not changed the attitude of loving repose assumed before the awful announcement had been made. He has not unclasped his hands: he has simply lifted up his

body, and inclined his head to hear Peter. There was but one second in which he could retain that posture; but that is the second seized by the artist, and repeatedly hinted at in the picture. Falling upon him in a moment when his soul was dissolved in affection, the announcement completely prostrated him, and grief overcame him with an appalling, almost death-like, intensity. Some have supposed that the artist intended to represent him as fainting; but this is an unsupported conjecture. Others have thought that they detected a slight rising of his left shoulder, to intimate, by a gesture so common in the East, that he did not know to whom their Master referred, — grief and surprise having taken away all power of speech. It is true, there is an apparent elevation of the shoulder; but this may arise only from the sudden change of posture. His dress is like that of Jesus, with less flowing robes and less pronounced colors.

There is but little to be said about Judas. The only one of the disciples who was not a Galilean, in his hair, complexion, and dress, we see that he is different from the rest. The mingled avarice and malignity in the mouth; the frowning eyebrows; the clutching grasp of the treasurer's bag; the abrupt throw of his body forward, by which he has upset the salt-cellar, — incident of bad omen; and the poise of the body, indicating surprise but brutal defiance, — all are apparent at once. The exigencies of the case required that he should be near enough to Jesus to put his hand in the dish with the Master; and how skilfully the artist has availed himself of this to bring the head of John and Judas close together, thus presenting the most striking contrast in the whole group, — gentle and trusting love, and artful and selfish treachery!

And there they are side by side, — the infernal agitation of one, and the heavenly calmness of the other. One thing alone could add to the intensity of interest in this contrast, and that is the loyal earnestness of Peter; and there his face is speaking, as we shall see, in every movement and look, so that all feel at once, that, next to the figure of Christ, no point in the picture combines such a variety and contrast of

emotions as this wonderful group. The tradition at Milan is, that Leonardo labored longer on the face of Judas than on that of any other. For nearly two years, he came every day to study it, but only now and then touched it with his brush. The prior of the monastery complained to the duke of this delay; and the artist, when questioned, said he had daily visited the prisons, and consorted with abandoned wretches, to find the features of the dark passions which he must there portray. The tradition adds, that the prior was quieted only upon some hint that his own face might be there handed down to posterity.

"Non ragioniam di lor; ma guarda e passa."

Peter's intense feeling always prompted him to immediate action. This is the feature seized by the artist, and well singled out in the disciple who cut off the ear of the servant of the high priest, and plunged into the sea to meet his Master, and swore with an oath that he did not know the Nazarene. The force of a sudden impulse seems stamped upon the look, attitude, and gesture before us. He must know at once who the traitor is. With his left hand holding on to John's tunic, by which he has pulled him up to speak to him, he has, with his right hand, seized a knife, which he keeps behind him, ready now to do something more than merely cut off an ear.

So, at least, the artist has been interpreted by the author whom we follow. But from this explanation we withhold our consent. The action admits another meaning. There does not seem to be in Peter's right arm and hand the expression of revenge. It would rather seem, that, by chance, Peter had a knife in his hand at the moment the Saviour uttered the sentence that alarmed them all, and that he has not had time to lay it down, but carelessly doubles up his arm behind him, and, in his earnest self-forgetfulness, brings the edge of the knife towards his own body. However this may be, how striking the contrast between the face of Peter and that of John, — the disciple of action and the disciple of contemplation! This is another of those happy strokes of which this picture is full. The features of Peter are according to that

uniform representation of him, by which his face, anywhere in Italy, is as quickly recognized as that of any celebrated living contemporary.

Andrew comes next. Andrew and Peter were brothers; and it was natural that they should sit side by side. They were fishermen; and the plate of fishes is in front of them. In the fraternal relation, it very often happens, as in the married and sisterly, that the style of character of one becomes the complement of the other. One is confident, the other distrustful; one is vivacious, the other quiet; one takes all the enterprise and activity, the other all the love of calm repose. The fact seems verified in these two brothers. We know nothing of Andrew that gives us any other impression of him than that he was a sedate, quiet man, just as he is represented here. He has no overpowering sensibility like John; he has no impulsive action like Peter. "Is it so?" he seems to say, as he holds up his hands: but how he feels, and what he should do, is not at all apparent; and he looks towards the centre of the table in wonder, to see what the next step in this unexpected scene may be. His impassibility is in keeping with all that we know of him, and shows how much the artist had individualized each person. For his peaceful, mild, constant character, he was the first disciple called; and it seems fitting that he is represented as an old man.

The quiet, sedate, well-known, well-trusted men like Andrew and Simon and Jude may have given a sort of solid character to the body of disciples; while the chief action appears to have been, as was natural, on the part of the younger members of this little flock.

Next comes James the Less. He was supposed to be a brother of Jesus, and indeed he is called so in the Scriptures; and may have been born to Joseph before his marriage to Mary, or to Mary subsequent to the birth of Christ. There is a tradition that he so much resembled Jesus, that he was sometimes taken for him; and on this account, that there might be no mistake, it was arranged that Judas should indicate his victim by a kiss. The resemblance is marked by the artist, who, with his usual good tact, giving us a front view of

Jesus, gives us a profile view of James. But there seems something singular in the artist's delineation of him. A brother is he of the betrayed? and why does he not show more agitation and resentment? Compare him with James the greater, with Peter, with Bartholomew, with Matthew, with Thomas. They cannot sit still, so much are they aroused. But he retains his seat, or at most gently rises, and, reaching over his hand beyond the composed and awe-stricken Andrew, tries to obtain a reply from Peter. There is in his posture and looks an absence of excitement, for which we naturally ask the cause.

The explanation is found in the well-known traits of his character. He was called the Just. He was supposed to be the writer of the Epistle which bears his name, and which reflects his patient, mild, calm, quiet personality. These qualities, it is said, he displayed as first bishop of Jerusalem. It would have been wholly out of keeping with his character to have represented him as excited as the others here referred to. A judicial cast of character gave a judicial calmness to his conduct in his most excited moods. Nothing sudden, impulsive, violent, could with historic propriety be ascribed to him; and here, again, is another of those fine touches of Nature for which this picture is remarkable.

The person standing at the end of the table is Bartholomew, sometimes called Nathanael. He does not appear to have acted any prominent part among the disciples, and we know very little about him. His costume is different from that of his companions; he having the *chlamydis* over his tunic, in the old Grecian fashion, here introduced either by way of variety, or in accordance with some tradition to which the artist attached importance, but which has not survived to our day. His posture deserves special notice, as it confirms what has before been said as to the point of time seized by the painter. Bartholomew had been seated quietly at the table, with his feet crossed. On hearing the words of Jesus, he sprang instantly forward, as if to catch any faint whisper in explanation of them. The motion was too instantaneous to permit any change in the position of his feet; and he stands

leaning on his hands in a sort of balancing posture, quite awkward if regarded by itself, and wanting in dignity, while yet it marks to the very life the precise moment of action and the eagerness of the disciple. The attitude is extremely natural to one suddenly surprised; but it is an attitude to be sustained only for one second; and he stands in such a tottering position, that it seems as if our eye caught him in the very act.

We will now pass over to the other side of the Master, — to the figure nearest his left hand. There has been some controversy what disciple is here represented. Some engravings have inserted on the upper fringe of his tunic the words, taken from John xx. 29, as found in the Vulgate, — "Quia vidisti, Thoma, credisti," — "Because thou hast seen me, Thomas, thou hast believed," — being the words spoken by Jesus to the incredulous disciple; the intention being to mark this figure as representing Thomas.

Our author examines this point, and says there is no authority for this writing. Not a sign of any letters appears in the original fresco, nor in the early copies. On the other hand, the earliest traditions and nomenclature agree in calling this figure James the greater, brother of John, both sons of Zebedee; their mother's request here being fulfilled, — that one might sit on Christ's right hand, and the other on his left. It is not improbable, that, in their peculiar intimacy with the Master, they often took this position when at table with him; and this may have suggested to her the request, that so they might be seated when he came in his kingdom.

The character of this disciple is most clearly revealed. He takes a prominent part in the evangelical history; and every reader recalls at once how often the three names of Peter, James, and John, are placed together. Ardent, active, full of sensibility, he had, as the artist believed, more self-reference than either of those associated with him; and some wound to his self-love may have prompted the inquiry, if fire from heaven should be invoked upon those who would not receive Jesus and his followers. Some susceptibility of this kind is imputed to him in the representation before us. He takes

the charge as a personal offence. He seems to say, "Here, look at me: I detest any implied accusation." His face is one of the most remarkable in the picture for the striking success with which the supposed sentiment is brought out. Beside the curl of the mouth, the wrinkling of the brow, and the fire of the eye, there is something quite noticeable in the movement of the lower part of the face. One who feels his self-respect invaded, and is suddenly angry through scorn or hate, almost invariably starts back, and draws in the lower part of his head.

The head in the rear of James is Thomas, who holds up his forefinger before his face. He appears but seldom in the Gospels; but one fact gives us a distinct idea of his character, and has made him for ever known as the incredulous disciple. The variety of shades of character, mental and moral, among the twelve apostles, is very remarkable; and Leonardo seems to have carefully studied this point. Thomas was not a man of profound sentiment like John, nor a man of immediate vigorous action like Peter, nor a man quick to take offence like James. He was a man of facts. His life was outward in the senses, curious in inquiry, careful in observing. It is a common type; and though we never greatly respect one whose chief object seems to be to obtain facts, irrespective of the use to be made of them, yet such men have their place to fill, and the gospel did not disdain to adapt itself to their wants.

No one who has visited the East can mistake the meaning of that uplifted forefinger. It makes to the eye the word *one*. Thomas wanted to know exactly what the Master had said. His gesture and earnest look, translated into words, mean, "One? did you say one? — one of us shall betray? Is there one that is guilty? — do you mean to refer to one?" How striking the contrast between him and James! The attention of one is objective; that of the other, subjective. One is self-forgetful in his eagerness to verify the precise statement: the other seems wholly intent upon the bearing of that statement upon him. One has an earnest open expression, while the face of the other is clouded by a frown. But, with all

this, the artist has been true to the everlasting distinction between the man of fact and the man of reflection, as we see at a glance when we compare the intellectual development of the two heads of James and Thomas.

Philip, in the rear of James, is represented as standing up with both hands pointing to his heart. The contrast between his face and that of James is also very striking. He, too, is grieved at the words of Jesus; but it is affectionate grief, not angry and resentful. He seems to say, "Lord, look at my inmost heart, laid open to your eye! How could this heart of mine, overflowing with the most devoted love for my Teacher and Saviour, — how could it harbor one thought of being unfaithful to him?" And, as we look into his eyes, it seems as if they filled with tears as he tremblingly utters these words.

In the Gospels, Philip appears altogether in the background. From the meagre notices of him, we should infer, however, that there was a deep affection between him and Jesus. The words, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" seem suggested by a tender love. It is said, Leonardo attached importance to a tradition, that Philip had rare powers of persuasion and oratorical gifts; and hence the artist has presented him in an attitude that speaks to the eye, and moves the heart. From what is recorded of the time of Philip's death, it is evident, that, at the date of the Last Supper, he was quite a young man.

Matthew, by a strong and earnest gesture of both arms, connects the right-hand group of three persons with the rest of the company. The skill and significance of that gesture are seen at once. Those three heads are so remote from the other figures, and two of them looking from them, that it might be inferred that they were intent upon something known to themselves alone; and the unity of the picture would thus be destroyed. That gesture tells to the eye what it is that has excited them, and connects them with the rest of the disciples. When we see how Matthew prolongs his neck, and reaches out his head, it is not perhaps a groundless fancy that

the artist intended to represent the aged Simon as somewhat deaf, so that he did not hear the incredible words of Jesus, repeated to him by Jude, and confirmed by Matthew; whose whole attitude and look seem to affirm with emphasis, "Yes, the Master *has* said this."

Matthew belonged to a somewhat higher class than the other apostles. He was not a fisherman, but was a farmer of the revenue; and it is generally supposed that he was a man of some wealth. The publican, as is well known, was hated by the Jews, as the person who officially represented their subjection to the Roman power; nor did they hate him probably any the less for being in social position above them. The artist has given Matthew marks of superior breeding and culture in the finely-formed features, in the well-dressed hair, and in the graceful robes that compose his dress.

"Judas, not Iscariot," or Jude, or Lebbeus, or Thaddeus, called also Zelotes, as was his brother Simon, from the ardor of their zeal, is the next figure to the right. Replying to Simon, he points with his thumb to Matthew, as much as to say, "You hear what Matthew says;" and the attention which both he and Matthew give to the aged Simon is explained by a knowledge of the position which he held among the disciples. Simon was the eldest of the apostles; and, according to tradition, he was one of the shepherds to whom the heavenly choir announced the birth of the Messiah. The Twelve felt for him a peculiar veneration. There is an expression of anxiety, amounting almost to anguish, on the face of Jude, whose attention seems to be half divided between what Matthew is saying, and the effect of those words upon his brother Simon. Jude is supposed to be the author of the Epistle which bears his name, which does not leave an impression of much depth of wisdom or reflection in the writer; nor is his figure here in the picture marked by intellectual power. An awkwardness in the gesture of the hand and in the attitude of the neck, together with a certain wild expression of the face, would lead one to single this out as the weakest character in the whole scene. It might be inferred that he was under a Nazarite vow to wear his hair uncut;

for there is an untrimmed appearance both in the beard and hair; and it was a long time after this before all the disciples had emancipated themselves from the ceremonial law.

Of Simon, the extreme right-hand figure, but little is to be added to what has already been observed in regard to him. His venerable age, his dignified posture, the full and rich robes on his person, the fire in his eye, his noble brow, and the firm expression of his mouth, all stamp him as a man who held a position of influence, though not strictly one of the leading men of this circle. It marks the tact of the artist in placing the two brothers side by side, — a similar arrangement having been noticed at the other end of the table, in the case of Peter and Andrew; and the remarks made of them, relating to the frequent different development of character in the case of brothers, apply with as much force here in the example of Simon and Jude.

A few words may now be added in regard to the general appearance of the room in which the scene is represented.

It has been objected as a fault in the picture, that the direction, both of the beams overhead and of the floor underneath, is different from that of the table, producing a cross impression, unpleasant to the eye, which would have preferred that all the long lines should run in the same direction: in other words, the table should run the length of the hall. But it should be remembered that the fresco was made for the end of a long room. The beams and floor of the engraving form no part of the original picture, and are probably introduced only to indicate the situation which the fresco occupied.

So, too, it has been said that it is an unfortunate arrangement to place the figures only on one side of the table; for thus we see only the upper half of each form, and we have a long, straight line and a vacant side in front. If, however, full-length figures would have given variety, and filled up a space on which the eye does not rest with pleasure, it is yet obvious that figures on this side of the table would present only their backs to the observer, and would hide those seated on the other side. Of all the attempts made to represent

this scene, no one has, on the whole, been regarded as more felicitous than this.

The walls of the room are represented as hung with tapestry in quiet colors, but in a rich, solid manner, comporting with the massive work of the ceiling. The folds of the tablecloth, its clean, unused appearance, the care with which it is put on with reference to the border on each end, the distinctness of the plaits, and the delicate blue shadings that mark them, all give an air of refinement and dignity. And here the exact size of the fresco may be named. It is thirty-one feet and four inches long, and fifteen feet and eight inches high.

It has been the misfortune of this master-piece of Da Vinci not to have been placed in one of the great centres of art, like Florence and Rome, where probably it would have received greater care, and have attracted more admiration. Milan has been the theatre of commotion ever since the completion of this work. In time of war, the room in which it was made, and where it is now seen, has been filled with hay, and used as a stable. Soldiers have been quartered here, and turned the place into barracks. The cooking of victuals has been carried on so near to the picture as to cover it with smoke and soot. Monks, ignorant of its value, have cut a door in the wall immediately below it; thus jarring the plastering so much, that portions of the fresco have fallen down. A coat of arms was rudely nailed up over the head of Christ, to the injury of the figure. Two or three times, the room has been filled with water in sudden inundations; and in a like number of times have poor artists been permitted to retouch, by their daubings, the outlines and colors.

The best idea of the work as it came from the hand of Leonardo is obtained from copies. Fortunately these were soon and frequently made. Immediately when finished, it was copied for the Hospital of Milan, in 1500; and, in 1510, for the Refectory of St. Barnabas in the same city. The Convent of Castellazzo, near Milan, obtained another copy of it in 1514; as did the Certosa of Pavia still another in the same year. In 1517, a copy was made for Paris; in 1525,

one for Mantua; and, a few years later, one for the Vatican, and another for the Escurial at Madrid. In 1600, Rubens painted a copy; and engravings without number have since made it familiar to all eyes. Of these engravings, that by Morghen is generally the most esteemed; and his work, and another by Wagner, also well done, are those which are commonly seen. A new engraving, the result of two years' hard study and careful labor, will soon appear from the burin of F. Bacon. These facts are named merely to intimate the estimation in which this work has been held.

And now one word as to the great artist himself. What an amount of study must he have given to this scene, to enable him to conceive it with so much truthfulness and force! And not in painting only, but in philosophy, engineering, in curious and exquisite machinery, he gave proof of exalted eminence. He worked in a quiet and serene spirit, with little of the enthusiasm of Raphael, and with none of the brio of Michael Angelo, but with a patience of labor and a longing for perfection that have never been surpassed. Who can study his own refined, gentle, thoughtful, spiritual face, without feeling that he was one of the most wonderful men that have lived? To him belongs the great praise of having fixed the conception which the world in all coming time will have of a scene, than which the world has seen none more significant.

H. A. M.

PRACTISE thyself even in the things which thou despairest of accomplishing. For even the left hand, which is ineffectual for all other things for want of practice, holds the bridle more vigorously than the right hand; for it has been practised in this.

I HAVE often wondered how it is that every man loves himself more than all the rest of men, but yet sets less value on his own opinion of himself than on the opinion of others. If, then, a god or a wise teacher should present himself to a man, and bid him to think of nothing, and to design nothing, which he would not express as soon as he conceived it, he could not endure it even for a single day. So much more respect have we to what our neighbors shall think of us than to what we shall think of ourselves.

HYMN.

Ps. xlvi. 10: "Be still, and know that I am God."

In the shock of mighty armies
  Which the land with tumults fill,
Learn, my soul, the lesson taught thee,
  And in waiting trust be still.

Though the solid earth be shaken,
  And the mountains tottering fall,
Yet, if God be our protection,
  Nought can harm, and nought appall.

He, in every time of trouble,
  Is a present help indeed,
And will to his children hearken
  In their darkest hour of need.

He our country will deliver,
  If we call upon his name;
And the foes of Truth and Justice
  He will put to open shame.

Come, behold what works he doeth! —
  Making wars at length to cease;
Sending to earth's farthest borders
  Messengers of love and peace;

Calling on the sinful nations
  To forsake their sins and pride,
And believe the Saviour's message,
  Who, for all who live, has died.

He in earth will be exalted,
  And his purposes fulfil:
Know, my soul, his power and goodness,
  And in waiting trust be still!

J. V.

CONVERSATIONS OF THE SOUL WITH THE LORD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANCIS THEREMIN, LATE COURT-PREACHER IN BERLIN, AND AUTHOR OF "THE AWAKING," "ELOQUENCE A VIRTUE," ETC., ETC.

XII.

BEFORE PARTAKING OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

THOU declarest, O Lord! in thy Word, "*Behold, I stand at the door, and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him.*" Thus, also, hast thou knocked at the door of my heart, and hast called upon me to draw nigh unto thee at thy Holy Table. From thee has this invitation come, and I have accepted it: I have not resisted thy grace. But still I do not find in myself that devotion, that composure, that holy longing, with which so great a feast ought to be celebrated. Therefore I come now before thy face, and entreat thee that thou wouldst prepare me for it; for I cannot do it myself. I can only pray for it when thy spirit prompts me: to will and to do comes always from thee. It is thy gift when we live rightly, act rightly, suffer rightly, die rightly. It is also thy gift when we rightly receive what thou offerest us in thy Holy Supper. Oh! bring all the powers of my soul into harmony, that none may separate or hold themselves back, but that all, with united effort, may direct themselves to thee and to thy heavenly gifts.

For how gladly would I celebrate the Supper to-day, so that it may be blessed to myself, and well-pleasing to thee! How gladly would I be secured to-day from those sins of which I have so often been guilty in this sacred act! When I for the first time engaged in it, how little did I myself know what I was doing! how little did I recognize the greatness of thy love and mercy! how faintly did my unconverted heart perceive them! How seldom since then could I resolve to repeat this celebration! And, when I did thus resolve, was it not called forth more by outward urgency than by an inward need? Did I in those times always confess my sins with the deepest sorrow, and with a longing desire for holiness? Did I spend sufficient time in prayer, in the reading

of thy Word, in pondering my duties and my spiritual state? Have I not often come to thy Holy Table still absorbed in worldly affairs? and have I not, as soon as I have left it, thrown myself again into the whirl and confusion which they make? Have I not thus lost the blessing which thou hadst given me notwithstanding this defective preparation, and which I ought to have kept more carefully? Oh! grant that to-day, and as often as I may yet celebrate thy Supper upon earth, I may avoid these great faults and sins. Grant that to-day and from henceforth I may contemplate thy heavenly gift with true faith and deep emotion, may receive it with open heart, and may keep it with unvarying faithfulness.

O Lord! what mouth can express the greatness of this gift? what created mind can fathom the mystery of thy Supper? "*Take, eat,*" thou hast said: "*this is my body; it is broken for you. Drink ye all of it: this cup is the new testament of my blood!*" Thy body which was broken upon the cross, which arose, and with which thou didst ascend into heaven; thy blood which gushed out of thy wounds, — thou wilt give this to me! I cannot comprehend it. I am amazed; I feel myself moved and agitated to the very depths of my heart: but thou hast said it, thou hast promised it; therefore I believe it. Yes: thou hast indeed died for love of us; thou hast given up thy body to death for us. Why shouldst not thou, who hast all power, be able to leave to us also thy body in thy holy Supper? And where thy body is, art thou not there thyself? Canst thou give thy body without giving thyself? Lord, whither art thou leading me? From one height, from one depth, to another? Yes: I am to receive thyself, whom it will be my bliss in heaven to behold, — thyself, whom the angels adore with veiled faces. Thou wilt come to me with thy Father, and take up thine abode with me. Oh! strengthen me. Let me not at once sink back into the feeling of my unworthiness. Let me comprehend something, however little, of this mystery. Thou wilt give me thy body; thou wilt come to me, and unite thyself with me. Does not that mean that thou, by thy gracious, all-powerful, soul-healing presence, takest away all the punishments which I, as so great a

sinner, have deserved? for how could he be still punished who had become one with thee? Does it not mean, that, between me and that world of light and holiness, a closer connection is to be formed, and that access is to be opened to my heart for its saving power? Does it not mean that thou wilt live in me, and that I also shall live in thee?

But now, Lord, I am not able any longer to comprehend the overflowing riches of thy grace; and I yield to that impulse which leads me to explore all the depths of my misery and of my sin. *But let every one examine himself!* Thy holy apostle has admonished us. Ah! who would not examine himself when he stands before thy face, and when thou comest to unite thyself with him? Who would not, before thy light, clearly recognize his own darkness? No: I will not conceal from myself a single one of my sins. Alas! how can I avoid turning my eyes upon them? They have been committed before thy holy sight; thou hast seen them; thou seest them now; thou seest more than I see. *Ah! forgive me also my unknown sins!* But, for the very reason that they are all known to thee, it becomes easier for me to confess them to thee. Why should I not tell thee what thou thyself already knowest? It becomes easier, I say, yea, it becomes possible, for me to acknowledge them to thee, because thou wilt forgive them. Were it before a judge who threatened with punishment, I might perhaps have denied or have been silent: before the Redeemer, I may permit the tears of repentance to flow unchecked. Oh indescribable misery! more than all else worthy to be lamented. How have I offended thy faithful and loving heart! How have I injured my brethren! With what an insupportable burden have I laden my own heart! How many innocent joys which might have bloomed for me have I spoiled, and trampled down with my own feet! What fate would overtake me, if, where sin abounded, thy grace had not abounded much more! The fate of those who, in everlasting separation from thee, are tormented by the worm which dieth not, and by the fire which is not quenched, — it shall not overtake me: for this thou hast died. It shall not overtake me:

so says thy Word to me; so says thy body, broken for me, which I am to receive. I have indeed, Lord, greatly sinned: but I will not harden myself; I will not repel thy grace; I will not believe the enemy of my soul when he tells me that I may be deprived of it. Thou wilt reconcile me with thy heavenly Father: I will permit myself to be reconciled. Thou offerest me forgiveness, and I accept it. No merit of my own have I; but I have thine: and thus I stand here, as it were, without sin, and gloriously adorned before God.

But how I hate, O Lord! the sins which thou hast forgiven me, and through which I have been guilty of thy sufferings, the bitter pains of thy cross! How gladly would I cast them off! How gladly would I become like thee, whom I love in thy holiness! Ah! how I long in future to contend against my depraved instincts with greater power; to walk constantly in the way of life, and never more to forsake it; to labor in my calling for thy glory, and the salvation of my neighbor, with more perseverance and joy! I would have a heart disposed to greater gentleness towards my brethren, and would always be inclined to bear with their weaknesses, to forgive their offences, to rejoice in their prosperity, to alleviate their wants by personal sacrifices. I would that this terrible coldness which I usually have towards thee, my heavenly Father, towards thee my Redeemer, might be supplanted by a really fervent and consuming love. I would that I might ever delight in the reading of thy Word, ever feel the desire for prayer, ever walk in thy fellowship and before thy face. I would that this were so, Lord: it is my earnest desire. Thou willest it also. Thou, by entering into my heart and uniting thyself with me, wilt fulfil every thing in me that I wish. Oh! grant to me only that I may receive and hold fast what thou shalt give me; and let not thy rich blessing again be lost upon me.

Often have I found myself, O Lord! in great sadness at thy Holy Supper; and thou hast always fulfilled in me thy precious promise, — that thou wilt refresh all the weary and heavy-laden when they come to thee. When I thought that I and my beloved ones were threatened with some calamity, thy

altar appeared to me a refuge, whence fear and anxiety fled away, and where I felt myself safe in thy hand. When death robbed me of those whom I loved most, thou hast vouchsafed to me, at thy Holy Table, a deeper glance into thy invisible world, so that I could behold with the eyes of faith not only thyself, but also, at thy right hand, those for whom I mourned. And now, Lord, I belong not to those who are driven hither and thither by the storms of life; but, after many tempests, thou hast caused a brighter and a calmer day to dawn upon me. For this I praise thee; and for this I will praise thee at thy holy altar, as well as for the comfort and the help which I have received from thee in trouble and in grief. And yet, O Lord! although I count myself among the happy, I, too, am weary and heavy-laden, — laden with the misery of this earthly life, which makes me sigh for redemption. O Lord! hear now my deepest, dearest, most ardent wishes. If I have so often implored thee to fulfil them, how much reason have I to do so now, — now, — at the moment when I shall receive the benefit of thy body and blood; at this moment of grace, when no believer can pray in vain! Give me, O Lord! when the appointed time shall come, a peaceful and happy death! Give me, with all thy chosen ones, to behold thy glory in heaven! Give me there a joyful re-union with my friends! Keep them and me, while we live upon the earth, from grievous sorrows and temptations. Give me the power and the means to serve thee, to edify my brethren, and to help some that are in want! Grant that those with whom I stand in connection may be able to bear with me and with my many faults and infirmities; and that, when I have done any wrong, they may forgive me; and that, to my last hour, I may enjoy that great felicity, — to be beloved by some good men for thy sake.

But I pray not for myself alone, but for all who to-day partake of thy Holy Supper. Among these, as thou knowest, are some souls very dear to me, closely allied to me by the sacred bonds of blood, of friendship, and of love. Oh, grant that what I have asked for myself may be bestowed upon them also, and in tenfold measure! To each one of them also

mercifully grant what I entreat for him especially, in the knowledge of his peculiar wants! May thy grace be richly poured out upon all those who shall eat with us of the same bread and drink of the same cup! May no one of them all, though they should number many hundred, receive thy Holy Supper unworthily, to his own injury and condemnation! If any one has sinned, even grievously sinned, may he in bitter tears repent of this grievous sin, and appear before thee justified by faith! If there is in any heart even the least bitterness, oh, melt it away, and change it into love! Yes, Lord: may love, sincere, holy love, fill all those who approach thee to-day, as it fills those who are assembled about thee in thy heaven above! and oh grant that we all, who to-day celebrate thy Supper, may find ourselves at last meeting again at that feast which is to endure for ever!

Thus, then, will I approach thy holy altar, O Lord! Be it unto me according to thy promise. Thou hast promised to give me thy body and thy blood; and I wait to receive thy body and thy blood, to receive thyself. What gift is greater in heaven or on earth? What moment is more holy and sublime than that when this gift comes into our possession? Let me rightly enjoy the blissfulness of this moment. Keep far from me all evil and distracting thoughts: I abhor them; and, because I abhor them, I know, that, even if they should come, they cannot injure me. Let me remember thee; let me look confidently to thee, that I may behold thee alone; that the whole world besides may disappear from me: verily, I possess the whole world in thee! Grant me, if it seem good to thee, some blessed tears of emotion; if not, yet grant me a deep earnestness and an elevated piety. Hear and answer all the many prayers which thy Spirit within me, with sighs that cannot be uttered, shall bear up before thy throne. Come to take thine abode in me, Lord; come into my heart: it is a poor, sinful heart; but consecrate it for thy house, thy temple; and may it be a place well-pleasing unto thee! Mayst thou never forsake it, but dwell in it through time and through eternity! Amen.

LIFE.

When first the yearning heart begins
To feel the emptiness of earth,
All unbaptized by faith divine,
Which gives to life its noblest worth,—

That heart goes forth, and earnest strives
To have its restless questions solved.
Ah! "who will show me any good,"—
Pure good, no more with guilt involved?

The skies look down with pitying eye;
They cannot answer to the soul:
Silent, though beautiful, their voice
Is heard not as the planets roll.

The mountains in their grandeur rise;
The ocean heaves from shore to shore;
The landscape in its beauty breathes,
But silent,—silent evermore.

O restless spirit! God alone,
Speaking to thine own depths within,
Can whisper peace and hope and power
To one who flees from self and sin.

"Go forth,—go forth in holy prayer;
Thy simplest, humblest duties seek,—
Fulfilling all, as given of Heaven,
With spirit cheerful, gentle, meek,—

And thou shalt feel fresh, opening life
Flowing like waters through thy soul,
Reviving all thy barren wastes,
And spreading beauty o'er the whole." ***

Blessed is the calamity that makes us humble; though so repugnant thereto is our nature, in our present state, that, after a while, it is to be feared a second and sharper calamity would be wanted to cure us of our pride in having become so humble.—*Coleridge.*

A NEW RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN THE WEST.

At the breaking-out of the war, there was a small Liberal society, in the town of Berlin, Wis., with a pastor inspired with fervent zeal, and, as will be seen by the article which follows, by a beautiful Christian spirit. They heard the call of the country in its hour of trial. Some of the members enlisted in the army: the pastor became chaplain of the Fifth Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers; which is now in the Army of the Potomac, fighting its way to Richmond. The wife of the devoted pastor, having had a medical education, formed a band of nurses, which was approved and accepted by the governor of the State; and early in September, 1861, she went under orders from Washington to St. Louis, and bore an important part in opening the three largest military hospitals there. After the battle of Pittsburg Landing, owing to failure of four days of help hourly expected to arrive, she went through extraordinary hardships in ministering to the sick and wounded, and was carried back in her husband's arms, entirely prostrated, to Wisconsin. The pastor was active in forming soldiers' aid societies, under commission of the governor, before being called to the chaplaincy of the Fifth Regiment.

Owing in part to this absorption of its life in the great cause, the little society at Berlin ceases to exist for the present as an organized body; but it has sown good seed and diffused a leaven to be heard of in time to come. There could not be a keener satire upon the dogmatic orthodoxy of these times than that suggested by the fact, that it cannot hold and include such spirits as these of the Berlin Society. This pastor had been previously tried for heresy, and expelled from a theological school. After taking charge of the Berlin Society, a quarterly convention was organized under its auspices, which sought to draw together the friends of a free spiritual Christianity throughout that section of the State. We have been exceedingly interested, as we doubt not our readers will be, with the enterprise, as our brother, the former

pastor, describes it. He sends us this account, written just before his regiment broke camp for the stirring battle-scenes which are now thrilling the heart of the country. It seems, that though the Berlin Society has given up its organization, in the absence of the pastor and some of its members, the quarterly convention still continues. The pastor is poet as well as preacher and Good Samaritan, and supplies his people with their hymns and spiritual songs. He writes, "I hope, if I live through the war, to return to my home and State, and carry on the good work there begun to a glorious consummation, till God's kingdom shall come, and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven." To which we respond a hearty amen.

It seems the convention is sometimes a camp-meeting in the open air. Our readers will not fail to note in the hymns an out-door freedom and breezy motion, having no flavor of in-door and hot-bed theology, but the freshness of the morning air and the deep blue sky. But we give place to our correspondent who thus describes the new enterprise; premising, that, out of the hymns which he sends us, we select only specimens, reserving the others for another time. S.

HYMNOLOGY AND DOCTRINES OF THE LIBERAL RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN THE WEST.

BY A NATIVE WESTERN MAN.

MUCH has been said and written that was wise, and also much that was otherwise, in our denomination (Unitarian), about the condition and prospects of Liberal Christianity in the West; but while our New-England friends, with well-meaning nicety of speculation, are subtly philosophizing upon the probabilities of the case, the live sterling work goes bravely on, unheard of, unrecognized, still *in Nazareth*, but to be made manifest in due season. The great teeming West is too deeply and earnestly busy with developing her own industries, her own enterprises, her own characters, her own religion, to give much heed to ideal efforts in her behalf; albeit she will receive kindly and gratefully any "labors of

love" that come as a grace from the spirit, rather than as a grant from the sect.

In September, 1861, the little Unitarian Society at Berlin, Wis., instituted a quarterly convention, to hold two-day meetings regularly in that section of the State, on so broad a plan, that Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists, Swedenborgians, and all liberal-minded people of any sect, party, or class, or of none at all, who were inquiring the way out of Calvinistic dogmatism and influences, might thus assemble themselves together to speak and to hear of a better way; and in spite of the disturbing influences of war time, and the absence in the public service of its leading spirit, the convention has met regularly ever since, and has made itself one of the "institutions" of that region. And I can perhaps in no way give so good and fair an idea of its *animus* and spirit as by quoting here some of the hymns written and printed expressly for its use.

Here is one written purposely for the tune of "Old Hundred," and a favorite at opening or closing of a meeting: —

Let Morn her psalm of wonder raise,
And Noon's resplendent light give praise,
And Evening's solemn voice break forth
From east and west, from south and north.

The Lord Jehovah rules in love
The climes of earth and worlds above;
And all his works before him bow,
Whose days are one eternal Now.

To bear the lamp of life,
And speak the rising day;
To stay the elements of strife,
And charm their ills away;

To soothe the weary doubt,
The soul's distrust of God,
And call the spirit's beauty out
By paths it never trod;

To make our voices ring
With old truths grandly new,
And in our life's example bring
The Master's fresh to view, —

Be this our holy aim,
Be this our dear employ,
Till heaven and earth one mingling flame
Breathes up of purest joy.

The next one I quote is designed for the tune of "Auld Lang Syne:" —

A living thought ye cannot chain,
A truth ye cannot burn;
And fitful Error strives in vain
The march of Mind to turn:
The waves of Life roll proudly on
To swell the tide of Truth
That mirrors back the rising dawn
Of man's immortal youth.

Ye mountains! lift your heads sublime
To hail the glorious morn;
For out the spirit-night of Time
The lands are being born;
And heaven to earth makes glad reply,
With Love's inspiring voice,
As Hope goes singing through the sky
To bid the world rejoice.

O nations, rise! it is the hour
To shake off drowsy sleep:
The night of Error's darkening power
Flies down the eternal deep;
And God's pure sunlight, bursting through
The shades of ancient doubt,
Reveals the spirit-world to view,
And calls our praises out.

These quarterly conventions are held in a grove, whenever the weather will admit of it; and here is the special hymn for such occasions: —

In God's green groves we will rejoice,
And here our anthems raise,
Where Nature tunes her varied voice,
And sings her songs of praise.

With birds and blossoms, brook and breeze,
Our melodies arise,
All sweetly whispering through the trees
To angels in the skies.

The hopes of every age and clime
Stand forth in bright review;
The prophets of the olden time
Rejoicing with the new.

Oh! let our hearts and lips unite
The fervent hymn to swell,
And feel the spirit's pure delight
As tongue can never tell.

Here is one made for the popular plaintive air of "Lily Dale:" —

'Tis a holy belief, a happy belief,
That God of his love will provide,
In our moments of sorrow, temptation, and grief,
A beautiful angel-guide.
Kind angel, dear angel, sweet angel-guide,
Now your loved voice whispers from the angel-land
Far over the soul-river's tide.

Oh! come, let us sing till our voices shall ring
Through the realms of the spirit so wide,
And the deep-yearning prayer of the soul ever bring
The beautiful angel-guide.
Kind angel, dear angel, &c.

In love let us live, to forget and forgive
The errors of weakness and pride;
In our free hearts infolding, at morn, noon, and eve,
The beautiful angel-guide.
Kind angel, dear angel, &c.

In Christ we read the law,
The way, the truth, the life;
And see the glory which he saw,
And feel his kindling love to draw
Our hearts away from strife.

In Christ, the man divine
Of all-embracing love,
We see God's fatherhood to shine,
And feel man's brotherhood benign,
As love-taught from above.

In Christ, the living head
Of spirits bound or free,
We hail the living from the dead,
And feel no more a pang of dread
To pass the Lethean Sea.

In Christ, the Son of God,
We learn what we may be:
Perfected by the chastening rod,
We leave to Time this fleshly clod,
And grasp eternity.

Out of the land of fear we come,
Whose God is a vengeful God,
To find in love our heavenly home,
And freedom large and broad.

Out of the vales of doubt we come,
Whose air is a vacuous air,
To find in faith the glorious bloom
Of all that is good and fair.

Out of the bonds of sect we come,
Whose love is a darkening love,
To feel Christ's liberty illume
Our souls from the spheres above.

Out of the caves of sin we come,
Whose breath is a dungeon breath,
To find in grace abundant room,
And victory over death.

Come, touch the silent heart,
And quicken all its powers,
Ye heavenly loves! that can impart
Your own sweet life to ours.

Arise, ye sleeping souls!
The day is shining bright,
And God's creation vast unrolls
Its floods of living light.

Oh! seek the golden gate
Where Truth stands at the door;
Nor in your darkness longer wait,
For life is on before.

Breathe forth in gentle tones
The harmonizing prayer,
Like zephyrs from the spirit-zones,
Till love beams everywhere;

And swell the soft refrain
Of soul-inspiring praise,
Till angel-voices catch the strain
In more exalted lays.

These are perhaps sufficient to show that the movement which they pertain unto is not *infidel* at least to a living, spiritual faith in God, Christ, heaven, and humanity: but the author of these hymns was, less than four years ago, tried for heresy in, and expelled from, a theological school; his views being declared "not a proper *Christian* belief at all." Holy Christ, *who are thy disciples?* These Wisconsin Liberalists make little account of formulas *about* Christ, whether he be thought of as "very God," or an angel come down from heaven, or as a perfected or divine man; but the *life in Christ*, the becoming true and living disciples, faithful, practical brothers and sisters and fellow-workers with the lowly Nazarene, according to the standard of fellowship which *he* gave, — this is believed and preached and prayed and sung with a fervent sincerity worthy of so sublime a cause; not always, you may be sure, in the finely drawn discriminating phrase and classic utterance of long-time-schooled New England, but in bold, strong, vigorous speech, pregnant with life, energy, and meaning, by men and women with equal freedom; divinity in the rough, having the spirit and the power, and waiting God's good time to clothe upon itself the fittest specific form of outward comeliness.

The following is a concise summary of their doctrines or teachings, so far as they concern theology: —

1. Whatsoever is naturally and scientifically true cannot be theologically false.

2. The laws of Nature, so called, are but *the mode* of God's direct and directing energies in creation and providence; and the work or processes of creation cease not, but go on continuously from age to age, successively from lower to higher forms and conditions of life.

3. Divine inspiration is a fact in human experience, and must be so accredited by any correct science of mind, or philosophy of history.

4. The religion of Jesus Christ is at once revealed religion, natural religion, rational religion, and *the absolute* religion.

5. The real and living verity of the future life and the spirit-world is a doctrine which can appeal confidently to the Bible, to

history, and to science, for its substantial proof and reasonable confirmation.

6. Any act done, intention cherished, or desire indulged in, which we know to be not right and good and pure before God, *that is sin*, — at once sin against God and against our own highest and best spiritual welfare.

7. There is no divine, eternal, spiritual truth, nor any true and perfect happiness, either in this world or in the spirit-world, except that which is in and of the Christ-like life, character, and spirit.

Such is the inchoate Church of the Future in the great teeming West.

RANDOM READINGS.

WASHINGTON REVISITED.

JUST three years ago, we made a flying trip to the metropolis of the nation. Civil war was then a new and strange experience, and few persons were willing to believe that it would be of long continuance. Time has proved that most of us were neither prophets, nor sons of prophets. The signs of strife and bloodshed in Washington then were as nothing compared with the war-doings of the present day and hour. Then we found some half-dozen sick in an extemporized hospital within the walls of the Capitol: now the city is thronged with the sick and wounded, whilst science and love have reduced the care of them to a most admirable system. Then a few sentinels paced about the public grounds: now the mounted orderly is found at almost every corner, and files of soldiers, or squads of cavalry, patrol the streets. You may see trains of ambulances, with their sad burdens of the wounded, and the huge Government wagons, with the six tough little mules, lumber along the muddy or dusty ways of our shabby genteel chief city. Then there had been no Bull Run; no great defeat to make us sober, no great victory to make us hopeful. How happy that we did not then know what the future had in store! Now there comes again and again from the "front" the fearful story of a huge battle; and one finds himself inquiring about this and the other friend who was certainly in the fray, and who might be

amongst the missing or the dead. How strangely would have fallen upon the ear even then such words as these, spoken of a staid Bostonian and his wife: "They have been to the city to see their son (a respectable gentleman of the nineteenth century, and a graduate of old Harvard), who has just returned from a *raid*"! Where, in what age of the world, are we? Verily the times do not change as rapidly as we suppose. *Raids* were not then so barbarous, after all!

Washington is profoundly interesting in these times, not for its really magnificent public buildings (and these, in common days, richly deserve and repay a visit), not for its body of legislators still in session (of whom a word presently), but for its glorious company of suffering heroes with their faithful nurses. We have been at pains to talk with many of our wounded men, as they lay upon their beds, as they wandered about the hospital-grounds, as they made their way slowly back in railroad-cars or in street-cars to their country homes; and, again and again, their intelligence, their manly bearing, their determined yet often humane and gentle spirit, filled us with admiration. In our experience, the coarse, rough men have been the exceptions; and, whilst the sights and sounds of war sadden one very deeply, the faces and the speech of the warriors do one unspeakable good. We are satisfied that such an army was never gathered before. And it was very instructive to see how determined the men all were upon success at any cost. Their countenances lighted up instantly when they said that there were good prospect and hope of retreating no more. Everywhere there was a most hearty indorsement of Gen. Grant's "proposition to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." And those who took upon themselves the charge of nursing the sick do not grow weary. In every department there is the greatest activity, guided now by the most admirable system. Rev. Mr. Gaylord, in the Campbell Hospital, has succeeded wonderfully in creating an atmosphere of gladdening elements for the sick to breathe. We name him because we came into contact with him, and could form some opinion from personal observation of what he is doing. Believing in good books, he does not believe that a book must be dull in order to be good. His library is a very satisfactory one. He has not declined, spite of those who shake the head, the entertainment of private theatricals, so keeping the men together, instead of leaving them to avail themselves of every permission to exchange the gathering-room of the hospital for the lager-beer saloon, or worse.

These are the cheering things about Washington. They are abundant compensations for so much there which is "beastly" (we must be suffered in the use of this strong old English word) and disheartening. As to the hotels, they give one a perpetual sense of being in the dirt, of touching it on every side, of eating it, of drinking it, of sleeping in it, of breathing it in with every breath. One sympathizes entirely with the impudent fellow, who, when asked by the attendant of a steamboat to take off his boots before putting the feet that covered them into one of the berths, replied, "Thank you, it is no matter: they ain't my best!" You walk upon dirt. You are smoked and spit upon. The private houses we do not know: we presume, of course, that as there are ladies, very many, in Washington, these are all right; but, aside from these, the hospitals alone are clean. As to the habits of the people *about the hotels*, the metropolis, we are sorry to say, fitly represents the land, which is fast becoming again a land of drunkards. We want some sort of temperance league far more even than we want a league in behalf of economy. Everywhere men drink, and the liquors are of the vilest sort. Where, in old times, there was one old-fashioned bar-room, with the array of decanters which were at least honest, we have a score of "nasty" (we must use the word) "saloons" with their vile poisons. It was sadly instructive to watch the drinkers. Think of the condition of the stomach which could be quieted only with brandy and peppermint! What good can ever come to a generation of inebriates?

But the hard, sensual look of so many in Washington is not more discouraging than the trifling of so many of our legislators. The larger part of them are small men. What an outrage upon a community, every household of which is more or less a place of bereavement, to spend costly time in personal altercations, in giving each other the lie, as it was our ill-fortune to hear honorable gentlemen doing, whilst brave men were dying for them and for all of us at the "front," or waiting for treatment in the extemporized and over-crowded hospitals, or rather houses (for every house was a hospital), of Fredericksburg! And they couldn't even be short in their trifling, but must still spin out the weary and silly words of boyish strife. How we longed, as we listened, to have the provost marshal come down upon them, and order every babbler into the ranks. Whilst the legislators waste time in this way, the Government and the army are laboring night and day to bring to a happy issue our great contest. Would to God that the people would take time from money-making and pleasure-seeking, and be

at some pains to send their ablest and best men to Congress, compelling them to go, and cleaning out at one sweep the whole brood of politicians of every party and stripe; those who profess morality and trade in philanthropy along with the rest! Legislation is one of the mysteries. Legislation calls for faith in God, who saves us, spite of our follies. Do we speak too strongly? Who will say it? — who, that has ever read the record of Congressional debate, often of a character that would reflect no honor upon a third-rate debating society? Oh for some *men!* Let us confess that philanthropic zeal, real or pretended, is not the only requisite in the legislator; that men of power and scope and energy owe their services to the country. We shall come to no good until the calling of the statesman is held to be *sacred;* until men are drawn into it from above, as they ought to be drawn into the Church. The *politician* is out of place in any model commonwealth; one of the plain tokens of the Fall. It is the people that shall save us, under God, and that in spite of the politicians; and possibly the war is to bring before us leaders who will supplant the whole tribe of abstractionists, pettifoggers, and self-seekers, and give to a brave democracy some born kings. Praise the Lord, we want no office; and shall not be likely to ask any favor from one of our little great men.

E.

PRAYER, PHILOSOPHY, AND FACT.

A CONTRIBUTOR sends us a brief essay, neatly and clearly written, on the subject of prayer. We give the essay, and subjoin a fact in illustration taken from the life of Washington Allston. We do not suppose that his prayer was supernaturally answered any more than all prayer is so answered. It is an interesting fact, however, that those who live prayerful lives — by which we mean those who have daily *communings* with God, and strive after a life consistent therewith, and into which God's spirit can delight to flow — have tokens of the divine answer which are not to be mistaken or reckoned as "coincidences." They become conscious of a divine direction and aid, and the consciousness becomes a part of their being. There may be no facts which indicate open interference; the Divine Providence veils itself in common incidents: but there will be evidence that they are involved in a divine life-plan, and that all events, even to the most trivial, are harmonized by it.

WHY SHOULD I PRAY?

"It is not an unusual thing for persons of an inquiring, philosophical habit of mind to ask themselves or others, 'What good it does to pray; what use there is in prayer.' If God has foreordained all things, whatsoever comes to pass; if all events in Nature and Providence are fixed, irrevocably fixed, from the foundations of the world, — then how can it be presumed that the wants or wishes of a creature, a mere speck in the universe, will be heeded? How can it reasonably be expected that general, universal laws shall be changed or suspended or modified, in however slight a degree, to meet the peculiarities, the clashing desires, of individual cases? Now, these are hard questions; and I know not, that, as strictly metaphysical inquiries, they have ever received entirely satisfactory answers: if so, I have never seen them. But still there are two things about the matter, which we do know. We know, that, in all times of danger or distress, when human strength and sagacity fail, it is an instinct of our nature to pray. We know, too, that this natural instinct was implanted by God himself; not ingrafted by any scientific process, but born with us, and common to all ages and all conditions of men all over the world. What, then, must we infer as a matter of logical necessity, aside from any precepts of revelation? Why, manifestly, that prayer is a reasonable thing, unless our nature be a self-contradiction; unless God be untrue to his works; unless he be obnoxious to the charge of causing in us a hungering of spirit, and yet has furnished no heavenly manna; unless he has given us yearning affections, and yet has provided nothing but an abstract law to which their tendrils may cling; unless, in a word, he has given us an intellectual and moral nature, quick with eager sympathies and kindling aspirations merely to mock us. But, as this supposition cannot be made in respect to God, we are driven, notwithstanding any metaphysical difficulties in the case, to the conclusion, that men may pray without being guilty of any absurdity at least. The positive utility of prayer is oftentimes illustrated by different persons in different ways. Some suppose that prayer in its influence is entirely reflexive; that though it may not affect God, yet it does affect the individual who offers it. The river of God's love and mercy flows through the world. Men, by praying, may not be able to change its course a hair's breadth: yet they may bring themselves to the verdure and beauty which clothe its banks; they may quench the fever of their thirst with its cooling waters. I know that Coleridge does not think much of this view. I remember that somewhere he speaks of prayer, offered with no higher faith than this, as no better than the moanings of a wounded lion in his solitary den, or the howlings of a dog with his eyes fixed on the moon. But, after all, I think that this reflexive influence, though it may not be all, is yet an important part, of the influence of prayer. I have seen or heard it somewhere illustrated in this way. A steamship is pursuing its majestic way across the ocean. Behind it, a man is following in a little boat attached to the ship

by a rope. One end of the rope is fastened to the prow of the boat: the other end, passing over a pulley in the stern of the ship, is brought back, and is in the hand of the man in the little boat. Now, it is obvious, that though the man, by pulling at his end of the rope, may not affect the course or motion of the ship in the least, though he may not draw the great ship the thousandth part of an inch towards himself, yet he will bring himself to the ship. Just so it is with us. Prayer is the golden cord let down from the throne, prefigured three thousand years ago by a heathen poet. If we cling to this golden cord, we may not bring God down to us; we need not: but we know that he can and will bring us up to him. And it matters little whether God come to us, or we go to him, provided only that our spirits, whether in the body or out of the body, be with him."

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ALLSTON.

"Soon after Allston's marriage with his first wife, the sister of the late Dr. Channing, he made his second visit to Europe. After a residence there of little more than a year, his pecuniary wants became very pressing and urgent; more so than at any other period of his life. On one of these occasions, as he himself used to narrate the event, he was in his studio, reflecting with a feeling of almost desperation upon his condition. His conscience seemed to tell him that he had deserved his afflictions, and drawn them upon himself, by his want of due gratitude for past favors from Heaven. His heart seemed filled all at once with the hope that God would listen to his prayers, if he would offer up his direct expression of penitence, and ask for divine aid. He accordingly locked his door, withdrew to a corner of the room, threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and wife. While thus employed, a knock was heard at the door. A feeling of momentary shame at being detected in this position, and a feeling of fear lest he might have been observed, induced him to hasten, and open the door. A stranger inquired for Mr. Allston. He was anxious to learn who was the fortunate purchaser of the painting 'Angel Uriel,' regarded by the artist as one of the masterpieces which had won the prize at the Academy. He was told that it had not been sold.

"'Can it be possible? Not sold? Where is it to be had?'

"'In this very room. Here it is,' producing the painting from the corner, and wiping off the dust. 'It is for sale: but its value has never yet, to my idea of its worth, been adequately appreciated; and I would not part with it.'

"'What is the price?'

"'I have done fixing any nominal sum. I have always so far exceeded my offers, I leave it for you to name the price.'

"'Will four hundred pounds be an adequate recompense?'

"'It is more than I ever asked for it.'

"'Then the painting is mine.'

"The stranger introduced himself as the Marquis of Stafford, and became from that moment one of the warmest friends of Mr. Allston. The instantaneous relief thus offered by the liberality of this noble visitor was always regarded by Mr. Allston as a direct answer to his prayer, and it made a deep impression upon his mind. To this event he was wont ever after to attribute the increase of devotional feelings which became a prominent trait in his character."

THE SUPERNATURAL LIFE OF THE SOUL.

God never forgives a sinner, without, at the same time, infusing grace into his soul. The Pharisees stood round and wondered when Jesus pronounced his audible absolution over the outcast sinner: they would have wondered still more if they had seen what the angels saw, — the marvellous change in her sinful soul. Was it light from heaven that came and wrapped her round, unseen by mortal eye, yet visible to angelic sight? As the sweet words fall from the lips of Jesus, a voice of joy is heard in heaven, loud as when the "morning stars praised God together, and the sons of God made a joyful melody" at creation's first dawn. But not even the pure light which burst in all its stainless plenitude upon the darkness can compare in brightness with the grace which is infused into the sinner's soul, when God takes him back into his favor. In this, at least, light is like the grace of God, that it is not material; but it belongs to the world of sense, while grace enters into an order which neither tongue can tell, nor heart conceive. It is a part of that great spiritual world of which news have reached us, which we know, but which we have never seen. This alone we know, — there is a spiritual quality which lends its own special lustre to the soul of Jesus, before which even the natural glories of that beautiful spirit grow pale; a brightness distinguishable amidst the very splendors of the Godhead to which it is united, and raising its operations to a height in some sense proportionate to the divine Person of the eternal world. That quality is sanctifying grace. Or turn to look at an angel's being, crowning the beauty of those glorious seraphim, adding unutterable strength of loving to spirits already formed for heavenly love, heating to tenfold vehemence the living lamps that stream and burn before the throne of God. There is a quality, the absence of which is the difference between these selfsame angels and demons in hell: that, again, is sanctifying grace. To what shall I liken that hallowing influence which comes pouring down from the lips

of Jesus into the Magdalene's soul? It is soft and gentle and noiseless as light. But, once more, it would be doing it wrong to call it by that name, unless, indeed, we say that it is a reflection of the inaccessible light which is the dwelling-place of the King immortal, invisible. It is spiritual; yet it is not a substance. It is not the habit of charity, though it makes our hearts burn and glow with heavenly love. It is not the Holy Spirit of God: and it is necessary to give you that warning; for so intense is its beauty, so glorious is its loveliness, that some have mistaken it for God.

If I would compare it to any thing, I would say that it was the supernatural life of the soul, just now dead in sin, like the vital force coming upon the organism of the body, and raising its mere chemical elements to the rank of living things. Sanctifying grace is a spiritual quality, which makes the soul to live a heavenly life. — *The Holy Communion; its Philosophy, Theology, and Practice.* By JOHN BERNARD DALGAIRNS.

THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE IN WAR.

BROTHER FERNALD'S treatise, "God in his Providence," abounds in exceedingly apt illustrations, and applications to all states and conditions. It is hard to see the "order of disorder" when we are involved in the confusion; but those who look down from above see it and us involved in the eternal harmony. Here is some of Fernald's very beautiful philosophizing: —

"The whole process is corrective in its nature, and tends to greater and greater harmony. It could not *at all* be permitted without this tendency; and the true and manifest principle is, that no evil is permitted which is not the most direct means of preventing a greater. We cannot see in each individual case the justice of their sufferings who fall victims to the desperadoes of the earth: they are frequently innocent and harmless. Whole populations of unoffending inhabitants may be swept off by one unholy war, and countless human beings fall a prey to unconscionable villanies. But yet we should remember that sin has defiled, more or less, the whole human race; and though we cannot see the cause in many individual cases, yet the cause undoubtedly exists in some plague-spot or other of many a sacrifice to mysterious death. But let us leave these generalities, and come to some specifications. How much more is a *principle,* once gained in the world, an established principle of liberty or justice, than the sacrifice of whole armies in war to secure it! What were all the cost of the American Revolution in blood and treasure compared with liberty and free institutions? The blessings thus secured will de-

scend to uncounted generations through all time; while the men who perished in the struggle were few, comparatively; and even these lost no life but the bodily life, and by that conflict by divine appointment to their proper places in the spiritual world. And so, when God lets loose some tyrant to scourge the human race, and destroy property and men by the hundred thousand, we may rest assured that it is not without some cause in the evils of that very humanity, and to procure blessings which by no other means could follow. Evil has created the crisis; and by evil, under a good Providence, it must be met. The Divine Providence is as much in the evil, or over the evil, as in the good. And how much cause of gratitude we have, and what consolation should we take, situated as we are in this evil and calamitous world, to know that the plan is so vast, so complicated and grand, embracing with most wonderful particularity both worlds and all eternity in its reach, and that our little affairs which so perplex us are conducted with the same steady and everlasting order as the movements of the planets or the quenching of a sun in the mighty constellations!"

WADSWORTH AND SEDGWICK.

THE chaplain whose communication we have given in the preceding pages wrote just before the advance. "I am in the Sixth Army Corps, under Gen. Sedgwick. Gen. Grant reviewed the corps yesterday. The army is in splendid condition and spirits, and *terribly in earnest.*" Events have since verified these words in the hardest fought battles of the war, perhaps with the most hopeful prognostics. These victories have cost some of the best blood of the Republic, in the loss of two splendid officers, — Wadsworth and Sedgwick. They were not only splendid officers, but noble specimens of American character and of human nature. Wadsworth was a man of fine culture and enlarged Christian philanthropy, who had used his ample means and opportunities in doing good, in improving the system of popular education in his native State, and in purchasing and distributing useful books on household economy. His white, silvery hairs symbolized well the purity and benignity of his life. Many are the homes where his name will be pronounced with blessings and tears of grateful love. Sedgwick was as good and upright as he was brave. He was in Kansas, and belonged to the United-States regular troops at the time of the troubles there, when the administration at Washington was hounding them on to harass the free settlers, under the dictation of the slaveocracy. Sedgwick nobly refused to be a tool in

such hands; and, in every way he could, helped and favored the Kansas settlers. These men have gone up to a place in history, to live long in its annals by their noble deeds and stainless fame.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest!" S.

HOW TO LIVE LONG: A NEW METHOD.

THE "Annual of Scientific Discovery" tells us, that M. Robin, an eminent French chemist, in a memoir recently presented to the French Academy, argues that human life may be greatly prolonged by taking what he calls "lacteal acid;" which, in good Saxon, is sour milk. Thus he argues: The mineral matter which forms an ingredient in most of our food is left in the system to harden and stiffen it, and hinder the vital processes. Human beings are furnaces always kindled. Life exists only in combustion, which takes place in our bodies as in our chimneys, leaving a deposit which is ultimately fatal to life. It forms incrustations on the arteries, cartilages, and valves of the heart. Hence the old age of the human body. As buttermilk abounds in the "lacteal acid," and, so says the Frenchman, "*is an agreeable kind of food*," he strongly recommends its habitual use to remove the mineral matter and keep the body young.

We take it that the mind must be kept young also, the feelings fresh and joyous, our love of nature and man and woman always alive and abounding, else old age will creep over us, the buttermilk notwithstanding. S.

CENSURE AND RIDICULE.

No one ought to pride himself of his moral courage, merely because he can endure censure and opposition. These will arouse and stimulate the latent energies, if such exist. Many a person can endure these, and even thrive by them, who could not bear to be ridiculed or laughed at; and yet, until ridicule and laughter have come to fall upon our ears like "the crackling of thorns under a pot," we cannot be said fairly to have overcome the world. Children should be early taught neither to use ridicule, nor to be turned aside by it; for you always observe that this more than censure grates on the sensitive nature of childhood, and touches the place of tears. S.

WESLEY PREACHING FROM HIS FATHER'S TOMBSTONE.

On his return, he passed rapidly through many towns, preaching daily. He stopped at an inn in Epworth, the parish of his father, and his own birthplace. The curate, who was a drunkard, refused him the pulpit. David Taylor, Lady Huntingdon's servant, was with him, and announced, as the congregation retired from the church, that Wesley would preach in the graveyard in the afternoon. He accordingly stood upon his father's tombstone, and preached to such a congregation as Epworth had never seen before. For one week he daily took his stand above the ashes of his father, and "cried aloud to the earnestly attentive congregations." He must have deeply felt the impressive associations of the place, but paused not to record his emotions. His one great work of preaching, preaching day and night, seemed wholly to absorb him. His hearers, however, felt the power of his word and of the scene. God bowed their hearts, he says; and on every side, as with one accord, they lifted up their voices, and wept: several dropped down as dead. A gentleman came to hear him, who boasted that he was of no religion, and had not been in a church for thirty years. The striking scene of the churchyard could, probably, alone have brought him to hear Wesley. He was smitten under the sermon; and, when it was ended, stood like a statue, looking up to the heavens. Wesley asked, "Are you a sinner?"—"Sinner enough," he replied with a broken voice, and remained gazing upward till his friends pressed him into his carriage and took him home. Ten years later, Wesley saw him, and was agreeably surprised to find him strong in faith, though fast failing in body. For some years, he said, he had been rejoicing in God, without either doubt or fear; and was now waiting for the welcome hour when he should depart, and be with Christ.

VISIT TO FLETCHER OF MADELEY.

During this visit at Ireland's house, an humble Wesleyan itinerant, on his way to Cornwall, stopped at Bristol to greet the Arminian champion. As he arrived at the mansion with two fellow-itinerants, Fletcher was returning from a horseback-ride, which had been enjoined by his physician. He recognized them as Methodist preachers; and, dismounting, hastened toward them with extended arms. They were struck by his "apostolic appearance."

He repeated most of the sixteenth chapter of John, on the promise of the Holy Ghost. "My soul," says one of the visitors, "was dissolved into tenderness, and became as melting wax before the fire!" They regretted the effect of his controversial labors upon his health.

"If he fell a victim," he replied, "it was in a good cause." After a little further conversation "upon the universal love of God in Christ Jesus," the visitors were about to take their leave; when Ireland sent his footman into the yard with a bottle of wine and slices of bread upon a waiter. They all uncovered their heads while Fletcher implored a blessing upon the refreshment; which he had no sooner done than he handed first the bread to each, and then, lifting up his eyes to heaven, pronounced the words, "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life." Afterward, presenting them the wine, he said in like manner, "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ," &c. "Such a sacrament," says the narrator, "I never had before. A sense of the Divine Presence rested upon us all, and we were melted into floods of tears. We then mounted our horses, and rode away. That hour more than repaid me for my whole journey from Edinburgh to Cornwall."

THE COARSE ARTS.

THE fine arts do not interest me so much as the coarse arts which feed, clothe, house, and comfort a people. I should rather be such a great man as Franklin, than a Michael Angelo; nay, if I had a son, I should rather see him a great mechanic, who organized use like the late George Stephenson in England, than a great painter like Rubens, who only copied beauty. In short, I take more interest in a cattle-show than in a picture-show, and feel more sympathy with the pope's bull than his *bullum*. Men talk to me about the absence of art in America. You remember the stuff which M—— used to twaddle forth on that theme, and what transcendental nonsense got delivered from gawky girls and long-haired young men. I tell them we have cattle-shows and mechanics' fairs, and ploughs and harrows and saw-mills, sowing machines and reaping-machines, threshing-machines and planing-machines. There is not a saw-mill in Rome. I doubt if there is in the Pontifical States. — *Theodore Parker.*

THE TWO WORLDS.

MAN dwells as it were on the border of the spiritual and material worlds. We shall not wonder that there is such a tugging and pulling this way and that way, upward and downward, and such broken disorder of things; those that dwell in the confines of two kingdoms being most subject to disquiet and confusion. — *Henry More.*

REFLECTIONS.

PARENTS and children are often so unlike, that they do not understand each other; and many of the trials of domestic life originate in this difference.

The young have a lively sense of their own merits and of others' defects. After they have been tried, they estimate both more justly. 'Tis the trials which we meet that take down our self-conceit.

The young wish to reach an object, as the tiger reaches his prey, by a single spring; and, if that fails, are discouraged and disgusted.

As a straw may be the nucleus of a crystal, a great man's cane or coat may gather round it the feelings of reverence belonging to his memory. The Roman-Catholic Church took advantage of this feeling to establish the worship of relics. A living saint, in the middle ages, was less esteemed than the little finger of a dead one.

> The great grow greater in the grave. When earth
> Resumes the clay that clothed immortal worth,
> The laurel wreath that decked the living head
> Takes root, and blooms luxuriant o'er the dead.

The great mathematician resembles the condor of the Andes; haunting lonely heights which others cannot reach, and delighting in the clear cold air which others cannot endure.

The world is always learning something new, and forgetting something old; always improving in some respects, and deteriorating in others. Every generation takes pride in overturning what previous generations had taken pride in establishing. Man is placed in the world like a squirrel in a revolving cage. His restlessness keeps it moving, and he calls the motion progress. Much

of the progress of the world resembles Parry's progress towards the north pole on the ice, when the ice was drifting southwards faster than he was walking northwards. Successive generations introduce improvements into the world as successive occupants do into houses. Any change which adapts the residence to the taste and wants of the immediate occupants is an improvement, so far as they are concerned. The forms of good and evil change rather than their proportions. These changes afford variety, prevent stagnation, and keep men exercised with difficulties growing out of new circumstances, and passing through a round of delusions, varying a little to maintain their influence the better. But the amount of good and evil in the world seems to remain substantially the same. God is no respecter of persons. There is no reason to suppose that duty is easier in one age than in another, or that men are better satisfied with their condition now than they were three thousand years ago. Happiness is not to be had ready-made in any age.

Wars will cease when men are born fifty years old.

To accomplish much, a man must trust much. It has been well said, that "the distrustful man needs to have as many heads as the Hydra, and as many hands as Briareus." E. W.

N.B. — Several articles received, and omitted for want of room, will appear in the next number.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Frederick W. Robertson, M.A. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

These sermons are somewhat fragmentary, and we presume the gaps were filled up extemporaneously at the time of delivery; but they are very suggestive, and always burdened with thought. They would be very useful as furnishing hints and starting-places to preachers, or to be read in the family in connection with a devotional exercise. It is plain, we think, that the sermon ought to be the vehicle of a great deal more of thought and information, and ought to tax the attention of hearers more severely and continuously. Sermons in the regular course of pulpit exercises ought to fall into a series, and develop a system of doctrine, and not run on without connection. Robertson's sermons are not eloquent; they

are not specimens of fine writing; but they address the understanding, and not the fancy: and the way in which they were received, shows that, when the pulpit aims to teach rather than declaim, to convey truth rather than be popular and discursive, its success will be longer sustained.

Life of William Hickling Prescott. By GEORGE TICKNOR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This cheaper and more popular edition of the life of Prescott, we think, was fairly due to the vast multitude of readers who had followed the historian with increasing delight and love. Like Walter Scott, he never failed to create a personal relation between himself and his readers; and no other writer, after Irving, so lives in the hearts of the American reading public. The biography is one of absorbing interest; more so than the reader would expect in a quiet literary career. We wish every young person could read it, and be drawn into sympathy with a spirit so singularly sweet and pure. There is a moral greatness in the character of Prescott, manifest not only in the obstacles overcome by long perseverance, but in the concentration of powers to noble ends, when there was so much temptation, and some would have thought excuse, for a life of ease. "I am not obliged to write for bread," he said; "and I will not write for money." Fame was the last thing he thought of, and he was surprised when it came upon him. The letters are admirably compiled, and the narrative flows on with increasing interest to the end. S.

America and her Commentators, with a Critical Sketch of Travel in the United States. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. New York: Charles Scribner, 124, Grand Street. 1864.

"The object of this work," writes Mr. Tuckerman, "is twofold, — to present a general view of the traits and transitions of our country, as recorded at different periods and by writers of various nationalities; and to afford those, desirous of authentic information in regard to the United States, a guide to the sources thereof." Two very interesting objects, which the author has zealously and happily prosecuted; and readers who have neither time nor taste to make the explorations and the condensations which have been requisite have cause to be grateful to Mr. Tuckerman for a vast deal that is curious and instructive in this handsome volume, which is as patriotic in its tone as it is scholarly in its literary execution. E.

Thoughts for the Christian Life. By Rev. JAMES DRUMMOND; with an Introduction by J. G. HOLLAND. New York: Charles Scribner, 124, Grand Street. 1864.

Dr. Holland gives us in his introduction a very interesting sketch of his friend; and the sermons which follow quite bear out all that he claims for him as an earnest and able minister of the New Covenant. We hope that the volume will gain a wide circulation; and we are sure that the Word printed will prove, like the Word spoken, to be quick and powerful.

Rhode Island in the Rebellion. By EDWIN W. STONE, of the First Regiment Rhode-Island Artillery. Providence: George H. Whitney. 1864.

Rhode Island *against* the Rebellion had been a better title; for no State can show a better record than she. Mr. Stone has done a good work, — a work for which he will receive the thanks not only of the readers of the present day, but also of the future chroniclers and historians of our nation. The testimony of an eye-witness is invaluable. The portrait of Burnside is admirable.

The Ferry-Boy and the Financier. By a Contributor to the "Atlantic;" author of "The First Visit to Washington," in the April number. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245, Washington Street. 1864.

Our young friends will hardly ask whether this book is sent forth to help off the ten-forties, or to set Mr. Chase a step forward towards the Presidency. The biography of a live boy will be sufficiently attractive to gain for the fair and well-illustrated pages an attentive reading. E.

Spectacles for Young Eyes. Zurich. By SARAH W. LANDER. Third thousand. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co., 245, Washington Street.

The children will be very glad to put on the spectacles again, and look at the glorious scenery and the old towns of Switzerland; and they will pronounce the book fully equal to any of the very pleasant series to which it belongs. E.

PAMPHLET.

Shall we suffocate Ed. Green? By a Citizen of Malden. Boston: James Redpath.

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